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FAUST:

A TRAGEDY, IN TWO PARTS,

By J. WOLFGANG von GOETHE.

THE SECOND PART.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE,

By JONATHAN BIRCH, Esq.,

HONORARY MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY FOR HOME-AND-FOREIGN POLITE LITERATURE, IN BERLIN.

Author of "Fifty-One Original Fables and Morals," "Divine Emblems," &c.

EMBELLISHED WITH

ELEVEN ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL,

By John Brain, after Moritz Retzsch.

LONDON:

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

LEIPSIC: F. A. BROCKHAUS.

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TO

HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY

FREDERICK WILLIAM IV.

KING OF PRUSSIA.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY,

SIRE,

THAT my Translation of the First Part of Goethe's "Faust" should have been dedicated to the CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA, and that in the course of events it should have become my privilege to dedicate the Second Part to YOUR MAJESTY, is a singular coincidence, and one which I greatly rejoice has fallen to my lot.

IT would ill become me to indulge in eulogium at a time when enlightened Nations are lauding

YOUR MAJESTY'S paternal and intellectual rule,—yet will I solicit permission to add my admiration to their praise, and to express a hope that YOUR MAJESTY may enjoy a long and prosperous reign; and that the blessing of health may attend the MONARCH to whose Power, Wisdom, and Justice, Providence has entrusted the destinies of a great and loyal people.

THAT my Translation, now a *Whole*, may meet the condescending approbation of so Illustrious a Patron of Literature and the Arts, as YOUR MAJESTY, is the anxious desire of,

May it please Your MAJESTY,

SIRE,

Your MAJESTY'S

Most devoted, and most humble Servant,

JONATHAN BIRCH.

PREFACE.

My project to bring out the Second Part in Numbers, was soon relinquished,—being advised that such mode of publication was not acceptable, and that the public required it to come from the press a complete Volume, as did my translation of the First Part.

That object is now accomplished; and in presenting it to the world, I beg leave to say, that the present is the first time an effort has been made by the same individual to wrestle with, and bring to an honourable conclusion, an English Translation of the whole of this, the most beautiful and profound Poem in the German Language: at the same time, a poem full of mysterious passages mysteriously worded,—and therefore in conjunction with its great variety of rhythm, perchance, the most hazardous, and difficult Work, to render into a foreign language worthily, of all, within the range of ancient and modern literature.

The Notes and Remarks, which I have appended for the convenience of the reader, (and my own justification

in many instances) being very copious,—obviate the necessity of an elaborate Preface: yet, as a few general observations elucidatory of the marvellous Work may be expected, and be desirable from one who has devoted six years to the study of Faust, I hesitate not, to fulfil such expectation, because it gives me an opportunity of attempting to convince those who treat the Second Part as a mere after-thought, unconnected, inferior,—and immoral in its tendency, in that it ends with the beatification of Margaret and Faust, that they judge erroneously: because, by pointing out more clearly Goethe's plan,* it is demonstrable that he was justified in arranging the Drama as he has done—evincing thereby a moral, and even orthodox purpose: and lastly, because I may venture an especial opinion as to the introduction of the Third Act, which has been much reasoned on, but as far as I know, its necessity of holding place where it does, has never been explained; on the contrary, it has been treated, notwithstanding its acknowledged beauty, as an unnatural ingraftation marring the unities, and sundering the connectedness.

I commence by stating broadly, though diffidently, that "Faust" is a complete whole:—that the Second Part is no mere after-thought—that every division forming the Drama is necessary to the correctly working-out the *planned* denouement—and that all, and every part, (subject of course to author's variations,) was intended by Goethe from the first: which assertion becomes of weight, if due note be taken of the wording of

* The propriety, or necessity of partially reviving the monkish mysteries of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, is not mooted;—my argument being based on the Work *as I find it.*

the Prelude, and Prologue, prefixed to the First Part. According to the former, the Drama is to be in Pieces—to be soul-stirring—to take in the whole range of the creation—to commence in Heaven, and to proceed by the way of Earth—to Hell! *Part* I. *page* 9,

> COMIC FRIEND.—Give you a PIECE—so let it be in pieces!
> Such a ragout, the audience always pleases—

Again, *page* 12,

> Be that our Drama's leading feature—
> Dash boldly into human nature:
> Few know it—yet each feels its festering:
> Grasp were you will—'tis always interesting.
> Vary your tableaux—mystify conception;
> A spark of truth, and plenty of deception.

The Manager winds up the above advice of the Comic Friend to the Poet,—by giving the following instructions, and granting them the unlimited use of the theatrical properties, *page* 14,

> Spare nothing, Gentlemen, on this occasion
> In mechanism, dress, or scenery—
> Give them Heaven's great and lesser lights,
> And use the Planets to your hearts' desire.
> Of Water, Rocks, and Trees, and Fire,
> Wild Beasts and Birds—be there no want good wights!
> In fact, cram in without a hesitation
> The whole—the mighty round of the Creation!
> And change the scenes adroitly—quick and well,
> From Heaven, by the way of Earth—to Hell.

All which is accomplished to the letter,—for even Hell-Jaws are introduced before the drama closes,—not for Faust, but for defeated devils.

The Plot originates in the latter, (the Prologue,) and as in the case of Job, it amounts to a permitted attempt sought for on the part of the powers of Evil, to prove the non-omniscience of the Supreme, by effectually draw-

ing from him a given human being—Faust. The Devil, in this instance, may avail himself of every means in his power, save violence, to tempt; and thereby secure a victory; the time limited is to be Faust's life, which of course would extend to old age: although such particulars are more inferred than expressed, they are nevertheless certain, from the way Goethe has conducted the drama. The conversation on which the plot is founded, takes place in the Prologue, and is as follows: *page* 19,

THE SUPREME.—Dost thou know Faust?
MEPHISTOPH:—The Doctor?
THE SUPREME.—My servant.

Again, *page* 20,

Though now he serves me with entangled means,
He soon a clearer light shall know.
Kens not the gard'ner when the sapling greens,
That bloom and fruit next year will show?
MEPHISTOPH:— . . . . . You'll lose him too,
If I permission have from you
By pleasing steps to lead him—my own way.
THE SUPREME.—So long as earth-beclogged is his condition
So long I do not say thee, Nay.
Man's prone to err in acquisition.
. . . . . .
Well! be he committed to thy management.
Entice his spirit from its fountain-head,
And lead it (hast thou the power to circumvent)
With thee—thy downward path to tread,—
But stand abashed when failure thou must own:
To a GOOD MAN even in his darkest tribulation,
The righteous path is not unkown.

The expression, "My servant," uttered by Omniscience, proves beyond doubt, that Faust was not, and could not know perdition: not through especial exertion of Supreme power after the permission to tempt was granted,—but through the inefficacy of devil-power,—

for the introduction of Angels in the latter part of the Drama, was only rendered necessary in consequence of Goethe's having depicted the Devil so thoroughly devilish, as to purpose an act of treachery *after* having failed in the propounded trial,—*the arrestation of the soul on its passage from the body*,—Faust never having incurred the penalty according to the letter of the bond.

The Supreme,—knowing the quality of mind wherewith Faust is endued, namely, that of restlessness, and pure ambition to obtain a knowledge beyond the destined compass and reach of human intellect, permits the temptation; omnisciently foreseeing in what terms the bond or agreement would be worded, by virtue of which the devil would essay to snare him.

A sort of Persian dualism, savouring of Gnosticism, is the ground work of the struggle,—the battle-field, Faust, —the attack to be made through the medium of the senses and passions, by throwing in his way every luxury and sensual gratification:—and repulsed by lofty mindedness, and honest, though perverted strivings after knowledge; occasioning in every stage disappointment, and therefore, a foreknown restlessness, admitting of no such quiescent state as would incline him to say of the *present*, "tarry awhile, thou art so sweet;" that being the test which would be *decisive of the struggle*. It is the power and cunning of the evil-one, arrayed against the omnipotence and omniscience of the Supreme: producing in the result, the cheering consolation to mankind, that none need despair of Divine justice and mercy, since Faust the magician, is not without the pale of the compassionate Reader of hearts; and doubly comforting and strengthening to those who keep the even path of duty,

and live in the practical exercise of virtue and religion: that this was Goethe's intention, his own words, extracted from one of his letters to Zelter, (*see Notes, page* xcii,) taken in connexion with what has been quoted from the Prologue, will be convincing testimony.

Faust's life proves one of restless striving, and the devil by all his suggestions—the administering to all the desires expressed or thought of by Faust,—and the production of luxuries, the most conducive in his subtle opinion to obtaining his ends,—fails to produce the exclamation that should give him victory, and consequently the possession of Faust's soul. Truly, Goethe as a great dramatist, runs the *risk* to the very verge of loss,—for ere death, Faust does (in prospect) feel a comparatively happy moment when anticipating the realization of his terrene undertakings. *See Note, page* lxxix.

A short reference to Faust's character, before the temptation, will readily prove, that *one* of Goethe's intentions has been to contrast the calmness that reigns under the influence of religion, with the restlessness and misery arising from guilt. Without mitigating any breach of morality,—it is fair to bear in mind, throughout, that Faust is under *especial* temptation.

Goethe has permitted a few hints to drop relative to Faust's boyhood days, by which we infer that he was a lively, piously educated, contemplative, and kind-hearted youth:—a few extracts will assist.

Recollecting early times in reference to an ornamented crystal cup, which had belonged to his ancestors, and which he was then about to use as a vessel to contain the opium wherewith he purposed self-destruction; he says, *page* 39,

On thee for many a year I have not thought:
Oh, thou wert wont to sparkle at my Father's feasts,
Gladdening the spirits of the moodiest guests,
When passed from hand to hand with wine befraught,—
Thy emblems quaint, rich with the graver's skill,
The quaffer's duty, rhyme-wise to explain!
The effort in one breath thy bowl to drain!
Recall those youthful nights, of frolic and good-will.
Not to a neighbour would I hand thee *now*,
Nor run my wit against th' engraver's plough.

Alluding to the calm he had once felt, when under the influence of faith, and attending to the duties of revealed religion, *page* 41,

A time there was when heaven's love-kiss fell
On Me, when Sabbath stillness hallowed all;
Then with a thrilling awe, I heard the minster bell,
And solemn prayer was joy devotional!

Again, when alluding to the Choristers chanting the midnight Hymn, and the bells ringing-in Easter,—remembrances that prevent his taking poison:

This song announced my youth's more sportive games,
The spring-tide holiday, and free rejoice;
Now memory, with childhood fondness, claims
That I should stay my rash resolve—sweet voice!
Prolong, prolong, that heavenly strain,
My tears gush out—Earth has me back again.

Afterwards, when he walks out to a neighbouring village, where the country people are merry-making, he is addressed by an Old Peasant, who recurs to the kindnesses they have received from his father and himself, when suffering under an epidemic, *page* 51,

OLD PEASANT.—You, then a comely stripling were,
And sought each cottage-hospital;
Corpse upon corpse we carried forth,
But you came out, Sir, purely well;
Where danger threatened, you were by,
Helped was our HELP, by the HELPER on high.

These quotations amply show the quality of his heart and mind, before the ardent search after knowledge commenced.

We will now proceed to what he was before Mephistopheles makes his appearance. Faust, when the Drama begins, has reached the summit of scholastic and scientific knowledge, and has become dissatisfied with its results, for *Satan* has already implanted in him discontent, and scepticism,—and moreover an ardency for the study of magic; to which he flies in the confident hope of thereby reaching the sublime truths of nature, *page* 25:

> Have I, alas! philosophy,
> Med'cine, and jurisprudence,
> And, O most sad! theology,
> Studied with perseverance—
> . . . . . .
> That so, I no more with anguish and pain
> Compelled be to preach, what I shun to maintain;—
> That I may find out, how the pond'rous earth
> Adheres to its centre—and what gave it birth—
> Behold how "cause" with "effect" still accords,
> And be no longer a trader in words.

In such state of mind was he before his interview with the Spirit of the Earth. Faust firmly believes in magic, and the boundless power of human intellect. The desired interview, however, proves anything but what he expected, for he is haughtily repulsed, and all his hopes of attaining to a knowledge of the hidden mysteries of Nature vanishes. Whether Mephistopheles, who has not yet made his appearance, had covertly, anything to do with the Spirit of the Earth, may remain unsaid; nevertheless, it is *not* impossible that Goethe intended the severe rebuff so degrading to Faust's high opinion of his own powers, to operate on his haughty spirit, and

prepare him for accepting the *Fiend's* services, *page* 31,

SPIRIT.—Thou dost resemble only such as thou canst understand,
Not me!

Confused and enraged at the Spirit's arrogance, he says,

FAUST.—Not thee?
Who then?
I, that am the image of the Deity,
Not *worthy* to compare with thee?

After a stroll into the country, he becomes more calm, and to all appearance, (*see page* 59,) is about to seek the consolations of religion,

Presentiment of heav'nly wrath
Awakens up my *better* soul—
Slumb'ring is every wild desire,
And hush'd are stormy deeds!
Good-will to man our thoughts inspire
And holy love to God succeeds.

He remarks in the Poodle-dog he has brought home with him, an unusual restlessness,—and in the benevolence of his heart gives the animal a cushion to lie on:—when about to resume his pious reflections, the dog snarls; yet he kindly says,—

Do not snarl, Poodle! at the blessed tones that rise
Within me—now throughout my soul diffused!—
. . . . . .
Alas! I feel, despite my honest will,
Bosom-contentment, cease to rill!
Why must that stream so soon dry up,
And drought again my soul envelop?—
To mourn such change I've often had occasion,
Yet is not *that* without a consolation—
We learn to value heaven's controulment,
And long for a Revelation—
Which no where burns more clear and ardent,
Than in the Gospels of the Testament.

Proceeding to translate the 1st of John,—the Poodle growls, and he becomes convinced that diabolism lurks

in the dog,—confirming his first impressions. He hastens to exorcise the animal, which brings forth Mephistopheles in the garb of a travelling student—who afterwards appears clad as one of noble birth.

We have briefly traced the state of Faust's mind,—and found it piously disposed when the active temptation began. Immediately alive to the possibility of knowing more by the purposed means, and smarting under the withering rebuke of the Spirit of the Earth,—Faust is so ready to receive the suggestions of the evil one,—as to utter a string of curses,—not at Deity, but the circumstances which govern society: for which he never forgives himself.

> "That was I—'till in darkest study plunged
> I, at the world and self,—with curses *lunged!*"

A bond is contracted with the devil, by the terms of which Mephistopheles engages to be his servant in this world,—procuring him all that he desires, by word or thought:—Faust his in the *hereafter*, if Mephistopheles can by any means produce in him such delight proceeding from love of sensuality, praise, or sloth, as would induce the wished-for exclamation.

Disgusted with school knowledge, and having failed in attaining to the Sublime, Faust, desires to mix with the world, and to know human nature thoroughly, *page* 23,

> FAUST.—In the depths of sensuality
> Let us our raging passions still!
> And with mysterious magic skill
> Give to your wonders quick locality.
> Dash we into the rushings of time!
> O'er the waves of occurrences climb!
> So may pain, and enjoyment,
> Success and discontent,
> Chop and change as they can:
> Restless! restless! must be the doings of man!

Again, *page* 84, addressing Mephistopheles.

FAUST.—Now mark me! I did not speak of joy!
I'm for the hurly-burly—the painfulest sensations,
The luxury of hate—spirit-stirring vexations:
My breast of the press of study healed,
Against no sorrows closed shall be.
And all that's of "the lot-of-man" revealed
Shall be experienced by me—
My soul the heights and depths, would know
Of mortals, weal and woe!

The object of his ambition is made known, *page* 85,

FAUST.—What am I then? if by no power of head or heart
I e'er may reach that glorious dignity
Towards which my senses strive?—thy crown Humanity!

Faust has now to divest himself of his College garb, and to assume the dress of a worldling of high degree.

The first temptation is Drunkenness; and for that purpose he is led by Mephistopheles to the wine-cellar;—as might be expected by one of less cunning than the devil, Faust spurns the vice that debases mind below instinct!—inebriety, therefore, not proving the medium by which he is to be ensnared,—the Devil throws a hue of ridicule over the visit to Auerbach's.—The next temptation is Woman; to render which, more certain, his age must be reduced by effect of the Witch's Elixir, and his passion stimulated by representation of a beautiful female form in the magic mirror,—he is enchanted at sight of Nature's Beauty!—but the Cell scene, and its mummery, are otherwise loathsome and vexatious to him. Faust, however, becomes a young man, of overboiling passions, and great beauty of form—retaining his high intellect and acute sensations. He sees Margaret, a reciprocal love ensues, and they fall:—she from over confidence, love of ornament, and the acquaintanceship

of an intriguing woman. He, from surrendering himself to his own impulses, and the artful urgings of Mephistopheles,—who moreover employs his ablest, and permitted weapon—*sneer*,—a weapon woefully effective on Faust, owing to his haughty temper.

That temptation fails of the ends desired by the Devil: for restless remorse, immediately followed the restless acquirement. To drive Margaret from his thoughts, the Devil determines to plunge him into the *sensual* branch of sorcery, namely, Witchery; therefore he is introduced to the Brocken-hill, and the disgusting Witches' sabbath; but that gothic world of fiction has no charms for him, beyond its extraordinary scenery: yet is he detained there, or elsewhere, immersed in soft vices sufficiently amusing to make him forgetful of Margaret—and sufficiently long for the development of *her* calamity. Faust, when quarrelling with Mephistopheles says, *page* 229,

. . . . . Imprisoned!—in irreparable distress! delivered over to the upbraidings of evil spirits, and the judgments of an *unfeeling* world!—And me the while, thou wert cradling in thy vapid dissipations!—hid'st from me the secret of her *growing* sorrow—

Years elapse between the First and Second Part; during which time, it may be fairly supposed they were *both* actively employed. The one—having such potent means at his disposal,—in visiting countries in search of worldly knowledge, and practising benevolences as well as vices,—for he aspires to humanity's crown:—the other, spreading lures calculated to effect his purpose. —Faust, ever stung by remorse, which but increased his restlessness and dissatisfaction with the present: and Mephistopheles, chewing the cud of disappointment. I am inclined to think, that Goethe intended us to infer that what Faust had passed through, subsequent to Part I,

had ended in a frenzy approaching to madness—a sort of delirium tremens,—followed by a deep sleep, out of which he is about to awake at the moment of the commencement of Part II.

The *Second Part* opens with Faust extended on a bank, in the spring of the year, surrounded by a sylvan landscape, and encircled by busy Fairies; from Ariel we learn that he has undergone misfortune, and that self-reproach weighs heavily on his soul, *page* 9,

ARIEL.—Then doth Fairies' giant spirit
Speed to help, where help it can.
Is he wicked?—hath he merit?—
It bemoans the *luckless* man.

Again, addressing the host of kind Fairies who are hovering over his head.

Becalm the heaving bosom's sorrow,
Pluck from the brain Upbraiding's arrow,
And cleanse his heart from by-gone dread.

He awakes, with a chastened and comparatively quiet mind—again contemplative, and alive to the beauties of external nature, *page* 11,

FAUST.—Again Life's pulse beats brisk and able,
The mild ethereal dawn to greet:
Thou Earth!—hast been this night most stable,
And breath'st refresh'd beneath my feet—
Thou dost surround my soul with gladness,
And stirr'st again my longing keen
Towards "height-of-being" on to press,
Despite this sluggish frail machine.

Mephistopheles, having been frustrated thus far, must have recourse to some new project; he therefore transports himself and Faust, to the palace of the Emperor of Germany,—where festivities were the order of the day, although inattention to government—and reckless expenditure, had brought the Empire to the verge of ruin.

At a court masquerade they introduce extraordinary illusions, and there the Emperor is led to sanction the issue of paper-money, which being founded on a false hypothesis, proves hereafter, *one* of the causes of civil war.

The Emperor, having faith in magic, requires of Faust who has assumed the character of a Magician, that he should produce the shades of Helena and Paris; which he (as alive to making Mephistopheles forfeit the bond by urging difficulties—

> "Show me the Fruit that rots before 'tis pluckt
> And Tree that daily, young green foliage bears!"

as the Devil was to ensnare him by luxuries) readily promises; much to the annoyance of Mephistopheles, who foresees that it will be attended by results—increasing rather than diminishing Faust's restless aspirings. His only hope of escaping the dilemma, is to *deter* by an appalling description of the indispensable mode of proceeding: but his representation only increases desire,—for Faust catches at the prospect of passing through the sublime regions of Idea, in search of the mysterious Mothers!—He accomplishes the journey—the Shades are produced—and what Mephistopheles augured occurs. The sight of the renowned Helen, the concentration of all that is beautiful in ideal form and face,—agitates him to frenzy, and he declares his passion in the language of enthusiasm, *page* 89,

> Have I still eyes!—since on my sight the beam
> Of dazzling Beauty, bursts in 'whelming stream:—
> . . . . . .
> Herewith, I dedicate my ev'ry power to thee!
> The essence of my passions—senses—gladness—
> Desire, love, adoration,—rapture-madness!

He becomes jealous of Paris, and would lay violent hands

on the Shade; which being contrary to the "order of things," he is struck as with death, and borne off by Mephistopheles, insensible, to his long vacated abode in the College: although entranced, his mind dwells in the land of poetry and classical fiction, and he is already, virtually, in search of Ideal-Beauty, which is evidenced by Homunculus, (a subtile spirit, necessary to Faust's re-animation and journey to Greece,) who reads aloud his dream about Leda, deprecates his remaining there, and prescribes a visit to the plains of Thessaly, where the Beings of mythology are about to assemble.

HOMUNCULUS.—To wake him here, would double the emergency:
He'd gasp for vital air—and stifled—die.

The Gothic Devil knows not, or pretends not to know the way; so Homunculus volunteers to lead them, Mephistopheles bearing Faust through the air,—who, the moment his foot touches classic ground awakes, exclaiming, "Where is she?"—proving that the fair Helena *then* engrossed his thoughts.

Satiated with knowledge of the world and mankind, his aspirings are to the BEAUTIFUL—personified in Helen,—he wishes to possess her, and that possession must be realized without violence. *Such constitutes the cause, and the imperative necessity of the 3rd Act.* Whether that Act be called phantasmagoria or idiosyncrasy—visit to elysium or dream, matters not,—all required, is that Faust should believe he has found, and had cordial possession of, the Ideal-Beauty.

Never was Goethe's boldness, imagination, and dramatic mastership more exquisitely displayed, than by introducing, and working-out this affair of Helen:—his raising the Shades by means of the mysterious journey

to the Mothers—reaching thereby the very height of fancy ;—his permitting Faust to see her and desire possession, which having promoted, *must take place*,—for though such desire might be expected from a mind like Faust's, remembering as he of course would, the classic story of Achilles a shade, having had intercourse with Helen a mortal, whose son was an Euphorion: still he might have avoided the histrionic labour, by not giving to the Emperor the wild wish in the first instance. Any one but himself would have shunned the question, through fear of the difficulties attendant on bringing about that result, *cordially*—for in no other way, after what took place at raising the Shade, might it be effected. Goethe, however, daringly takes up the unclaimed pencil of THE IMMORTAL AUTHOR OF THE MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM,—grapples with the subject, and produces one of the most poetic and successful efforts ever made in dramatic composition :—to accomplish the task, and leave no hiatus in the fulfilment of Faust's desires, he must imagine the Mothers—create the Homunculus—take Faust to the regions of poetry and fiction,—arrange the classical Walpurgis night—and artfully manage the Mephistophelian disguise :—all preparatory to establishing the union of Helen and Faust, which occupies the whole of the 3rd Act.—In this instance, Helen is the Shade ; in the former, Achilles. *page* 197,

> HELENA.—I, as a Phantom, was to him a Phantom ! bound.
> It was a dream—so do the words imply.

Dream, or not, it produces in him ennui,—*page* 236,

> FAUST.—Would that the dance were o'er !
> Folly like this, no more,
> Offers me pleasure.

Euphorion vanishes,—but his poetic spirit ascends—a bright star!—deprived of him, Helen disappears;—leaving Faust's aspirings to fix on some new object.

Passing o'er land and water in cloud-formed chariot back to Germany—he hovers over a portion of the Adriatic, watching its ebb and flow:—observing that the waves invaded,—and at flood, covered a large tract of level country—arrogantly and aimlessly,—a stirring thought crosses his brain:—he will wrestle with *one* of the elements! *page* 258,

> I felt an anguish like despair come o'er me,
> At the proud, aimless, tyranny of the sea!—
> Then 'twas—my spirit did itself outsoar!—
> There, *there* will I wrestle—there will conquer!

His aspirings go over to the USEFUL,—and he desires territory,—purposing to benefit mankind: *page* 257,

> FAUST.—My aim is "lordship"—and a large possession!
> I want not fame:—the *Deed* is my ambition.

he will as it were, create it, driving back the sea. Requisite thereto is a grant of coast from the Emperor, which Mephistopheles is *bound* to bring about;—an occasion offers: thoughtless festivities—neglected government—and dilapidated finances, have disorganized society,—stirring-up civil war in the Empire;—and the Emperor, whom they had known, is *then* retreating before a Rival, and a rebel army. The opportunity is of double value to Mephistopheles—for in bringing about Faust's desire to assist the true Emperor, *page* 261,

> FAUST.—I keenly feel for him—he was so open-hearted!

from whom the largess would be expected,—he is opening a new source of temptation, most animating to an ambitious mind—namely WAR!—but Mephistopheles

is again wide of his calculations: for although they join the Emperor, and gain a victory, war has no charms for Faust,

"Again dire war? !—from me it hath no welcoming."

The rightful monarch is reinstated—the desired grant of coast-line obtained—and Faust undertakes his project on a magnificent scale.

He produces, by means of embankments a fertile country,—forming harbours, canals, docks, &c. in fact another Holland,—worthy of being the habitat of an industrious and vigilant people:—he has made great progress towards the completion of his works,—despising more and more infernal companionship—even to receiving Mephistopheles, who returns from sea with immense wealth, sullenly: nevertheless, he must once more allow of the abhorred agency,—for a coveting desire has sprung up in him;—he would possess a small property belonging to an aged couple, which he would buy or barter-for—intending no ill; *page* 309,

FAUST.—From thence too, watch the snug abode,
Selected for the ancient pair—
Who will ere long, feel gratitude
For comforts,—*hopeless* where they were.

but they are wedded to the spot, and will not part with their Lime-wood, Cottage, and Chapelry. Thwarted in his hankerings,—the mere tinkling of matin, and vesper bell, agitates him to distraction, *page* 306,

FAUST.—Yon chapel-bell, and lime-tree fragrance,
Are church, and *charnel-house*—to my existence!
Thus is my will—and proper self-command,
Wrecked, on a worthless hill of sand!—
How 'scape I from these temper-toils!
I hear the bell?—my rage o'erboils.

—Mephistopheles suggests forcible transplantation,—which is assented to by Faust, with orders to place them on an indicated farm: but power is often miscalculating even with the wise and generous, and the *good* intended seldom proves a benevolence towards recipients, if the sphere of action be changed, or force employed. Faust's intention, barring the misuse of power, was kindness; but in the carrying out, the Old Couple die of fright,—the Cottage, Chapel,—and Wood, the object of his envy, are reduced to ashes,—moreover the grateful Stranger, introduced in the delightful episode, *page* 297, is murdered. All this happens in violation of Faust's commands, but resulting from a morbid feeling. His heart ever alive to the misery of human nature, experiences anguish at the evil he has unintentionally occasioned, and in a burst of *virtuous* indignation he dismisses Mephistopheles and his agents, with a curse, and for EVER: for he is never more conscious of being in their company. *page* 310,

> FAUST.—Were *ye* then deaf?—to act so brutally:
> I purposed fair exchange—not robbery!—
> Your thoughtless blust'ring, reckless cruelty,
> I *curse* from my soul!—share That amongst ye!

He repents of his past life, and of having had recourse to magic, subject nevertheless to a shuddering faith in its mysterious power. *page* 313,

> O, could I magic from my mind's-path spurn—
> The saws and spells, of sorcery unlearn—
> Stood I, O Nature!—'fore thee frank and free;
> Then were it labour-worth—a man to be!
> That was I—till in darkest study plunged,
> I, at the world, and self,—with curses *lunged!*
> The welkin's now so charged with magic-spell—

He is visited by Care,—to whom he makes this confession, *page* 314,

> I, through the world have flown!
> And every sense have gratified:
> What charmed me not, I cast aside,—
> And what escaped me, I decried!—
> What I desired I consummated,—
> Return of appetite—*again* was sated.
> O, I have stormed through life! erst powerful,—
> Now circumspect, sedate, and thoughtful.
> Of this world, and its ways, I've known enough,—

He succumbs not, but the *fiend* at parting breathes on him blindness—of which he is unconscious: the affliction taking place in the *night* of his last day, *page* 317,

> FAUST.—Well do I know, when once by demon noosed—
> The rigid spirit-tie is hard to be unloosed!—
> Therefore O Care! thy most insidious sway,
> I will not recognize—demon away!
> CARE.—Experience then,—how, rapidly as thought,
> *Care's* special curses, may be wrought!—
> Mankind throughout their lives are blind,—lo!
> FAUST, at the winding-up,—must be so.

As if anticipating death, Faust is anxious that his labours should be finished,—he therefore arouses his household, proposing high rewards for increased activity: truly, Mephistopheles appears on the stage again in his presence, *personating* the Overseer, but Faust sees him not, and *he* speaks in an *undertone;*—that occasion, and the word "Here!" in answer to Faust's call of "Overseer!"—(which as a matter of course, would be in the *assumed* voice of that officer,) are the only instances;—therefore, as I said before, Faust had dismissed Mephistopheles *forever* with his curse. He becomes meditative, picturing to himself a country of his own creating, surrounded by an industrious, and free people, *page* 321,

Such busy fellowship—with pleasure I could see—
Standing on ransomed ground—encircled by the free!
Then—might I gladly, to the "present" say,—
Delightful moments—hurry not away!—

From this prospect of earthly felicity, his mind ranges through the *past*, and dwells on the *hereafter*;—he raises up the honesty of his intentions, however frustrated, or turned to evil,—and the magnitude, and human-usefulness of his last works;—his ambitious soul catches at the *possibility* of having merited worthiness in the eyes of Deity!—the sublime thought soothes his perturbed spirit, and the prospect so far satifies his aspirings, as to cause him to say, *page* 321,

The track of my terrestrial days,
Vanishes not———midst the *Æones!!*
Absorbed in that *august* presentiment—
I now enjoy—the happiest moment!

Uttering the above, he dies: never having broken the covenants of the bond, *see Part* I. *page* 81,

FAUST.—If quiet on the bed of sloth you find me,
Then claim the bond without delay—
If e'er with fulsome praise you blind me,
So that CONTENTMENT I display,
Or e'er with glad enjoyments bind me,
Then be arrived my FINAL day.
Such are my terms!
MEPH.—. . . . . Done!
FAUST.—. . . . . Rash be the penalty!
Or should I to the *present* say,
Tarry awhile—thou art so sweet!
Then may'st thou me in fetters lay,
I willingly perdition meet!

His last expression, the "happiest moment!" is but of degree,—and the meaning, restricted to the time *since* the violent aspirings had sprung up in his soul.

Thus has the Devil lost both, indenture, and wager propounded,—for his *permission* to work evil on Faust, extended not beyond Faust's natural life.

It will be obvious that the PIECE has been in Pieces: —namely, the Prelude—the Prologue—the body of the Drama—the Wine-Cellar—the Gothic Walpurgis-night—the Classic Walpurgis-night—the Helena—the Episode of Philemon and Baucis—and the Beatification; all necessary to the development of the Drama, one following the other as a requisite consequence,—therefore constituting a connected *Whole*, though seperate.

Faust's strivings have been:—after Truth—but he foundered on dogmas:—after Scholastic and Scientific distinction—but his impetuosity permitted him not to await results:—after Magic—that he might attain to a knowledge of terrene Sublimity—but he was repulsed by the Spirit of the Earth, as having aspirings beyond his intellectual capacity:—after the World, and a full knowledge of the good and evil connected with Human-Nature, which involved the ruin of Margaret,—ending in surfeit and dissatisfaction: after the Beautiful—which gives him possession of the *idealic* Helen—and with her ennui:—after the Useful—which at last, and alone, yields him a ray of satisfaction.

The chief temptations demonstrated,—are Drunkenness, Woman, Witchery, War and Wealth.

Faust's errings have proceeded from passions planted in human nature—unbounded aspirings—and an especial temptation.

Goethe intends him to reach 100 years, throughout which, he retains his integrity of heart—and dies, if not in the faith of orthodox religion, yet in the be-

lief of immortality, and of rewards and penalties. Although the courage, and lofty constitution of Faust's mind does not permit him to whine over past transgressions, yet inward contrition is evinced,—and to satisfy the most fastidious as to the *coming* result, Goethe has actually made him express repentance before his end: not ostentatiously, but in the articulated breathings of an anguished soul, believing itself plunged so deeply, in sensual and mental sinnings, as to be beyond the hope of forgiveness.

The Beatification, is introduced that no suspicion or doubt should be entertained, as to the redemption of Margaret and Faust; justifying thereby, the omnipotence and omniscience of the Supreme, and demonstrating the impotence of hellish machinations: also *perchance* Goethe's wish to convince the world that his poetic powers and judgment, could treat of angels, and holymen with the same facility and effect, as of devils and mankind.

The Moral drawn from the whole, being to contrast the beauty of virtue, and the calm of religion,—with over lofty aspirings, and unruly desires,—*the latter* producing nothing but misery, remorse, and restlessness;—moreover, to show that *heart*-repentance will keep sinners within the compassionate influence of *Divine* justice, and mercy:—truly, Margaret's repentance is loud, and perfect:—Faust's, more *inferred*, than expressed.

It may be, that some persons are still inclined to withhold their approbation of the *original* Poem, maintaining that it is of too lax a nature:—if thereby is meant incautious language on some occasions, I of necessity concede the point, having in the translation, masked

sundry passages;* but such spots are few, *and touch not the masterly working of the Drama.* If the complaint would stamp, want of morality, on the whole—then, am I bound to refer to what we *know*—divest the story of extrinsic matter—and select from the many, a few of its leading moral-points.

Can anything more forcibly show the beneficial effects of early religious education than the instance of Faust's placing the poison chalice to his lips, intending suicide?—from which it deterred him.

Or, the curse attending scepticism and violent aspirings be more severely demonstrated, than in the restlessness, transgressions, and remorse of Faust?

Or, the degradations of drunkenness more strongly

* The impious language which often proceeds from the mouth of the Devil, cannot be brought as a charge against Goethe, more than Milton; had he done otherwise, the most perfect dramatic character would have been *most imperfect.* In the short review taken of the Work, I have purposely avoided treating of Mephistopheles, as it would have taken up too much space, and been away from the purpose; nevertheless, I may briefly say, that Mephistopheles, the sneering, sarcastic devil, is perhaps the most original and wondrous personage ever conceived; and every one must be astonished at the ability Goethe has displayed in sustaining such a character through six hundred pages,—he being in the commencement, throughout, and at the last, the unmitigated infernal sneerer.

Yet to that assertion one exception may be made—and that exception is a close parallel although most divergent, namely, Shakspere's Sir John Falstaff,—start not reader!—including the two parts of Henry IV, and the Merry Wives of Windsor, that character approaches to equal length—is equally original in the conception—and is sustained throughout with equal ability: what the one has in sneer, sarcasm, hate and villany,—the other has in wit, waggery, love and jollity. On the score of consistency, Faust's part is inimitable.

Since the above has been in type, I have hastily counted over the lines belonging to the five greatest dramatic creations, and find they rank thus as to length:—Mephistopheles about "2608" lines—Faust about "2325"—Sir John Falstaff about "1631"—Prometheus, if we take his part in the two lost Tragedies as of equal length with the one preserved, about "1600"—and Hamlet about "1480."

satirised than in the miserable twaddle of the topers, and their loss of sight and mind, as put forth in the Wine-cellar scene?

Can anything point out the moral danger of daughters seeking confidants from home, more certainly, than Margaret's acquaintanceship with her intriguing neighbour, Martha?

Or, depict the sin of departure from virtue, more appallingly beneficial, than in the heart-rending story of Margaret?

Can anything, in the shape of example, deter a man from giving the rein to his passions and impulses, more than the love of Faust to Margaret?

Or, anything more truly show the ruin that may be brought on a noble-minded brother by a sister's dishonour, than the case of Valentine?

Or, the gnawings of conscience be more vividly, and frightfully developed, than in Margaret's sensations at the Cathedral?

Or, the value of faith in revealed religion be more forcibly demonstrated, than in the consolation it affords Margaret, of forgiveness, and immortality, when her only earthly prospect was death?

Or, the curse of envy and coveting,—and the charm of unobtrusive piety, more truly, than in the story of Philemon and Baucis?

Or, the beauty of gratitude, be more pleasingly displayed, than in the Wanderer?

Margaret, innocent and unsuspecting, falls from the path of virtue; but who will withhold from her pity, or say that her remorse, misery, and repentance were not ample?

And who can contemplate the horrors of mind borne by Faust through a *long life*,—he honestly striving after truth and knowledge;—but driven, under temptation, from desire to desire—without commiseration!—were man's condemnation to hang on results, would not his purest endeavours too often prove evidences against him? —Let those who have still a mind, to condemn Goethe—please themselves;—for my own part, I am of opinion, that in his FAUST, he has left us a Work of profound knowledge, beauty,—and wondrous scope; embracing by positive doctrine, keen satire, or plain inference,—a round of worldly policy and circumstance, extending from scholastic education,* to imperial rule:† which if *properly* understood—more forcibly leads to deep moral, and religious reflection—than all the romances ever written.

It is worthy of closing remark, that throughout the Poem,—Faust, even in his most raving moments, never refers to the Deity but with awe and reverence. As an instance, *Part* I. *page* 177,

FAUST TO MARGARET.—Mistake me not, bland creature!
Who dares to fix on HIM—a *Name!*
Or who proclaim,—
In Him, I do believe?—
Who feels,
And perils
Not to say—I disbelieve?—
The ALL-ENCOMPASSER!—
The ALL-SUSTAINER!—
Does He not hold and uphold
Thee, Me, Himself?
. . . . . .

Also, be it remembered,—that he is never on familiar

* Part I. *pages* 32 to 35—and from *page* 88 to 96.
† Part II. *page* 260—and from *page* 288 to 295.

terms with Mephistopheles,—that his mind was ever disposed to kindliest feelings towards human nature—and that aware of his perilous situation, he shows no hilarity —neither does he smile, or laugh, throughout the twofold Drama.

Thus have I endeavoured to redeem my assertion, namely, that the Drama is a complete whole; magnificently planned, wondrously maintained, and consistently concluded: moreover defended Goethe from the illiberal charge of having purposed an immoral Work.

I place my Translation confidently before the world—and do not despair of receiving, at the hands of my countrymen, the same meed of praise, which I hope to deserve of Germany, for having translated* into English, with integrity, and poetic feeling,—the *Whole* of the IMMORTAL GOETHE'S FAUST.

* "'Tis true, composing is a nobler part,
But good translation is no easy art.
Although the matter and the verse are found,
Yet both your fancy, and your hands are bound;
In rend'ring justly—what was writ before,
Invention labours less,—but judgment more."
Essay on Translated Verse by the EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

London, 10*th December*, 1842.

THE PLATES TO BE PLACED AS FOLLOWS.

No.		To face Page.
1. Ariel. . .	Slip ye!—to the floweret's bell—	
	Deeply down—if safe you'd dwell,—	11
2. Faust . .	Her favour to the Boy excites me	
Meph. . .	————————Peace! be still!	
	Suffer the Shade to do its will.	91
3. Meph. . .	Ha! yonder's to do :—Man'kin, *wishes* occupation?	
Hom. . .	Where?—how!—what is to do? . . . . . :	109
4. Erichtho.	I hated life do scent!——being noxious to the living—	
	'Twould bring me sick'ning fame without reward,	
	Were I to stay :—	116
5. Faust . .	————————O! curb thy speed.	
Chiron .	I tarry not—	129
6. Phorcyas .	Stern Menelaus from the coast,	
	Advances with a warlike host :—	220
7. The Maiden.	Let me go!—within my frame,	
	Dwelleth power, and strengh of mind:	238
8. Meph. . .	We've done the trick!—have sunk and seized;	
	—Rewarded, if our Lord is pleased	303
9. Chorus . .	'Tis over!	
Meph. . .	———"Over!"—valueless word!	
	How over?———	322
10. Meph. . .	Off Ignes Fatui!——	327
11. Angels. .	Rescued is this noble portion	
	Of the spirit-world, from sin:	
	Who through striving, proves devotion—	
	We, from Satan's power can win :—	335

FAUST.

A Tragedy.

SECOND PART.

Dramatis Personae Raisonné.

THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY. It is uncertain whether Frederick III. or Maximilian I. predominated in Goethe's mind when he drew this character: a few historical hints are thrown out, such as the near conclusion of the wars of the Guelphs and Ghibbelines,—the assuming the crown of Lombardy, and reconciliation with the Pope,—the early stage of the Reformation,—the belief in, and patronage of, Astrology,—love of dissipation and gaiety, &c., all which however only prove delusive guides. Upon the whole it may be taken for granted that the personation is so far ideal as relating to no ONE Emperor of Germany, but as historically favouring Frederick III.

THE CHANCELLOR, } One and the same person; in the latter part of
ARCHBISHOP, } the play nominated Arch-Chancellor.

THE TREASURER.

ARCH-CHAMBERLAIN.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, created Hereditary Earl Marshal.

STEWARD, or MARSHAL OF THE PALACE, afterwards Arch-Sewer.

ARCH-CUPBEARER.

THE ASTROLOGER.

HERALD OF THE PALACE, acting as Master of the Ceremonies.

PAGES, NOBILITY, COURTIERS, LADIES, HALBERDIERS, GUARDS, TRUMPETERS, FOOL, KNIGHTS, LEARNED MEN, PRIESTS, ARCHITECT, DIPLOMATIST, POET, DUENNA, SOLDIERS.

FAUST. Some time is supposed to have elapsed between the closing scene of the First Part and the opening of the Second Part of the Drama of FAUST—but, how filled up, Goethe gives us no hint. Faust is discovered stretched on a grassy bank in restless sleep, which is converted into a calm and restorative slumber by the gentle Fairies, who, by command of Ariel, "bathe him in the dews of Lethe," and introduce him again to active life. He awakes refreshed as from a long dream, but under the influence of an oblivion of what has transpired in the First Part: nevertheless some dark allusions are made to Margaret and her Mother during the Drama, rather proceeding from an instinctive sensation, than from collected remembrance, except when a bright cloud displays to Faust's imagination the form of Margaret as it appeared in the mirror. Faust still adheres to magic; is insatiable in pursuit of supernatural knowledge and of change; and keeps Mephistopheles subservient and in full activity, up to a very advanced age.—He attains to riches and honour, feels the vanity of past life, and determines to effect some great and glorious purpose, which shall rescue his name from oblivion, and stamp him the friend of mankind: to that end he reclaims from the sea a large territory by embankments, and intersects it with deep canals adapted to shipping, so that it may be the abode of a free, trading, and happy people. Having advanced far towards the completion of his project, he becomes careworn and blind, yet picturing to himself a future busy scene on fertile land, as it were, of his own creation, he says, "I should like to see it; then might I to the *present* say, 'Tarry awhile, thou art so sweet!'" In anticipation of such joy, he feels the moment to be of high happiness, and dies of old age. His ejaculation being only one of degree, the bond and temptation have failed; consequently Mephistopheles loses the wager propouuded in the Prologue in Heaven, and the omniscience of the Supreme is manifested.

MEPHISTOPHELES pursues his part,—administering artfully to Faust's desires,—he is held however in perfect subjection by Faust's lofty spirit: literally his "servant and his slave." Mephistopheles has a bad bargain of it, for many years;—not having succeeded in bringing Faust's mind to a quiescent state, so that he should acknowledge himself satisfied with the *present*, he is baffled;—and at last ineffectually opposes the escape of Faust's immortal part. Goethe intends Faust to reach his 100th year, as expressed in a letter to Humboldt.

WAGNER becomes a learned and far-renowned Doctor and Alchemist; he produces the Homunculus.

BACHELOR OF ARTS. The Student who in the First Part has an interview with Mephistopheles.

A FAMULUS. A Servitor, a piece of unpatronized College Furniture.

THE HOMUNCULUS. A Being created by Dr. Wagner with power of speech, and the attribute of emitting a great light; but confined to the glass vessel in which it was produced. It marshals Mephistopheles, who bears the entranced Faust to the Classical Walpurgis, held on the plains of Thessaly: it longs to be born, or breathe the external air, and converses with Thales, Anaxagoras, and Proteus on the subject.

CHORUS OF INSECTS, MOTHS, &c., that have been generated in Faust's old fur gown.

PHILEMON, } an ancient pair, who inhabit a cottage, and attend to a small
BAUCIS, } chapel, situated on the downs near to Faust's palace.

A WANDERER. One who returns, after an absence of many years, to seek the Old Couple, who had behaved kindly to him when formerly shipwrecked on that part of the coast.

SPIES, sent out by the Emperor to gain intelligence.

WANT,
GUILT,
MISERY, or SICKNESS,
CARE, } The Four Grey Women.

HAVEHIMQUICK,
HOLDHIMFAST,
BOLDATPLUNDER, } The three mighty men introduced by Mephistopheles, when Faust and himself render the Emperor assistance against his revolted subjects and rival.

SWIFTATBOOTY, a camp follower.

TWO RAVENS, Mephistopheles' messengers.

CHARACTERS IN THE MASQUERADE AT THE IMPERIAL PALACE.

FLORENTINE FLOWER GIRLS,
GARDENERS, } They display their wares, and label them with the following poesies: the Olive-branch, the Wheat-chaplet, the Fancy-chaplet, the Fancy-garland, the Challenge, the Rosebuds.

Woodcutters
Mother and Daughter
Pulcinello
Parasite
Drunkard
Zoilo-Thersites
Nymphs
Bird Catchers
Herald
Satirist
Play-fellows
Fishermen
Mummers

THE GRACES.

Aglaia
Hegemone
Euphrosyne

An Elephant
Fear
Hope
Cunning

THE PARCÆ.

Atropos
Clotho
Lachesis

THE FURIES.

Alecto
Megæra
Tisiphone

THE ALLEGORY.

Women
Plutus (Mephistopheles)
Charioteer, youthful
Famine
Avarice
Pan (the Emperor)
Fauns
Satyrs
Gnomes
Giants

The shades of HELEN and PARIS produced by FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES, at the request of the Emperor.

CHARACTERS IN THE CLASSICAL WALPURGIS-NIGHT, HELD ON THE PLAINS OF PHARSALIA, IN THESSALY.

Erichtho
Griffins
Ants
Arimaspes
Sphinxes
Sirens
Peneus
Nymphs
Chiron
Manto
Seismos
Pygmies
Dactyli
Echo
Cranes of Ibicus
Lamiæ
Empusæ
Orcas
Anaxagoras
Thales
Dryas
Phorkyades
Nereus
Nereides
Tritons
Youths
Proteus
Telchines, from Rhodes
Pselli
Marsi
Dorides
Galatea

CHARACTERS IN THE MAGICAL INTERMEZZO OF HELEN.

FAUST.

HELEN, just returned from Troy with Menelaus, puts herself under Faust's protection, who is represented as having settled in the Peloponnesus, and built a castle in the neighbourhood of Sparta, being the leader of an army of northmen.

EUPHORION, the son of Faust and Helen, a personification of poetry, indirectly alluding to Lord Byron and the emancipation of Greece.

LYNCEUS, Keeper of the Watch-Tower.

PHORKYAS, the Stewardess of Menelaus' palace, (Mephistopheles disguised) a Cretan, left in charge when he sailed for Troy.

TROJAN DAMES, Captives.

PENTHALIS, Chief of the Trojan dames attending on Helen.

A MAID. Chorus together and singly. GERMANS, GOTHS, FRANKS, SAXONS, NORMANS, forming Faust's body of Troops—OFFICERS.

CHARACTERS INTRODUCED AFTER FAUST'S DEATH.

LEMURES, singly and together—Imps—the jaws of Pandemonium—Fat Devils, with short straight horns—Lean Devils, with long crumpled horns.

THE ANGELIC HOST, Choruses, single and together—Youthful Angels —Perfect Angels—Beatified Boys.

HOLY ANCHORITES.

PATER ECSTATICUS. John Roysbroch, prior of Grünthal, near Brussels, died 1381; or the holy St. Anthony, died 356.

PATER PROFUNDUS. Thomas of Bradwardine, Archbishop of Canterbury, 1349; or Bernhard of Clairvaux, founder of the Cistercian Order, died 1153.

PATER SERAPHICUS. John Bonaventura, Cardinal and General of the Franciscan Order, died 1274; or the Holy Francis of Assisi, founder of the Franciscan Order.

DOCTOR MARIANUS. Marianus Dun Scotus, the Scotch monk and chronicler, born 1028; or John Dun Scotus, a noted scholar, called Doctor Subtilis, the champion of the purity of the Virgin Mary, therefore called Marianus, died 1302.

MATER GLORIOSA.

CHORUS OF FEMALE PENITENTS.

MAGNA PECCATRIX. Luke vii. 36. Mary Magdalen.

MULIER SAMARITANA. John iv.

MARIA ÆGYPTIACA. A saint of Alexandria, who lived in gross sin for seventeen years,—converted through a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. She did penance for forty-seven years, by fasting in the wilderness. She died, according to some, 421, others 526.

UNA PENITENTIUM. Heretofore Margaret: a beatified spirit—retains her love for Faust, and seeks permission from the Virgin to be his instructress in the heavenly life.

CHORUS MYSTICUS. Hermits, having a supposed deeply spiritual intercourse with heavenly affairs.

SCENE.—*Landscape.—Imperial Palace.—Plain of Pharsalia.—Sparta, and in its neighbourhood Faust's Castle.—Mountains in Styria.—Faust's Palace on the coast of the Adriatic, &c.*

FAUST.

PART II.

ACT I. *An agreeable sylvan Landscape.*

SCENE I.

EVENING—FAUST is seen stretched on a flowery bank sleeping disturbedly; numerous delicately-shaped forms move livelily and gracefully in airy circles around his head.

ARIEL.

SONG, with Æolian-harp accompaniment.

SOON as blossom-bearing showers
Heavy-hovering, earthward sink;
Soon as fields and opening flowers
Give the Husbandman the wink,—
Then doth Fairies' giant spirit
Speed to help, where help it can.
Is he wicked?—hath he merit?—
IT bemoans the *luckless* man.

Ye, who about this head in circles hover—
Your fairy-goodwill gratefully discover.—
Becalm the heaving bosom's sorrow,
Pluck from the brain Upbraiding's arrow,
And cleanse his heart from by-gone dread.

WATCHES FOUR, have the hours of darkness,—
Haste ye, to fill them up with kindness:

On zephyrous pillow lay his head,—
Then bathe him in the dews of Lethe;
His cramp-stiff limbs if freely spread
Balmy sleep will soon make lithey;—
And be the Fairies' comeliest duty done,—
Give him again—the glorious Sun!

CHORUS OF FAIRIES,

Singly—by couples and more, alternately—then altogether.

When the Air feels warm and healing
O'er the green-encircled plain,—
When sweet-odour'd, soft-on-stealing
TWILIGHT—sinks to earth again:
Then—whisper him soul-cheeriness,
His heart in infant-cradle lay,
And to the eyes of Weariness
Clos'd be the portals of the day.

Night has sunk in azure darkling,
Star on star unveils its face,
Great and small are brightly sparkling,
Glist'ning near—and far in Space.—
In the lake, they are playing—dancing—
Cheering overhead the Night—
All the world with sleep entrancing,—
Luna—rules with magic-might.

Lost to th' mind are lingering hours—
Disappeared have joy and sorrow.
Faust! foretaste reviving powers,
Thou shalt see another morrow.—
Vales are brightening—knolls are swelling,
Bushing—for noon's halcyon:

PLATE I. —Slip ye!—to the fireworm's hell—
Deeply down—if safe you'd dwell,—
To the rock chinks—beneath the leaf—
—If it catch ye—ye are dead!

And the silv'ry, billowy-revelling
Cornfields—beckon Harvest on!

That the wished-for glad your view,
Bend thine eyes towards yonder PROOF!
But slight fetters now detain you,
Sleep is worthless—shake it off!—
Waver not, to seize thy fore-wish,
Where the many fear to clasp;
Noble minds! may all accomplish,
THEY perceive—and promptly grasp.

Astounding sounds precede the rising, and announce the advance of the sun.

ARIEL.

Hearken! Hark! the Storm of the Hours
Tells to Spirits' subtile powers
"A day new-born,"——list, Fay and Sprite;
The granite gates are grating, clatt'ring,
Phœbus' wheels are onward rattling,—
Mark—what tumult 'tends on LIGHT:—
A drum-like booming—clarion sound:
Eyes do blink, and ears astound!—
Unheard-of noise!—intense,—severe,—
Not to be compass'd by the ear.—
—Slip ye!—to the floweret's bell—
Deeply down—if safe you'd dwell,—
To the rock-chinks:—'neath the leaf:—
—If it catch ye—ye are deaf!

FAUST.

Again Life's pulse beats brisk and able,
The mild ethereal dawn to greet:

Thou Earth!—hast been this night most stable,
And breath'st refresh'd beneath my feet—
Thou dost surround my soul with gladness,
And stirr'st again my longing keen
Towards "height-of-being" on to press,
Despite this sluggish frail machine.

Wrapt is the world in mildest twilight sheen.
The Wood, with voicéd-life resounds,—
The Vale with stripy dew abounds,—
Yet to the depth, the light hath crept,
And buds, the lithesome twig unfurls
In the moist dell, where late it slept;—
Tint after tint proclaims the valley's worth;
And flower and leaf drip trembling pearls:—
Around—a paradise has birth!

Upwards thine eyes! the Mountain's giant cone
Now brightly telegraphs the solemn hour,—
It glories *early* in th' eternal Sun
Who *later* beams on us his power:—
Now gladdens he, the alpine meads of greenness
With a mild, sheeny—day-dawn openness,
Descending step by step, to us.—
Behold the Sun!—but ah, my vision flies,—
Perforce I turn—t'assuage my dazzled eyes.
E'en so it is, when a long-cherished hope,
Which to our utmost wish we think acquired,
Slips us—Fulfilment's portals flying ope.

Now rushes through yon rocky ravine
A flood of glory! startled,—we admire,—
Life's torch we would but re-illumine,
And are encompassed by a sea of fire.

Is it then love or hate, that glaring flows amain—
Pleasure and pain alternately prevailing?—
We bend our smarting eyes to earth again,
Wooing the solace of its young green-veiling.

Behind me, be the gorgeous Light of nature:—
The Cataract bursts through the mountain's rent!—
I gaze thereon with ever growing rapture
From fall to fall—in thousand rillets sent,
Collecting, then again dispensing,—
Above, light vapours are condensing;—
And splendidly, the mists-o'-th'-waters show,
The prism colour'd—fleeting BOW;
Now well defined—now faint the stencilling;
Around is spread a gentle, pleasing thrilling.
Oh! it doth mirror forth the sum of human striving!
Think on't—'twill be self-evident:—
Amidst refractions, varied life is spent.

SCENE II.

THE IMPERIAL PALACE. THE THRONE CHAMBER.

COUNCIL OF STATE awaiting the Emperor—Nobles, Courtiers, &c. in costly apparel, Heralds, and Trumpeters.

The EMPEROR enters, ascends the throne—on his right hand the ASTROLOGER.

THE EMPEROR.

Health to the Faithful-ones beneath Our rule!
Assembled worthily from far and near,
Upon Our right, we see the Seer—
But say ye—what has got our Fool?

FIRST PAGE.

Behind You, on the stairs, my Sire!
He dropp'd, and could not get up higher,—
They dragged away the lump-of-fat,
Dead or drunk——I know not that.

SECOND PAGE.

Quickly—with wondrous zealousness
Another pressed to take his business,—
Most costly is the Stranger clad,
But comical—all think him mad!
The guards deny the fellow ingress
With halberds crossed, and you'll ————
God save Your Majesty!—there is the Fool!

MEPHISTOPHELES enters, advances to the foot of the throne, and kneels.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What is curst—yet much respected?
What's desired—scorn'd, and scouted?
What is everywhere protected?
What is satirized and flouted?—
What Thou dar'st not summon to thee?
What when named all hear with glee?
What is near thy Throne's array?
What has bann'd *itself* away?

THE EMPEROR.

Mayst spare thy breath, and crambo preface,—
Riddles are here—most out of place:—
Be they the business of our Council.

To the CHANCELLOR.

Do thou resolve it—'tis Our will.

To MEPHISTOPHELES.

Our hereto Fool, I fear, has changed location,—
Hither thou to our left!—and take his station.

MEPHISTOPHELES ascends the throne steps, and takes his stand on the EMPEROR's left.

CROWD MUTTERINGS.

Another Fool!———new plagues begin—
Whence came he?—say, how got he in?—
The old one dropp'd—by drink undone;
He was a cask—a broomstick this one.

THE EMPEROR.

And so—our trusty, loving subjects
We welcome you, from "near and far,"
Assembled 'neath propitious star—
The Horoscope much happiness projects.
But say, why thus at Easter-tide,
When we have put all cares aside,—
And *Beautybeards!* as mummers glide,—
When joy's ordained throughout the State,
Are we met here to hold debate?—
But since you've pleased to see the need,
And are convoked——we'll e'en proceed.

THE CHANCELLOR.

The highest virtue—like to a blessed halo,
Surround the head Imperial!—to Him, below
Is given, *its* magic power to prove:—
Sire! it is JUSTICE!—what all men sigh for—love;—

What *all* demand, and wish, and want,
And cannot live without—is Thine to grant!

But, ah! in vain is human knowledge, and
Benevolence of heart, and willing hand;
If like a fever Crime is speeding,
And Evil—evils manifold—is breeding.
Who, from exalted station may beseem
To eye the empire, thinks he dreams a dream!
Deception—by deceptions is enfolded,
Unlawfulness—by lawlessness upholded,
And Error's everywhere unfolded.

One booties flocks and herds—another wife and coins;—
This from the church, cups, cross, and candlestick purloins,
Boasting possession many a year,
Without so much as *cause* for fear.
Now do complainants throng the justice-court!
The Judge parades on upraised cushion—
Meantime right franticly do rush on
Rebellious crowds, with direful import.
One plaints of slander, outrage, loss incurr'd:
Defendant,—on accomplices depends,
And GUILTY!—in the Court is heard
Only, when Innocence itself defends.
All social intercourse is at a *stop*,
And all decorum's thrown aside:
How then can sentiment develop—
Pure loyalty's most certain guide?

Sire! in the end, the well-conditioned merchant
Becomes a briber—and a sycophant;

And the just Judge who can't enforce the Law
Makes terms at last with the—Aggressor.
Though dark the picture's drawn—'tis true!
Would I might veil it from your view.

He pauses.

Affairs of state—admitted no defer.
When crime predominates, all classes suffer,
And Majesty! at length may be the *prey*.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

All's riot and confusion now-a-day,—
The peasantry are up—and fight and blare,
And insubordination peeps out everywhere.
Behind their walls, the crafty burghers scout,—
The haughty baron seeks his mountain tower:
They both seem leagued to tire us out—
And so ensconced, unbroken is their power.

Th' Auxiliaries,—do grow importunate,
And are tumultuously demanding pay:—
Yet were they solded, to this date,
'Tis my belief they'd slink away.
He who forbids what multitudes intend,
Has a vindictive hornet's nest uncas'd,—
The kingdom they "took service" to defend
Perchance were plundered—then laid waste:
Therefore they're left to growl about.—
One half opposes all command!
There still are Kings encamp'd without,
But *none* incline to lend a hand.

THE TREASURER.

Who *now* would place dependance on Allies?
Are not their solemn-promised subsidies
Like brunnen-waters, of uncertain coming?—
And Sire! o'er all your large domains,
Who holds the reins?————
Where'er one goes—houses have changed their masters,
And false freeholders, everywhere have started,—
'Twere well You saw these state-disasters.
With Rights so manifold we've parted,
That now our "right" in every thing is thwarted.

Also on Parties—as they are named—
No one can place the least reliance;
Extol we them! or are they blamed,
Hated or loved—they ward off all compliance.
The Ghibelline, as well as Guelph,
Are tired—and roost themselves from labour,—
Who now cares aught about a neighbour?
All find it is enough, to care for self.
The money-conduits of the state are shut,—
Yet each one claws and hoards a somewhat,
Whilst Sire! the High exchequer is—capot!

THE STEWARD OF THE PALACE.

Vexations, nothing less do fall on me,—
I would curtail the house-expenditure,
And daily feel a counter-pressure;—
Each coming hour brings me new misery.
The cooks for sure, no lack of victual know—
As yet wild boars, and stags, and hares, and roe,

Birds, geese, wild ducks, and turkies too—
The best paid portion of the revenue—
Come duly in, and give to dine;—
But then, we're badly off for wine!
The Cellars, that of yore had casks in tiers
Of the best growths,—and vintage years—
Carousals great,—and th' endless revelry
Of the nobility, has suck'd them dry!

Lately, the Town-senatus' store was tapp'd,
When porringers for cups proved apt,—
And all above-board, 'neath the table lay.

Now am I besought, the salaries to pay.
No favour from the Jew I'll venture at,
For he's twelve months already in advance
For aliments! and that on my assurance;
Then the curs'd swine won't "go to fat;"
Pledged are the feathers in the pallet bed,
And on the table's placed *to-morrow's* bread!

THE EMPEROR.

After a thoughtful pause, hastily to MEPHISTOPHELES.

Say now, our Fool!—hast *thou* no wants to trumpet?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

None, Sire!—Oh I do feast me on the splendours
Surrounding Thee and Thine!—can credit be subversed
Where Majesty in person Council honours!—
Means can't be wanting—though perchance dispersed,
Where *will* is good, and *noble* minds expand,
And many-handed labour's at command!—

What plagues and troubles can combine
To cast a gloom?—where *such* stars shine!!

CROWD MUTTERINGS.

He is a rogue!——he acts it well!—
His lying takes—how long, canst tell?
Methinks I guess!—say, what's the object?
What's still to come?————a project!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Where is the house or man, that doth not something want?
One *this*, another *that!*—with you, Sire, gold is scant.
Not from the pavement can your servants claw it—
Yet from the depths o' th' earth—Wisdom may draw it.
In mountain veins, and brick-work under ground
Gold, coin'd and uncoin'd, may readily be found:
Me, ask you—*who* can bring it to th' day?—
Talented man's powers of mind and body may!

THE CHANCELLOR.

Matter and mind!—to Christians, prate not so!
On that score, Atheists have been burnt you know,
Such parlance being aconite:—
Body is sin—mind is devil,—
Between them Doubt was hatch'd! that evil,
Crook'd-limb'd hermaphrodite!
So not to us!————Within the *ancient* empire—
The hereditary countries of our Sire—
Two grades bear sway, who loyally desire
To buttress-up the throne and regal rights,—
The sacred Priesthood!—and the Knights!

THEY weather every storm, however hard,
Content with Church and State for their reward.

The vulgar-mindedness of certain fanatics
Has raised dissent in the community!—
THEY are foul sorcerers and heretics,
Disturbing country, town, and city.—
Yet these wouldst thou with joking sauciness
Into this high Imperial Circle smuggle?
THOU art a leaguer with *their* rottenness,
Fools! and such fellows are akin, and juggle.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now do I know the *whereabout*, you gentry are!
What you don't touch—you think is miles afar—
What you don't grasp—you fain would abnegate,
What you've not calculated—can't be true!
What you don't poise—hath no intrinsic weight,
What you don't coin—can have no current value!

THE EMPEROR.

THUS are our wants not made more easy,
Such Lenten-sermons only tease me;
Sick am I of the eternal *hows* and *when?*
'Tis money! money I want!—procure it then!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'll get you all you want and more—despite *their* chatter,
Light 'tis, 'tis true! yet is that *light* a weighty matter!
It is already there *(pointing downwards)*—how bring it up?
That is the rub! *(to the council)* can ye a plan develop?

Now mark me!—in those frightful inundations,
When rugged human-masses bare down polish'd nations:
This one, and *That*—however scared and timid,
A somewhat valued—and that *somewhat* hid.
So was it during Roma's power,
And so it has continued—to this hour!
What buried was i' th' earth, lies hid there yet,—
The under soil's the Emperor's—He shall have it!!

THE TREASURER.

Zounds, for a Fool! he talks most erudite.
I'faith, *that* is the Emperor's ancient right.

CHANCELLOR.

Satan is laying for you golden springes,
On hocus-pocus all the matter hinges.

STEWARD OF THE PALACE.

If he provides the Court with ample treasure,
I'd wink at knavery in the measure.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

Our Fool has wit—bespeaks us mighty sums,—
The soldier questions not, whence money comes.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You think perchance some roguery lurks here?—
Behold a *heavenly* man—there!—ask the Seer,
He kens th' in-circle, 'bout circle, house and hour:
Say, Prophet—what indicts celestial power?

CROWD MUTTERINGS.

A brace of knaves—one speech, one tone!—
Fool, and Phantasmist!—near the throne!—
One's out of breath—a story nothing worth—
Motley inflates—th' Astrologer holds forth.

THE ASTROLOGER.

MEPHISTOPHELES prompts.

The SUN's a globe of purest molten gold,—
MERCURY, for pay and favour, place doth hold;
Fair Madam VENUS hath bewitched us all,
Her lovely glances, late and early thrall.
Chaste LUNA's grown fantastical and shrew:
Though MARS strike not—he threatens you:
But JUPITER's the brightest of the stars!
SATURN—huge, distant,—therefore small appears:
As metal, no account we take of him—
Being heavy—little worth and dim!

He inspects the horoscope.

Aye! aye!—when LUNA to SOL proves courteous—
Silver to gold—then is the world right joyous,
And all things follow kindly,—each has what he seeks!
Mansions, gardens, dainty bosoms and cherry cheeks!
All *this* procures the highly-learned man;
He can accomplish that—which none *here* can!

THE EMPEROR.

I *doubly* hear the prophet's mystic lore:
Yet am I not convinced the more.

CROWD MUTTERINGS.

What is all that?—exploded jugglery—
'Tis chemistry—'tis star-humbuggery—
Heard it before—and hoped in vain—
'Tis all a cheat—like to legerdemain.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There you all stand!—with wonderment awake,
Doubting the plan and high-discovery:
Some, as if grappled by the fell mandrake,
Some, by the black dog's devilry.
What means it that one witticizes?
That others plaint of sorceries?
That him the tickled-sole surprises?
That t'other dare not trust his knees?

You each, do feel a secret working,
Proceeding from, all-powerful Nature!—
Which from her nether-world up-jerking,
You show in every thew and feature:
When all your limbs are set a-jigging;—
When where you are—affords no pleasure,
Then fall to pickaxeing, and digging;

Pointing downwards.

There lies the "Fiddler"—there the treasure!

CROWD MUTTERINGS.

Oh! I have got it in my feet like lead—
It's in my arm—'tis there the gout has sped—
It gnaws like mad at my great toe—
All up my back the pain doth flow—
We are, if we may guess by th' signs,
Near to the richest treasure mines.

THE EMPEROR.

Quick to the work!—do *thou* with us abide,
And prove the truth of your rhodomontade,
By showing where the treasure's laid.
Sceptre and sword, we mean to lay aside,—
With Royal hands, the money-work pursue
And end the job—if that thy words prove true.
If otherwise———— to hell I'll send you!

MEPHISTOPHELES *(in an under tone.)*

That road, at all events, is somewhat known to me.—
To the point—I can't impress on you too seriously,
How many unown'd things o'er all abound.—
The boorish countryman, who ploughs the ground,
Turns up a massive golden pot;—
Another nitre seeks where lime-walls stand,
And finds a golden—huge gold ingot!
O'erjoyed within his horny hand.

What dark vaults are there not, that force may ope?
What cells and passages does night envelop,
Waiting the treasure-finder's grope,
In the near neighbourhood of the world below?
Oh, there are cellars full! beyond your wishes,
Of golden tankards, plates, and dishes,
All nicely piled up row on row,—
There, too, are goblets made of rubies!
And would you eke your palate please,
Hard by, you'll choice old wine perceive,—
And what is more—if Me you will believe,—
Time, that hath long the oaken cask decay'd,
Has one, for the *lush* of wine-stone made!

Thus then you see, both gold and jewell'ry,—
And the quintessence of choice vintry,
Do veil themselves in horrors—and in night.
The wise man labours *there* unweariedly,—
All daylight search is sheer tomfoolery,—
Darkness! is mystery's homestead and delight.

THE EMPEROR.

Be that *thy* business!—what can the dark-hid profit?
If it have worth—up to the daylight with it!
Who kens i' th' dark a Rogue?—or what he's at?
Black are the Cows by night—and grey the Cat.
The pots of gold now veiled in dreary night
Be they thy care, to ploughshare to the light!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Take You the spade and pickaxe straight,
The peasant's work may make You great!—
And soon a *herd* of golden calves,
From mother earth may force themselves.
Then without doubting—with delight!
Thou mayst thyself and mistress dight.
For brilliant hue, and jewell'ry,
Add charms to Woman!————and Majesty!

THE EMPEROR.

Quick to the work—our patience will not last.

THE ASTROLOGER.

Let not thy wishes Sire! speed on too fast;—
First, may the masquerading bustle cease.
Divided purpose, throws up no increase!

Besides we've much to plan ere we begin,—
We must the *under*—through the *upper* win.
Who GOOD desires—must first himself do good:—
Who would enjoy,—must tranquillize his blood;
Who wine would quaff,—the full-ripe grape must press—
Who miracles desires,—must liveliest faith possess.

THE EMPEROR.

Be then the interval, filled up with fun!—
And, as if wished for, comes Ash Wednesday on:
'Tis Our command, ye celebrate o'er all,
A merry, mumming,—CARNIVAL.

[Trumpets. *Exeunt.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How closely fortunes, and deserts, entwine!
That do the Dullards never more divine:
Had THEY—"th' philosopher's stone"—for heritage,
How sadly soon—the stone—would lack the SAGE!

Exit.

SCENE III.

A MAGNIFICENT HALL,

With adjoining rooms, laid out, and arranged for a grand Court Masquerade.

HERALD.

Think not, that ye are now in Germany
'Mongst idiots, dancing ghosts, and devilry!
But keeping—Carnival—right merrily.—

Our lord and master, from a trip to Rome:—
On State affairs, and for your joy is come
Across the Alps, to his ancestral home—
Having possessed himself of a fair kingdom.—

But first from *Him* who treads on *holy* sandals,
The right thereto his Majesty besought.—
Constrain'd to *fetch* the crown—he hath brought
For us————the cap and bells!
Now are we all,—again the Church's children,
And every man of common policy
Will suit him to the *where* and *when*:—
Though for a time we look like silly men,
We still with wit may spice tom-foolery.
I see already crowds—as in a fair,
In mix'd confusion————now they pair!
And the minne-singers club their minstrelsy.
Within, without, is dance and drollery.
Oh, it is, even as it was, and ever will be—
The World! with all its thousand whims and revelry
Is but a "one" great mass of human foolery.

ARTIFICIAL-FLOWER GIRLS.

Song—accompanied by the Mandoline.

To obtain your approbation
We've adorn'd ourselves to-night
Florence girls of reputation—
In your German-pomp delight.

In our auburn hair we're placing
Life-resembling flowers gay,—
Silken ribbands, silken lacing
Have to-night a part to play.

Sir, we think we're acting featly,
Nay, praiseworthy we declare!
Artfully, with flowers to greet ye—
Such as bloom throughout the year.

We have trifles passing pretty
Clipt with cunning nicety,
Over some you may be witty,
But the whole allures the eye.

Smartly-clad—we're here to gaze on
Flower-girls of courteous ways,
Art, you know is the companion
Of us women, now-a-days.

HERALD.

Come, let's see your laden baskets,
Those that on your heads you bear—
And o' th' arm those well-filled flaskets!
Buyers, pick and choose I swear.
Smartly! that in walks and arbours
Fancy-gardens may appear:
You, my pretty sprightly neighbours
Must attract with such-like ware.

FLOWER GIRLS.

Here will we set out our dainties
And all market-tricks repel—
With "short stanzas" no entreaties,
We will label what we sell.

LABEL I. THE FRUITFUL OLIVE BRANCH.

I don't envy Flowrets' splendour;
Rivalship—I can't endure:
'Tis against my quiet nature!
I'm the country's blessing, sure!

For a voucher, please to know,
Peace I bring where'er I go:—
May it be to-day my fate
Fair-one's head to decorate.

LABEL II. THE CHAPLET OF WHEAT.

When in Ceres' gifts attired—
Bland, and comely you will be:—
That which is so much admired
Ready hangs to garland thee!

LABEL III. THE FANCY GARLAND.

Motley flowers like the Mallow,
Springing up midst mosses drear?
'Tis not Nature's wont to do so,—
Tyrant Fashion! brings them here.

LABEL IV. THE FANCY NOSEGAY.

To relate the names I bear,
Theophrastus would not dare.
If not chosen by *each* Fair-one,
Many I shall grace anon:—
I would be that Beauty's care,
Who would plait me in her hair—
Who would find out graciously
Near her heart, a place for me.

LABEL V. THE CHALLENGE.

May Dame Fancy's bouquets blow
For the modish belle and beau!—
Here are *strangest* flowers sold,
Such as Nature don't unfold,

Pea-green stalks, and golden blue-bells!!
Peeping out, from auburn cells,
But we ————————

LABEL VI. THE ROSEBUDS.

———— do not peep about—
Lucky, they who find us out,—
When the Spring is on the turn,
Rosebud then begins to burn.
Can you bear such joy-privation—
Such sweet-odour concentration?—
We have sway in Flora's mart,
Charming eye, and sense, and heart!

Beneath green-arched walks the FLOWER GIRLS display, in most alluring manner, their fancy wares.

Enter GARDENERS.

SONG—accompanied by the Theorbo.

I see lifeless Flowerets blow,
Adding to the head a charm;
Fruit, methinks will do no harm—
Taste! you'll smack your lips I trow.

Ruddy-cheek'd ones, great and small,
Cherries, peaches, Orleans-plums,—
Taste, and purchase; tongue and gums,
Hold the eye, no judge at all.

Come!—my ripe ones scrutinize,
Luring eyes and appetite;
Rosebuds you may poetize,
But the Apple claims—a bite.

Who inclines with me to pair,
Ever-blooming flowerets lending
To set-off my melting ware?—
Most attractive were the blending.

Under playful helxine cover—
In the tasteful verdant bower,
All is found that suits the lover!
Buds and wreaths, and fruit and flower.

By alternate singing, accompanied by the Guitar and Theorbo; the two choruses set out their wares pyramidically, and to the best advantage.

Enter a MOTHER and her DAUGHTER.

MOTHER.

Lassie! when thou first saw'st light,
In a snood I dress'd thee;
Hadst a figure fair, and slight,
Fondly I caress'd thee:
Thought I saw thee future Bride!
Walking by a Squire's side—
Trothéd wife! I thought thee.

Lack-a-day! full many a year,
Fruitlessly hath flitted:
All thy suitors, have I fear,
Only called, and quitted.
With the one, to dance you'd hie!
With the other, sit and sigh,
Perhaps the nudge transmitted.

Whatsoever we began,
Yielded us no harvest,—

Nor "Forfeits"—nor the "Third-man"
Ever lured to earnest!—
Fools to-day, girl, rove about—
Darling! keep a sharp look out,
Try to make a conquest!

PLAYFELLOWS—LADS and LASSES join company, romp and frolic about.—FISHERMEN and BIRDCATCHERS with nets, fishing lines, limed twigs, and other tackle, mingle amongst the YOUNG ONES, and sport with them, holding dialogue at intervals.

WOODCUTTERS.

(They enter blusteringly.)

Room! room there! more space!—
Why crowd ye, and squeeze?—
We are felling of trees
That cracking, tumble:—
When we carry, we grumble,—
And *hunches* take place.
For our commendation,
Take this explanation;
Wer't not for Woodcutters
With rough horny hand—
Pray, how would Court-strutters
Look sleeky, and grand,
And their sarcasms whet?
Thus much understand:
Ye'd all freeze and fret
Wer't not that *we* sweat.

PUNCHINELLO.

(Clownishly and daftly.)

Ye are the born fools—
Lumpy bent-back'd tools!—

We are the prudent
Who never back *lent!*—
For our bells and cap,
Jacket, patch, and lap,
Are nothing to bear:—
Sooth, idle we are,—
Saunt'ring the street
With slipper-shod feet;—
Through market and mob
We in and out bob,
Then stand, gape, and peer,—
And crow to each other:—
When crowing we hear
We run here and there,
Like dogs in a fair;
Collecting to pother
Where tumult is heard:—
We deserve your good word:—
If blame you bestow,
We don't care, you know!

PARASITES.

(Fawning and wheedlingly.)

You brave Woodcutters!
And your half-brothers
The charcoal burners,
Ye, are the men for us!—
For all bending,
And condescending,
Fine period rounding,
And truth confounding—

Blowing hot and cold
Like "peasant" of old,—
What can that profit?—
Did not the faggot
And charcoal conspire
To make kitchen fire
Glow gloriously hot,—
Where were nice roasts, and stew?
Broil'd, boil'd, and fried too?—
The right Epicure—
—The real lick-dish!
Noses the roast, full sure,
And guesses stewed fish:—
'Tis *wood* leads to deeds,
At our patrons' "feeds"!

A DRUNKARD.

(Half seas over.)

Nothing shall to-day disturb me,—
Feel so blithe, and debonair;—
Freshness, singing, and theorbé,
I myself have brought in here.
Now for a swig!—drinka, drinka!
Clash your glasses! chinka, chinka!
You behind there! join our fun,
Chime the glasses!—'tis well done!

Screamed my wife, and threat'ned *grabbage*—
Sneered she at my motley coat—
And despite my bristling courage,
Called me a masquerading goat!
Still will I drink—drinka, drinka!
Clash your glasses! chinka! chinka!

Wooden mummers! join the fun,
Chime the glasses!—'tis well done!

Do not say that I'm bewilder'd,
Sooth I *am*, where I would be;
Won't Host trust?—I'll not be hinder'd,—
Dame and Maid will credit me;—
Ever drink I—drinka, drinka!
Up companions! chinka, chinka;
First with Jack, and then with Jill—
Zounds! I think I've had my fill.

When and where I take my pleasure,
I would ever feel thus bland,—
Where I tumble—there I lie sure,
Faith, I'm thinking I can't stand.

CHORUS.

Brother Boozers, drinka, drinka!
Charge your glasses, chinka, chinka!
Who sits firm will see some fun—
On the floor lies—number one!

The HERALD announces the arrival of sundry POETS, such as pastoral, court, and troubadour—plaintive, and heroic. The pressure and scuffling of the poetic aspirants to be heard, permits no single one an opportunity—one however gets in a couplet.

THE SATIRIST.

Know ye *what*, were I a Poet
Would to me be passing dear?—
'Twere in SONG or SPEECH to "go it,"
Where no soul would stop to hear!

The dirge and epithalamium Poets excuse themselves, as being occupied in very interesting conversation with a newly-awakened Vampire, from whom they hope to obtain a *new* rhythm.—The HERALD finding that he can do nothing with the Poets, calls on the Greek-Mythology-Maskers to advance; who although masked according to modern etiquette, lose nothing of their character or charms.

THE GRACES.

AGLAIA.

We gave to Gracefulness existence:—
Let your charity flow gracefully!

HEGEMONE.

With gracefulness receive each boon—
Graceful is sympathy!

EUPHROSYNE.

And in retired life's quietude,
Most graceful—is gratitude!

THE FATES.

ATROPOS.

To the spinning—I the Elder
Am most pressingly requested.
There's to think of—and bewilder
Her who spins life's slender thread.

That it flexible and soft be,
I have finest flax provided,—
That it smooth and mollient be,
'Tis by fingers'-cunning guided.

Wouldst in dancing pass the hour—
Glad and frolicsome mayhap?—

Ruminate on life's frail power ;
Heed thee! lest the fibre snap.

CLOTHO.

Know! that in these latter years
I've been trusted with the shears;—
For th' conduct of our "Old one"
Merited applause from none!

Sadly, wasted she the skein,
Fav'ring good-for-noughts! mean-while,
The truly-worthy, hopeful swain,
Was hurried to the tomb's asyle.

I too, in my 'prenticeship
Many times have erred I know:—
That to-day I make no slip,
Into th' sheath the scissors go!

Pleased I am to stay my power,
Fav'ring much this mask array:
All who love the merry hour,
Licence have—to dance away!

LACHESIS.

To Her—who destiny unravels
Is given the management of things!
The wheel that now so rapid travels,
Was never known to flag its wings.

The clue produced, the thread I reel;
Directing it with gentle force;
I keep it on the whizzing wheel,
And make it hold an even course.

But should I ever chance to nap
Then were it for the world, mishap:
Years, and hours, and minutes score—
The WEAVER takes—the drama's o'er!

HERALD.

Those who advance, not one of you do know,
However learn'd ye be in ancient lore;
Though garb'd they are like those who fright ye sore,
You'll find them welcome visitors I trow.

They are the FURIES—if you will believe me!—
Fair and well-shap'd—and still of tender age,—
Converse with them, and you will soon presage
How serpent-like such pretty doves can grieve ye,—

For they are roguishly inclined!—but as in *these* years
Numskulls oft brag of positive *deficiencies!*
THEY deprecate applause for angel-like efficiencies!—
Appearing only,—"town-and-country teazers."

ALECTO.

Do what you will, we gain your confidence;
For we are young and fair, and fawning pusses:—
Has one a "chere amie" 'bout whom he fusses?
We claw his ears until he grant us audience.

Then say we, to his face, "We know
"That *she* did wink and leer at one in gimps!—
"That she is stupid, bundle-backed, and limps,"
And though betrothéd bride, "she's but so so!"

We know besides—how to embitter maiden's mind—
"Your lover to a *friend* a week ago

"Spake slightingly of *you*;—the fact we know!"—
Although they make it up—suspicion lurks behind.

MEGÆRA.

That's but a bagatelle!—e'en are they married
I take the matter up, and know in ev'ry case
How to begall high joys by whimsies base;—
Man's temper is unequal—and his hours are varied.

None have securely in their arms the wished-for,
Who do not for a still *more* wished-for, moan!—
Slighting high-happiness—because their own:—
They fly the genial sun—bright icicles to thaw!

All such, I ken to plague and circumvent.—
To the *true*,—I bring th' Asmodi unawares,
Who strew dissensions in th' unguarded moment:—
Thus, blight I the human race by pairs!

TISIPHONE.

Poison and dirk—(no scourging speech)
I mix and sharpen, for the traitor—
Faithless lover! sooner or later,
A withering remorse, shall reach.

For th' unholy, rapture moment,
Dagger, and poison'd cup I bring:—
With me, there is no bargaining!—
On traitor's heel, treads punishment.

Let none presume that I forgive!—
Myself did plaint—a sad endurance—
Echo heard—and shouted "Vengeance!"—
The Changeling—shall not live!

HERALD.

So please ye ladies!—stand beside the arras,—
Those who come now, are of a different class.
Behold! yon moving *masse* advancing,
Its flanks with costly trappings glancing,—
Head armed with tusks, and serpent snout!
It is a puzzler!—but we'll find it out.—
Upon its back there sits a comely lady,
Who guides it with a wand right staidly:—
Another loftier stands—looking imperially,
And circled in a glory, that half blinds me!
By side, tread noble dames in chains—
One showing fear—i' th' other gladness reigns:
This, covets freedom—*that* one, feels she's free.—
Let each declare her name—and quality?

FEAR.

Smoking flambeaux, lamps, and candle,
Dimly light confusion's hall,—
'Midst this juggling-visaged jangle,
Why am I in fetters' thrall?

Off!—ye farcical loud laughers,
Grinning, but confirms suspicion:
Hosts of haunting, mowing scoffers,
Press to-night upon my vision!

Here, is a friend transformed to foe,
But his guise I have discerned,—
He's seeking for my life I know:
Behold him!—now his back is turned!

From this state of degradation
I would willingly away,—
But the threat "annihilation,"
Fetters me to dark dismay.

HOPE.

Be ye greeted, lovely sisters!—
Have ye 'mongst these mumming jesters
Pleased yourselves since yesternight?
—I know what?—I've just heard say,
To-morrow ends this mask-array.—
So have we not by flambeau-light
Gathered over much delight,
We may yet 'neath sunny sky
Taste of pleasure blithesomely;—
Singly, or groupingly we'll tread
The uplands, and the flow'ry mead,
Be unrestrained, and sorrow-free,
Spending our time in harmony,—
—Glad to sport, and glad to rest.—
Allured to visit all around—
Every-where the welcomed guest!—
That chief-good which mortals quest,
Is surely, somewhere to be found?

REASON.

Lo! twain of human-nature's foes
Fear and Hope! I captive lead:
Preventing so, their spreading woes
Amongst mankind—make room, ye're freed!

This living mountain-mass of flesh
Castle on back—I guide you see

Unfettered and unfretted,—fresh
It mounts these steeps right willingly.

High—on the jagged battlement,
A goddess stands,—with silv'ry
Pinions spread to seize the moment
Offered by opportunity!

Encircled there in Gloria—
She beams pure light o'er ev'ry sea,—
She calls herself VICTORIA!
Goddess of Trade and Industry.

ZOILO-THERSITES.

Hoity! toity!—just i' th' nick of time,
To see state-fools mar pantomime!—
That which attracted me from far,
Is perched-up Ma'am Victoria,
With her bright lily wings stretch'd out,—
She thinks she's a *monarch* bird no doubt!
And as she peers from rock or steeple,
Claims as her own—land, sea, and people!—
But be it to her Dameship known,—
'Gainst *all* recipients of renown,
Well mail'd I promptly take the field,
And keenly *cynic's-faulchion* wield.—
Heights I lower—depths raise high,
Make crooked straight—the straight awry!
All which to me is pastime healthy—
I will,—that the earth, an even tilth be!

HERALD.

So shalt thou ragged-braggart know
Official-staff's most wrathful blow.

Strikes him.

There! there!—now rail borachio!—
See! the double-ugly birth,
Is changed to a shapeless clod of earth!
The clod turns Egg!—and now, O wonder!
The Egg expands, and falls asunder,—
Twain vermin creeping from the shell;—
Viper and Vampire—birth unnatural!
This grovels i' th' dust to hide itself,—
That, seeks the roof—a *sable* elf.
They'll form without, co-partnership,—
—I would not be o' their fellowship!—

MUTTERERS.

Quickly come!—they dance away!—
No, no, I'm quite averse to stay—
Around us flits a something noxious—
Perchance hobgoblin hiccius-doccius!
A whizzing-somewhat brushed my hair—
Something did touch my foot I swear;—
Yet none methinks, are spell'd or wounded?—
But all of us, are fear-confounded!—
At a dead stand-still is the fun—
That were the *vermin* bent upon!—

HERALD.

Since at this Courtly masquerading
In herald-duties, I am aiding;

I've been most strictly vigilant
To watch the door—that at our pageant,
Nothing pestif'rous did slip in;
—Swerving for neither grace, nor win;—
But now I fear through yonder casement
Have entered—a devil-rabblement!—
From such-like, and from sorcery,
I have no power to rescue ye.—
Erewhile the dwarf-brute proved suspicious;—
Now, hither move things tralatitious!
The lofty bearing of the parties
I would explain—since that my part is—
But to disclose I'll not pretend
What I myself don't comprehend,—
You all must help me find it out:
—See, how the thronging people scout!—
Behold! a splendid Car-and-four
Comes rattling through the crowded door,—
Yet does it not the *masse* divide—
There is no squeeze on either side!
And seen from here, it brightly lustres
I' th' centre of revolving Stars.
—It has a magic-lanthorn charm!—
Snorting it comes with stormy vault,—
Room there! good folks—I feel alarm.

STRIPLING CHARIOTEER.

Driving a splendid Car-and-four (dragons).

——————————— Halt!—
Well done my steeds—your speed restrain!—
You answer the accustomed rein,

Rashly halting, when I require!
Outstripping the winds, when I inspire!—
—We honour for awhile these royal spaces—
Around us crowd a thousand faces,
And gazers still come flocking on
To satisfy the *prying passion.*
Up, Herald!—and in courtly fashion—
—For short is our intended stay—
Our names and qualities display;—
The group is allegorical—
You may proclaim it such, throughout the Hall.

HERALD.

What names to give you I can't tell,—
May not *description* do as well?

STRIPLING CHARIOTEER.

To th' proof!

HERALD.

——— First then, I freely own,
That YOU are comely, and well grown—
A beauteous Stripling!—past all doubt,—
More dear to th' fair sex, when filled out:—
And by th' token, a right rising gallant!
A *seducer* from your birth, I warrant?

STRIPLING CHARIOTEER.

That's not amiss!—proceed, and you
Will bare the mystery to their view.

HERALD.

Vivid black eyes, and sable hair
Heightened by a gemmed tiare,—
The toga, highly ornamental,—
Flowing from shoulder-knot to sandal:
Its purple border, brilliants spangle!—
So smooth of chin, that one might swear,
A maiden in disguise you were:
Yet maugre that, for woe or weal
Women, for you, love-qualms may feel,
And long to teach, the—A B C!

STRIPLING CHARIOTEER.

Now Him!—who throned you see,
Displaying pomp, and majesty.

HERALD.

He?—he seems a monarch rich and generous—
Would that he deigned to smile upon us!
Then had we all the *heart* desires.—
Where need appears, his full eye glances,
And purest charity his soul inspires
More than Fortuna's gifts—or heritances.

STRIPLING CHARIOTEER.

By such *description* you can't stand!
One, more to th' life you must command.

HERALD.

High worthiness admits not of close picturing:—
Not so, the full round face, that breaks

Upon our sight—the rosy lips, and cheeks,
That glow beneath the turban—health assuring ;—
Or robe's broad folds of brightest mazarine.
But how describe his perfect form and mien ?—
He is undoubtedly a monarch,—known to fame ?

STRIPLING CHARIOTEER.

He is the god of riches—PLUTUS is his name !
And comes in state and costly gear
Because your Emp'ror wished him here.

HERALD.

Now if you please—*your* pedigree ?

STRIPLING CHARIOTEER.

I am " Extravagance !" am " Poesie !"—
Am the Bard, then only celebrated
When all he *owns*, is dissipated :—
Yet have I riches passing miracle !
And rate myself as Plutus' equal.
At dance and fete, I raise the joyous heart,—
What He is wanting in, *that* I impart.

HERALD.

Bragging beseems you wondrously :—
Some of your marv'lous feats I'd see ?

STRIPLING CHARIOTEER.

Behold ! I snap my thumb and finger—
Glory ! surrounds the car of silver.

(Continuing to snap his fingers.)

And here's a string of orient pearls!
Here gaudes, for the neck and arms of girls!—
Here a pomp-comb, with *flawless* coronet!
Here, golden rings, and dazzling carcanet!
Sometimes, I flamelets intermingle,
Which seek combustibles to kindle.

HERALD.

How the rude people snatch and scramble:
O'er the young donor, next they'll ramble!
This trinket-snapping's like a dream!—
ALL for the gewgaws anxious seem.
How now?—another hocus-pocus?—
What one has got with strife o'er zealous,
Proves but a sorry recompence—
The prize escapes, and flutters hence.—
Self-sundered is the orient band,
And grabbling chafers fill the hand!
Away he casts them—round the head
Of the poor wight they buzz, instead:—
Others, for palpable solidities,
Clutch friv'lous fluttering butterflies!—
The sly young rogue did promise fair,
But gives them only juggling ware.

STRIPLING CHARIOTEER.

Dresses and deeds, you signify—
Yet *what* the maskers typify—
Would seem to foil the penetration
And subtilty, of your vocation!
But that no charge of "braggart" rest on *me*:
Worthiest of patrons! I appeal to thee!

Hast not to me these Gusts-o'-th-wind—
This fiery four-in-hand, confided?
Have I not urged them to thy mind?—
And halted where thy *will* decided?—
From time to time, on wings of flame
I've gained for thee a palmy name,—
Where'er I've been, whenever strove,
Have I ere brought on thee disgrace?—
If laurels now thy forehead grace,
Was't not my mind, the chaplet wove?

PLUTUS.

If words be requisite to tell thy merit,
Well pleased I say—thou'rt spirit of my spirit,—
And to my every wish perform'st thy part.
——Richer than myself thou art!—
I value,—and be it thy guerdon,—
That verdant wreath—more than my jewell'd crown.
With this trite saying be all doubt appeased,
Thou art my darling son—in Thee I am well pleased!

STRIPLING CHARIOTEER.

(To the crowd.)

The choicest gifts at my command,
I spread around with liberal hand:—
On this, and that one's head, you see
A lambent flame—sports playfully;
From this to that one, lo! it skips—
Tarries awhile—then to another slips:—
Sometimes it blazes up,—though rarely—
And for a season burns right cheerly:—
With most—e'er they surmise, or know't,
It glimmers,—flickers,—smoulders out!

WOMEN'S CLACK.

He perched up in the car-and-four,
Is Charlatan! and nothing more;
And he behind, a lean *Hanswurst!*
Wasted by hunger, grief, and thirst,—
Such a Jack-pudding ne'er was seen!—
Callous to touch and pinch I ween?

THE HALF-STARVED ONE.

Callots avaunt! I hate all womankind!—
I know I suit not woman's mind.—
When careful housewives tended to the hearth
Then was I 'clept "Dame Thriftiness" on earth,—
All flourished at the homestead—and around,—
Plenty came in—and waste was no where found:
Then, catered was for treasure-chest and cupboard:
But that proved irksome,—and to up-hoard
Was deemed unwise!—So in these latter years,
Homesteads, have been neglected for fine gears;
And wives like worthless carriage-lollers,
Have had more whims to gratify, than dollars:
Husbands for household peace—reap housewife's pets,—
For surplus income—plus of housewife's debts!—
Should Ma'am at any time in thrifty moment
Effect a gain!—'tis spent on self or gallant,—
Dining more sumptuously, and guzzling wine,
With every roving libertine.—
Disgusted at such ways!—of womankind ashamed,
I've changed my sex—am now by gold inflamed:—
No longer "Thriftiness," but "Avarice" named.

PRINCIPAL WOMAN.

With dragons, may the *Dragon* hoard!—
The *whole* is swindling, juggling stuff:—
Husbands he comes to make untoward,
Who are already—bad enough!—

THE MASSE OF WOMEN.

The scarecrow-slanderer!—box his ears!
What! dares the wizen'd faggot threaten?
Us, shall his fiddle-visage frighten?—
Of wood and pasteboard are the monsters!
Allons!—the fellow must be beaten.

HERALD.

By my official wand, I charge ye keep the peace!
But see—not wanted is my badge of office:—
The dragons move—the monsters menace—
The crowds retreat—there's open space,—
They rattle their scaly coats-of-mail—
Their double pair of wings unbrail—
They stretch their fire-out-spouting jaws,—
All fly the sharp extended claws!

(Plutus descends from the car.)

He doth alight—as MONARCH leaves the car!
He motions,—and the dragons rampant are;
The chests descend by magical device,
And onward come,—bearing starved Avarice!
They range themselves before him one by one:
'Tis passing strange!—but very featly done.

PLUTUS.

(To the Charioteer.)

Now from thy clogging-burthen, I affere
Thee frankly free,—go, seek a genial sphere!
Here it is not!—confusion—falsehood—boist'rous
Mirth—and tawdry scenes surround us!
There only, where pure air salutes bright sense,
Canst *Thou* inherit—canst feel confidence.—
There!—where the beautiful and good, elate:
To aërial solitudes! there! there! *thy* world create.

STRIPLING CHARIOTEER.

So, do I prize myself thy representative,
And do esteem thee, as my nearest relative!—
Where *thou* art,—fulness reigns, and lustihood:
With me,—all think they'll *win* the "chiefest good,"—
Which swerves in contradictory life, now here, now there,
Uncertain if for me, or thee, it will declare:—
Thy votaries, ofttimes quiet leisure know,—
Who follow *me*, have always much to do.
Nor are my deeds in secrecy display'd—
I do but breathe, and straightway am betray'd.
Farewell! thou favour'st me my bright domain:
Dost want me?—whisper, and I'm back again!

[*Exit* with chariot as he came in.]

PLUTUS.

'Tis time the treasures to unband!—
The locks I'll ope with Herald's wand:
'Tis done—behold! the brazen kettle
Is bubbling up with precious metal:

And crowns, and chains, and trinket store
Accumulate the boiling ore!

THE CROWD.

(From different parts.)

Good heavens!—the metal will run over—
The chest is full—e'en to the cover.
The golden cups to fluid run—
And rouleaus—roll about like fun—
Dutch ducats hop out ready stamp'd,—
No more my respiration's cramp'd—
All I have longed for, and adore,
Are gallopading 'bout the floor
Brightly enticing us—are in our reach!
You've but to stoop,—and satisfied is each.
Meantime, we here, will do our best
To carry off the treasure chest.

HERALD.

What will the dolts?—for shame, for shame!
'Tis but a masquerading game,
And is the last to-night puts forth!—
Didst think to pick up coins of worth?
For *you* at such a game, to clutch
Counters,—were recompense too much;—
Ye Louts! must a good trick forsooth,
Be treated as 'twere naked truth—
What's truth to you?—a rank conjecture
Has got you hard and fast, for sure!
O mumming Plutus!—*Thee* I invoke,
To cudgel hence, this frivolous folk.

PLUTUS.

Thereto, thy staff is apropos,—
Here with it!—for an hour or so.
Behold! I stir the ore about—
Mummers beware; look sharply out!
It flashes,—crackles—sparks appear—
The metals to the staff adhere:—
Who keeps not off as was commanded
Shall be most exquisitely branded;—
Now will I pace a moderate circus.

THE CROWD.

O murder!—'tis all up with us!—
Let every one escape who can!—
Get back there!—back, hinder man!
The molten ore has burnt my face,—
The cudgel, on my back I trace,—
All, all are lost!—none can get out,—
Back with you—masquerading rout!—
Back stupid, crowding, mummer horde—
Had I but wings,—I'd soon be upward.

PLUTUS.

Already is a circle cleared;
And none I think are badly seared.
The throng gave way,—
Were in dismay,—
And now that there be, no more disorder,
Unmark'd—I'll trace a magic border.

HERALD.

Hast splendidly performed thy part,—
I'm proud to laud thy power and art.

PLUTUS.

Patience, my friend!—wait quietly results,—
We may expect additional tumults.

AVARICE.

Meantime, without offence one may
Take of this circling crowd, survey:—
Here are the women foremost, as elsewhere,
Front-rankers they, at every stare!—
Not yet am I o'er-rusted steel,
I still can beauty's influence feel!—
Therefore to-night, intrigue being cheap,
I'll at the fair sex take a peep!—
But as in over crowded places,
Not every ear each word embraces,
I'll help my present love-flirtation
By telegraphic conversation!—
Hands and feet here stand for nought,
Greater attraction must be wrought!
As clay—the golden cups I'll mould:—
—One may do every thing with gold!—

HERALD.

What is the wizened fool now after,—
Can skin and grief, have whim for laughter?
Like baker's dough the gold he kneads!—
To forms—a formless mass succeeds,—
He rolls it, as 'twere tempered clay—
Yet does the *masse* no shape display;
Now turns he towards the gazing fair—
They scream, and all for flight prepare,—

Proving by gestures most emphatic,
The knave, is sporting trick stigmatic:
I fear his whim will prove to be
Hurtful to social decency!——
Blindness on my part were connivance,—
Give here my staff!—I'll drive him hence.

PLUTUS.

He's not aware how soon we're threaten'd—
Slur o'er his eccentricity:
Anon, his range for action's straitened,—
Statutes are mighty—mightier necessity!

TUMULT AND SINGING.

The roystering wild ones in full tale,
From mountain heights and woody dale,
O'erwhelming come like tides of ocean,—
They jubilate their mighty Pan!—
Knowing what none of you may trace—
By might and right, they claim this space.

PLUTUS.

I ken you well!—your Pan also!
And what you've been about, I know.
I shrewdly guess what others may not trace—
Therefore I ope this taboo'd space:
May fortune's smile attend the deed!—
Strangest results may thence ensue.—
They know not whither they proceed—
Nor have they yet, the end in view.

THE WILD-HORDE'S SONG.

Bedizened mortals! tawdry show!—
They're coming rudely—coming rough,
Bounding like the wind-chased billow,—
They'll enter nervously, and bluff!

FAUNS.

The Fauns advance
In roystering dance:
Oak-leaves, they are,
That 'dorn their hair,—
Peeping from underneath I ween,
Piggy-pointed ears are seen;—
Their cheek bones high, their noses flat,—
But what cares womanhood for that?
The Fair-one, Faun invites to dance,
Objects not to his keen advance!

SATYRS.

A Satyr comes!—of sinewy thigh,
Skipping, jumping, bounding high;
Chamois-like, from beetling hill
His gladness is, to gaze his fill;—
With alpine air invigorated,
Man, wife, and child are execrated
Who think 'midst valley's smoke and vapour,
Brightly, to burn life's span of taper!—
In quiet—breathing purest air,
His world's the mountain atmosphere.

GNOMES.

Now advance a pigmy band—
Never tripping hand in hand;—

In mossy gear, with lamplets clear,
In and out the urchins steer,
Singly searching what each wants,
Like to a swarm of shining ants,—
Briskly running here and there,
Busily peeping every where:
To gentle cotters they are known
As *Leeches* of no mean renown.
We scrape and delve i' th' mountains,
And *breathe* the richest veins;
We heap the ore we've freed,
Greeting with "God speed,"
Right heartily intended,—
—By us, the upright man's befriended:—
Yet do we bring that gold to light,
For which men rob, and pimp, and fight:—
Proud, murder-plotting man moreo'er,
We furnish with hard iron ore.
—But in the production,
We plot not man's destruction,—
Who slight commandments 1, 2, 3,
Keep not the others holily!
Eschewing as we do, all mal-intent—
Be ye like us—humane and patient.

GIANTS.

We are the wild men of the Hartz!
Known as such in many parts,—
Man's flimsy raiment we don't want,
Each in himself, a sturdy giant!
A pine tree in our dexter hand—
And round our loins a padded band;

Aprons of plaited twigs we've got—
Such *body-guard* the Pope has not!

CHORUS OF NYMPHS.

(Encircling the mighty PAN.)

Behold the Man!—
The all-in-all
Of this earth-ball—
The mighty Pan!
Ye frolic-loving ones surround him,
In circles gaily dance around him;—
Though stern,—his temper is indulgent,
Favouring every merriment.
Of all beneath the bright blue sky,
His is the ever watchful eye:—
Rippling streams delight to meet him,
Gentle breezes fondly greet him,—
And when he takes his noon siesta,
Not a leaf is known to stir;
Then balmy-breathing plants take care
To fill with sweets the ambient air:
And joyous nymphs strict silence keep—
Where'er they stray, *they* fall asleep!
But should he chance to be disturbed,
Then is his mighty voice reverbed
Like thunder clap, or ocean's roll,—
Daunting even man's stout soul.
Then warrior-hosts vacate the field,
And hero-hearts to *panic* yield!—
Honour to Him—we loyally fear!
Hail! to Great Pan! who led us here.

DEPUTATION OF THE GNOMES.

(Addressing PAN.)

When the glittering yellow ore
In rich fibre shoots about;
'Tis the "divining rod's" explore,
Points its mazy marches out.

In rock-clefts we labour gaily,
Troglodyte is our existence;
That which we discover daily,
Graciously shalt Thou dispense.

We have found out virgin-ore
Treasure-trove right marvellous!
Promising such ample store
Of gold,—as doth astonish US.

'Tis for Thee!—so ends our mission,—
Take it to thy regal hands—
Treasure, once in thy possession,
Gladdens near and distant lands!

PLUTUS.

(To HERALD.)

Proceed me now with lofty mind, to deed;—
What is to be, must steadily proceed.
Thou wert erewhile renowned for courage?—
Anon, appears a direful outrage.
The dull world—may the narrative discredit—
Yet in thy Protocol—down with it!

HERALD.

He offers to resume his staff of office, which however PLUTUS retains.

The Gnomes are leading the mighty Pan,
The raging fiery-fount to scan;—
From out the gulf, flames shoot on high,
Sinking again, they seem to die,
And its broad mouth looks gloomily:—
Now it bursts out with ardent heat,—
Pan contemplates—with stedfast feet:
He seems delighted with the sight—
Now mounts a cloud of pearly light!
Why does he trust that cruel element?—
He bends—to view the abyss's basement,—
Behold!—his beard is fallen in!
Ha! whose may be that hairless chin?
His left hand hides it from our glance—
Behold! behold!—O dire mischance!
The beard comes back a fiery whin
Igniting chaplet, hair and vest,—
To grief is turned what should be jest.
To quench the fire all thither flee,
But none from scorching flames are free.
And all their hurrying bustle-about
But makes the fire blaze fiercer out,—
Extending is the elemental ire—
A group of masks are now on fire!—
What rumour's this, assails my ear,
By the retreating crowd brought here?
O most untoward, and hateful night,
Fraught with destruction and affright!

To-morrow will proclaim a kindling
Shall set each loyal ear a tingling.
From every part sad tidings ring—
"The Emperor! is suffering!"
—Would that it were a false report—
"The Emperor's burnt, and all the Court!"
A thousand curses light on those
Who urged him on, to this wild sport,
Who dress'd themselves in resinous clothes,
And raised the roystering, loudly vocal,——
They, they, are the ruin of us all!——
O Youth!—Youth, wilt thou ne'er learn
To taste of joys with moderation?
O Power!—Power, wilt thou ne'er yearn
For prudence, as for domination?
The mimic wood's a conflagration,—
The lapping tongues of flame ascend—
To the wood-circled roof they tend,
Threat'ning a general devastation:
Our cup of grief is flowing over—
No door of rescue I discover:
To-morrow's dawn will show, alas,
A smouldering heap!— a bygone Palace.

PLUTUS.

Enough has been of fright and brand—
Be counteraction now at hand!—
Strike holy staff thy mightiest blow
That earth do tremble, heave, and bellow,—
And be the welkin's breadth of azure
Filled with gentle, coolest moisture!—

Approach and circle us around
Dews, and mists, and fogs profound,
—Opposing these flames rebellious.—
It rustles, lowering clouds on curl,—
They melt in showery drops of pearl,—
—Moisture is victorious!
Now gently yielding, spirits bright,
Change me to electric light
These flames vain-glorious!
When SPIRITS threaten to rebel,
Magic!—their power must quell.

SCENE IV.

GARDENS OF THE PALACE.

The EMPEROR and all the Court—FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES not extravagantly but elegantly dressed, in accordance with the fashion of the times;—both kneel before the EMPEROR.

FAUST.

Dost pardon, Sire! our magical delusion?

EMPEROR.

I'd see again such innocent illusion:
I looked—and lo! it did appear,
As I were Chief, of a fiery sphere:—
I saw an abyss of burning coal;—
And from the clefts i' th' gulf's gloom
Flames issued—stretching from ev'ry hole
Their cloven tongues to form a dome—
Whose pinnacle was one broad glare
Of flame, lapping the upper air.—

And ever and anon, it was, and was not.
Beyond, were spiral columns blazing hot—
And crowds of every land and age,
Were there to do me homage.—
Amongst them, were of our bystanders—
Methought I was a Prince of Salamanders!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And so Thou art!—for every element,
Has homaged Majesty, from th' commencement.
Of Fire's allegiance, thou hast *certain* knowledge:—
Next, plunge thee i' th' Ocean when it doth wage
Vext war with th' Air, venting its foamy rage
Against the rocks;—scarcely dost touch the pearly bed,
Ere a Rotunda's splendidly displayed—
For, wheresoe'er thine eye doth rove,
Whether below, about thee, or above,—
The sea-green billows tipped with purple border,
Have built for thee a lodge of *perfect*-order—
Thyself the centre!—wouldst have change of place?
With every stride,—on glides thy Palace;—
The very walls of which rejoice in active life!
—With forms of arrow-fleetness they are rife.—
Sea-monsters, press to view the Royal centre
With eager speed—but venture not to enter!
There, variegated Dragons play—
And Sharks with open jaws—remain at bay!—
How great soe'er your earth-born Court may be—
'Tis nothing,—to the crowds that *there* surround Thee.
—Nor wilt thou feel a lack of female loveliness!
The prying Nereids come,—and sportive press

To view thy splendid dwelling—i' th' Sea!—
—The youthful ones like fishes—sly and greedy;
The old ones prudent!—to th' bright-haired Thetis slips
The news;—who tenders "second Peleus," her fair lips.—
Next, must your Majesty take seat, on high Olympus.

THE EMPEROR.

There, mayst thou reign—aërials suit not Us!—
We all too soon, must mount *that* throne.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

As touching Earth—that has been long thine own.

THE EMPEROR.

What lucky destiny has brought thee here?
The "Arabian Nights,"—'tis pretty clear!
Art fructively inclined, as Schèherazádè—
So shalt thou have, high honours paid thee.
Be ever ready! for my daylight occupation,
Too often proves to me—a sore vexation!

THE STEWARD OF THE PALACE *(enters hastily.)*

Greatly renowned, and very mighty Sir!
I ne'er did think to be the messenger
Of news so fraught with highest excellence,
As that which now excites me to your presence.
The Palace creditors are paid, and pleased,
And the usurious Hebrew is appeased!
—Quit am I of such cursed annoyance—
I feel methinks, a heavenly joyance!

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF *(in haste.)*

The Pay, and all arrears are liquidated,—
The wav'ring Cavalry, again—are plighted,—
The weary Pikemen feel, invigorated,—
And Publicans and Doxies, are delighted!

THE EMPEROR.

Thy heavy-breathing bosom is expanded,—
Thy care-worn face, is sugar-candied :—
Thou didst enter like a hurricane!

THE TREASURER *(in mighty haste.)*

Let him who did the Work—the work explain!

FAUST.

Not so importunate!—the Chancellor shall reveal!

THE CHANCELLOR *(advancing slowly.)*

Sooth! I am favoured in my grey-old-age!
Behold! *(showing a note)* and listen to the wondrous page
That has transformed our money-woe, to weal!
" Be it known herewith to all whom it concerneth,
" That this Bill is valid for ONE THOUSAND CROWNS.
" And further and moreover, the holder learneth,
" That our High Treasury is pledged to him who owns
" This Bill :—and further, that great riches now i' th' earth
" Will be brought forth,—to liquidate its stated worth.

THE EMPEROR.

I presage crime!—deception monstrous!—
Who has had th' audacity to *sign* for US?
Has the bold criminal *escaped* stern discipline?

THE TREASURER.

Bethink thee mighty Sire!—thyself did undersign
The document—when personating Pan.—
Thus spake the Chancellor, being our spokesman—
"O Sire! vouchsafe unto thyself the high delight,
"Of aiding public weal on this auspicious night
"By thy sign-manual to this money Deed?"
Thou didst so freely,—promptly we took heed
By aid of cunning-men to make fac-similes by Thousands,
That so, th' Imperial boon might flow to many hands!
During the night we stamped whole hosts of Series;
Hundreds—Fifties—Thirties—down to Twenties:
You can't conceive how it has raised our energies!
The Town—that was as 'twere enshrouded,
Is now, by busy people crowded.
What though thy name has long time brightly shone,
'Twas never yet so *gladly* looked upon!—
Now may we truly say "The Alphabet's complete;"
For gladness beams in every face we meet!

THE EMPEROR.

What! are such Notes as these received for Gold?
The Army paid?—and the Imperial Household?
—I must confirm the deed—though with some mental pain!

THE STEWARD OF THE PALACE.

'Twould be impossible to cage the birds again!—
With lightning-speed o'er all they circulate;—
The Money-changer's door is widely spread,
And every "Note" is promptly honouréd,
By Specie-payment—minus small rebate.
Thence go they to the Markets, and Wine-houses,
—One half are bent upon Carouses—
And t'other half, on jaunting, and fine clothes!
The prudent Mercer cuts—the Tailor sews,
With "hail the Emperor!" the wine-cellars ring,
And every-where is feast, and frolicking.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Who saunt'ring stroll,—along the Terraces—
Meet dashing Dames, with smirking faces
Half hidden 'neath the feather fan;—
Coquettishly they woo the paper talisman!
Wit, and address no longer circumvent—
In meretricious love,—*paper's* omnipotent!
Purses and reticules are now thought irksome—
Our little Notes suit well the bosom,
And with the billet-doux agree;—
The pious Priest conceals them in his breviary!
The Soldier pockets them as money's worth,
Casting aside th' encumbering girth!
Your Majesty will pardon what I've stated,
Nor think the Boon thereby deteriorated?

FAUST.

The Wondrous hoards of useless treasure
Buried i' th' bowels of the earth,

No stretch of thought can justly measure!
E'en Phantasy, howe'er it strives and soars,
But feebly estimates the hidden stores!
Yet there are master-minds! who willingly evince,
To the Unbounded!—boundless confidence.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

These substitutes for gold, and what not?
Are apropos—one *knows* what one has got!
No need have we to market corn and kine,
Ere one can recreate in Love and Wine!
Wouldst coin?—go where the money-changers sit,—
If there you're baulk'd—'tis but to dig, a bit;—
And are the bullion cups to auction sent,
I' th' twinkling of an eye—*cashed*, is the document.
Doubters will stand abashed—and sneerers slink away
When our Exchequer-notes get fully into play.
Anon, thou'lt see o'er all, most potent Sire!
Plenty of current-gold, and rich attire.

THE EMPEROR.

Receive our Empire's thanks for thy high services;—
'Tis OURS to recompense by largesses!
O'er mines and minerals, and unwrought metal,
We do appoint *you three*, Trustees:—
Stewards also, of our sub-soil riches multitudinal.

(To MEPHISTOPHELES.)

As *Thou* dost know where th' golden vessels stand,
So be the delving process under thy command.
Colleague ye with the Master of our Treasury,—
And be your offices sustained with dignity!

When the *above* and *under* powers co-mate,
Then all works well—and gladness fills the State.

TREASURER.

No strife shall mar our joy,—or base intrigues
Estrange me, from my magic-wise Colleagues!

[*Exit* with FAUST.]

THE EMPEROR.

I purpose now, to give each one, a present,
Each in return, must say how 'twill be spent?

A PAGE *(on receiving some notes.)*

I'll lead a life of fun and revelry.

ANOTHER PAGE *(receiving.)*

I'll buy my Darling, lots of Jewel'ry.

A CHAMBERLAIN *(receiving.)*

Henceforth I'll drink the best Tokay.

ANOTHER *(receiving.)*

My pocket-dice *admonish* me to play!

A KNIGHT BANNERET *(receiving.)*

I'll free my Tower and Lands from debt.

ANOTHER *(receiving.)*

If these have *worth*—they'll to my Cabinet!

THE EMPEROR.

I hoped—new life and courage to have wrought?
But *knowing* you, I might have spared the thought.

Too well I see,—increase of sordid pelf,
But leaves ye where ye were—the slaves of Self!

THE FOOL *(advancing quickly.)*

Sire, you're dispensing favours!—do not leave *me* out.

THE EMPEROR.

What, still alive?—Thou'dst get thee drunk no doubt?

THE FOOL *(receiving, and letting some fall.)*

These magic leaves, I don't quite understand.

THE EMPEROR.

Faith so it seems! they're falling from your hand!

THE FOOL *(dropping more.)*

Confound it!—what I'm at I know not!

THE EMPEROR.

Pocket them *all*, they've fallen to *thy* lot.

[*Exit* the EMPEROR.]

THE FOOL *(counting them.)*

FIVE THOUSAND CROWNS—if rightly read?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Our two-legged waste-butt! not yet dead?!

THE FOOL.

I've been in luck—but never so before!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Joy, maketh thee to ooze at *every* pore!

THE FOOL.

Now tell me—is this *paper* good for Gold?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Twill purchase for thee, more than paunch will hold!

THE FOOL.

Will it buy Cattle, Fields, and Homestead too?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If you bid up!—they'll knock 'em down,—to you.

THE FOOL.

And Castle—with right of chase and fishery?—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Aye, hopeful!
Sooth, I would see *thee*—a right Worshipful!

THE FOOL.

This very night, I'll buy me,—'dowed Estate.

[*Exit.*]

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Who now says, fools! don't ratiocinate?

SCENE V.

A DARK CORRIDOR.

Enter FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why hast thou led me to this gloomy place?
Is there not ample room within,—and space

Amidst yon scene of mumming-madness
For show, and trick, and rampant gladness?

FAUST.

Tush, tush!—thyself didst long ago,
Blunt my small taste for gaiety and show.
Thy recent sleights, and dodgings—now I see
Were plann'd,—thou'd'st break thy word with me?
The Court press urgently for something great—
The Chamberlain and Marshal are importunate.—
The Emperor wills—that I should raise the shade
Of Helen—and of Paris—be his will obey'd!
Those paragons of human form must be
Distinctly brought,—before His Majesty.
Therefore to work!—*my* word I may not forfeit.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Twas thoughtlessness in thee, to offer it.

FAUST.

Neither hast *thou* o'er-well bethought,
O' th' ins-and-outs, of what we've wrought;
To make him rich, you've not refused!
'Tis fitting now, he be *amused!*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You—think such matters lightly done?—
We're at the foot of an acclivity!—
Into sublimest regions thou wouldst run,
Enhancing recklessly, thy debt to me!
Dost think that Helen, can be sprited here—
As the transparent-ghosts of Dollars were?

With Spectres—spells—and sorcery,—
Or goitred-dwarfs, I'm ever ready.
But Devil-doxies, passing fair,
May not with classic Queens compare!
Those I can charm with perfect ease—
But I despair of raising *these*.

FAUST.

What! twanging still the same old string?—
Always reluctant—ever doubting!
Art the Father of all hinderance!
And wouldst have pay, for each new aidance?
But after mouthing subterfuge, I know full well
Thou'lt rapidly produce the heroine Nell!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The Heathen world to me, is little known—
They have a pandemonium of their own!
But there are ———

FAUST.

Speak,—shorten my anxieties!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Reluctantly I treat of highest mysteries.—
There are Goddesses!—dwelling in Solitudes sublime,
Beyond the verge of Place—more so of Time.
To name them——is embarrassment.
They are—THE MOTHERS!

FAUST.

Mothers?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You shudder?

FAUST.

The Mothers!—Mothers?—I'm in amazement!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Likely!—for they are Goddesses, till now unknown
To mortals.—Reluctantly we give them *name*.
Beyond the deep depths—they enthrone.
That we have need of them—*Thou* art to blame!

FAUST.

Show me the path ————

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There is no path—
In the Untrodden,—
Not to be trodden!—but there is a WAY
To the Unworshipped,—
Not to be worshipped!—wilt still essay?
Thou'lt find *there*, no bolts to push or to reclude,—
Wilt be hurried on, from solitude to solitude!
Hast thou, of—Void, and Loneliness,—conception?

FAUST.

You might have spared such vague description!
It savours of the Witch-cave's vapid rhymes
Too much—those o' th' bygone times!—
Was I not *forced* with the World to pleach?
To study emptiness—and emptiness teach?

Spake I of things, as I found things to be,
'Twas called sophistical—and College heresy!—
And was I not, vexations to elude,
Driven to wilds, and wastes, and solitude?
Rather than champ neglect, and lonely live,—
Became I not to *thee*, the Devil! a thing submissive?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Wert thou the Ocean's breadth to traverse
Or with its boundless depths to commerce,
Thou wouldst see, wave, urging on wave;—
Even if buffeting its waters—life to save,
Thou wouldst see something! thou wouldst see
Dolphins disporting in a calm green sea—
Sun, Moon, and Stars—and the Clouds moving!
But in the eternal void of space—Nothing!
To hear thy footsteps, thou wilt not be able,
And where thou wouldst repose,—find nothing stable.

FAUST.

All this partakes of early mystigogic *light*
Blazed on the meek, confiding Neophyte;—
Only reversed—to th' Void, thou sendest *me*
For gain of craft, and potency!
Now do I know, what thou art aiming at—
Thou wouldst use me, as Jacko did the Cat?
But e'en proceed—I'll fathom this astounding!
For in thy *Nothingness*—I, hope for the *abounding!*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou hast my commendation ere thou goest—
Verily, the Devil's inmost thought thou knowest.
Here, take the key.

FAUST.

That small affair?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Clutch, clutch!—and make it thy peculiar care!

FAUST.

It beams, it grows, it flashes in my hand.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Its chief capacities now understand.
'Twill guide thee to the place of Mystery—
Follow!—to "The Mothers," it will lead thee!

FAUST *(shuddering.)*

Mothers?—I am stricken, as with palsy!
What's in *that* word thus to distress me?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Art thou so pitiful of Mind, that novel terms disturb?
Dar'st only hear, what thou hast heard before?
No circumstance should daunt—no sense should curb
The Mind, of one so grounded in *strange* lore.

FAUST.

Insensibility,—is not o' my welfare-plan,—
Shudd'ring, I hold to be—the better-part of Man,
Although the world recoil, and deem it, outcast;
Once Ours—we *feel* the Incomprehensible, and Vast!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Sink then!—I might have said, ascend!—'tis
The same thing.—Shun that which IS,
Should it approach thee, in th' unbounded space;—
Seek joy in forms long passed from Time and Place.
Beware,—or *they* like gath'ring clouds will 'compass Thee!
You ward them off, by brandishing the Key.

FAUST.

'Tis well!—grasping it thus, I feel accession
Of nervous strength—my *heart* desires the Mission.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A glowing Tripod will inform thee when,
Thou hast reached the depths of the Untrodden;
And by its beams, The Mothers, thou wilt see,—
Sitting,—standing,—moving,—as may be.
—Projecting, planning, moulding—re-formation!
Is the eternal Mind's,—eternal occupation.—
Pictorial forms—(of and for Nature) round them teem:
Thou'lt be unseen—They see alone, THE SCHEME!
Be bold of heart—*then* is thy danger imminent,—
Advance upon the Tripod, as, belligerent,
Touching it with the Key!

FAUST *(with action.)*

As thus?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

So 'tis meant!—
Forthwith 'twill follow thee,—a faithful servant.

Then calmly re-ascend—thy luck will make thee buoyant.
And ere the Tripod's missed—thou'rt back, I warrant.
Hast thou the Mystic Triune marshalled here,
Hero and Heroine, perforce appear.
'Tis the first time such daring deed was done,—
Success awaits thee!—thine be the guerdon!—
What follows—is the well known magical Invoke!—
The Demigods evolve—when mounts the fragrant smoke.

FAUST.

What more?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You must downward tend—
Stamping you sink—stamping you ascend!

(FAUST stamps and disappears.)

Should the Key play him off, a cheat?—
I'm on the rack—'till he effects the Feat.

SCENE VI.

A BRILLIANTLY LIGHTED HALL.

The EMPEROR, NOBILITY, MINISTERS, the COURT, and MEPHISTOPHELES, assembled to witness the production of the shades of HELEN and PARIS by FAUST.

THE CHAMBERLAIN *(to* MEPHISTOPHELES.)

Where is the Spirit-scene?—we cannot do without it;
Bestir yourselves—the Monarch is impatient!

THE MARSHAL.

E'en now His Majesty did ask about it.
Make not our Gracious Sovereign—mal-content.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Is not my Comrade on that business absent,
A learned man,—replete with skill and power?
With bolted door, through midnight's stilly hour
He labours, on important enterprise!—
Treasures to multiply, and Beauties to renascent,
Demand the craft, and magic of the wise!

THE MARSHAL.

What boots it us, how you bestir your influence?
His Majesty commands——therefore commence.

A BLONDE *(to* MEPHISTOPHELES.)

A word with you!—my face though now so clear,
Is otherwise when hated summer's near,—
Then, numberless round spots begin
To dot vexatiously my lily skin:
A remedy!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That such a fair-faced jewel
Should be a panther-cat in May—is cruel!—
Take of frog-spawn, and tongues of toad a gill,
Which at the full o' th' moon, with care distil:
It, as the fickle planet wanes—rub o'er
Thy face:—May comes!—the freckles come no more.

A BRUNETTE.

The crowd to jostle you, are fast advancing,
Quick! medicate for me!—frost-bitten foot I bring,
Which mars my junketing, and joyous dancing—
Moreo'er, my graceful curtsying!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Allow me, Ma'am!—I'll touch it with *my* foot.

BRUNETTE.

Suitors do so,—then surely *you* may do it?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My tread surpasses theirs—as torrid June, December!
"Like should to like"—heat quenches burn—
Foot doctors foot,—so 'tis with ev'ry member.
Now, Ma'am!——tread not in return.

BRUNETTE.

Oh! oh!—it burns!—*that* was a wicked tread—
A very horse's!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But Ma'am!——the cure's effected!
Now, mayst thou gladly, trip the hour away,
And 'neath the festive board, at touch-toe play.

A NOBLE LADY *(pressing forward.)*

Room there! make room, my pangs are past endurance!
They pierce my heart—with poignard-like assurance.
Till yesterday his heaven was in *my* smiles,
To-day, he flirts with *her*—and me reviles!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yours is a ticklish case, fair Dame.—But harkee!
With much adroitness—and great secrecy
Get close to him, and with this charréd oak,
Stripe slylily his doublet's sleeve, or cloak:

Forthwith, he'll feel smart twinges of remorse,—
—The charcoal you must swallow i' th' moment—
Nor wine, nor water dare your palate cross:
Anon, he's at your door,—quite dolent.

NOBLE LADY.

It is not poison?

MEPHISTOPHELES *(bristling up.)*

Deference I require!
You might have hunted far, and far indeed
For such a coal:—'tis from purgation-fire!—
Such as we once vehemently did feed.

A PAGE.

Mine is a case of love—I'm shunn'd for nonage, Sir!

MEPHISTOPHELES *(aside.)*

Confound it!—I'm at fault for cogent answer.

(To the PAGE impressively.)

Seek not your bliss i' th' youthful maiden's eyes:
The matronly best know, your nonage worth to prize!

(The bystanders and confusion increase.)

Again fresh faces?—all would be heard forsooth!
I shall be forced at last to draw on truth,—
The worst of helps!—great is my perplexity!
Mothers!—vouchsafe that Faust returns to me.

(Contemplating the adjacent scene.)

The candles dimly light Baronial hall:—
The Court's in motion—one and all!
And forward move in measured promenade
Through halls, and galleries, and colonnade.—

Now they collect beneath the ample dome
Of the Knights' banquet hall,—and all find room!
The walls are hung with brilliant tapestry,
And niche, and corners, blaze with armoury.
To such a spot—Shades of their own accord
Might come—sans Necromancer's word!

SCENE VII.

THE KNIGHTS' BANQUET HALL DIMLY LIGHTED.

The EMPEROR and COURT have entered.

HERALD.

This spirit-working makes my old employment
Of Drama-cicerone, most annoyant:
To undertake such changes to explain
By rules of common sense, were worse than vain.
The Marshal has provided seats for all;—
His Majesty sits vis-a-vis the wall
On which is hung the battle-tapestry
Of knightlier times—for his calm study!
All are now placed—the Court in semi-round;
Benches and forms, fill up the hinder ground.
Where darling! who has longed to see the ghost-start,
Has found a darling place!—beside her sweetheart.
Well! since the company are aptly seated,
Be the commanded Shade-scene gladly greeted!

(Flourish of trumpets.)

ASTROLOGER.

Proceed we now, the drama to present—
Our Liege will have it so:—walls be ye rent!

—Nothing you see obstructs, when magic aids the feat!
The tapestry rolls up—as were it curled by heat.
The rent wall opes, turning, as if on hinges—
And to a stage, and classic spot, it changes:
A clear, mysterious light illumes the scene,—
So I'll ascend, and *there* await the Queen!

(He takes his place on the left of the proscenium.)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

(From the prompter's box, which is in the centre of the stage.)

The part I now enact must lure applause from each,
Since prompting is the Devil's style of speech.

(To the ASTROLOGER.)

To you who know the planets' conversation,
'Twill easy be, to catch my sibilation.

ASTROLOGER.

By wondrous skill, appears to ev'ry view
A Doric temple,—somewhat huge 'tis true!
Uncounted columns prop the ponderous roof,
Upholding it, as Atlas did the heav'ns, of yore!
Their quarried load may safety feel aloof—
Since only *two*, that Godhead-temple bore!

AN ARCHITECT.

That's what is called antique?—most falsely famed!
The clumsy-squat—it were more justly named.
Here, rude is noble called—and grand! the bulky low.
Give me the light-formed gothic pillar well defined—
The tall, spear-pointed arch—the tracy window.
Such airy style of structure elevates the mind!

ASTROLOGER.

Welcome with awe, this star-propitious hour!
Be reason for a while enchained by magic power,
And loosed, and free,
The daring flights of phantasy!———
Behold th' expected scene, provided by our Chief:
The thing's impossible!—the worthier of belief!!

(FAUST rises on the opposite side, facing the ASTROLOGER.)

In priestly garb, and verdant crown! the wondrous man
Returns to end,—what keenly he began.
A tripod from below his footstep tends,
From out whose cup the sacred smoke ascends.
Lo! he prepares to sanctify the deed—
So, must the undertaking bravely speed.

FAUST.

In your name, Mothers! ye, who do enthrone
In boundless Space,—dwelling eternally alone,
Yet social:—around whom numberless
Pictorial forms of Life are moving—lifeless!
Where, what has been, hovers in bright appearance,
Claiming eternity of form and 'durance.
YE, do apportion them—Powers of infinite might!
Some to night's azure vault,—some to day's dome of light,
These, the bright scenes of active life compose:
The keen Magician grasps—and governs *those,*
And in profusion gives, to such as render confidence,
Their wish; to have of the wonderful—sight-evidence.

ASTROLOGER.

The beaming key but touched the tripod's cup:—
A fragrant mist arises, mounting up

In folds—like clouds in ether's wide domain:
It spreads, curls, 'denses, parts, and joins again.
Now mark a Spirit-master's masterpiece of craft!
The fluctuating vapours concord waft
In swelling tones; surpassing Orphean lyre,
Or the pure music of the spheric choir:
Triglyphs and columns, the soft notes prolong:
And eke the Temple is imbued with song!
The vapour sinks—and from its bright remains
A stripling comes—stepping to rhythmic strains.
Let duty halt!—I need not say who that is,
For ev'ry one doth know the beauteous Paris.

A LADY.

Of blooming youthful strength—O what a view!

SECOND.

His cheeks surpass the peach's splendid hue!

THIRD.

Mark you, his finely-formèd humid lips!

FOURTH.

You sigh, to steal from such sweet lips some sips?

FIFTH.

He's beautiful!—though not quite elegant.

SIXTH.

His form might be more delicate, I grant.

A KNIGHT.

I see alone in him, the Shepherd boy,—the servile:
Nought o' th' princely mien, or courtier style.

ANOTHER.

Thus slightly clad—his contour's pretty fair:
For us to judge,—he should in steel appear!

A LADY.

He seats himself with gentleness, and grace.

A KNIGHT.

Upon the bland-one's knee you'd like to solace?

ANOTHER LADY.

He curls his arm so comely o'er his head!

A CHAMBERLAIN.

The Phrygian Boor!—that's mightily ill-bred!

LADY.

Methinks, the Chamberlain inclines to scorn?

CHAMBERLAIN.

How dare he, in th' Imperial presence, yawn?

THE LADY.

The true dramatic style! he thinks himself alone.

CHAMBERLAIN.

The histrionic—yields to courtly ton!

LADY.

Soft slumbers o'er his long-lashed eyelids play.

CHAMBERLAIN.

He'll snore anon!—true nature!—perfect in its way!

A YOUNG LADY.

What can have caused the incense to impart
Such overflowing joyance to my heart?

MIDDLE-AGED LADY.

A fragrant breathing quite o'erpowers me—troth!
It comes from him—

ELDERLY LADY.

And is the blossom-breath of growth!
Th' ambrosia forming in the Stripling there,
Exhaled,—and mixing with the atmosphere.

(HELEN appears, and moves towards Paris.)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

So, that's the Dame?!—*she'll* not disturb my quiet.
Fair though she be,—she's not o' my style of diet.

ASTROLOGER.

I've nothing more to do!—Save, as a truthful man,
To tell you so,—that's doing all I can.—
The Beauty comes!—would I had tongue of fire
That I might fame her charms, as they require:
—Beauty, has ever been the theme of Poet's lyre!—
Those, upon whom she beams, are rapturously impress'd;
—Who have possess'd her, were too highly bless'd!

FAUST.

Have I still eyes!—since on my sight the beam
Of dazzling Beauty, bursts in 'whelming stream:—
My terror-journey has achieved a gain!
The World, that was to me—fade, locked, uncertain!
Is, since I am clad in priestly vesture,—
A Thing desired, firm, open, worthy to endure!

(Addressing the Shade of HELENA.)

May ebbing Life's last breath o'ertake me,
If e'er I waver in my love,—or would forsake thee!

The comely Form that erst awaked my longing,
Seen in the magic-glass's wayward mirroring,
Was but a frothy picture of thy symmetry!
Herewith, I dedicate my ev'ry power to thee!
The essence of my passions—senses—gladness—
Desire, love, adoration,—rapture-madness!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

(From the prompter's Box.)

Becalm yourself, and mind what you're about.

ELDERLY LADY.

Her figure's somewhat good,—straight, slim, tall!
Her movement graceful—but her head's too small.

YOUNGER LADY.

Regard her feet!—they could not be more stout!

A DIPLOMATIST.

I've seen Princesses who resemble her!
That she's well-formed, I cordially aver.

A COURTIER.

She nears the stripling Shepherd—archly coy!

A LADY.

How dowdily she looks beside the Boy?

A POET.

Her beauty radiating, makes his visage fair!

ANOTHER LADY.

Luna, and Endymion!—as they pictured are.

POET.

Truly!—she seems a Goddess, just descended
To sip his ether:—now, o'er him she has bended
To snatch a kiss!—enough! more were unruly!

A DUENNA.

And that in Public!—fie! the thing's not viewly!

FAUST.

Her favour to the boy,—excites me!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Peace!—be still!
Suffer the Shade to do its will.

A COURTIER.

She glides therefrom—the Youth awakes I see.

A LADY.

She turns her head—I thought as much!—the hussey!!

A COURTIER.

He's bashfully amazed, and wonders what it means.

THE LADY.

It is not so with her—*She's* been "behind the scenes!"

A COURTIER.

How gracefully she turns: so Psyche turned towards Cupid.

A LADY.

She'll "teach his young ideas to shoot," and to obey.
In all such yielding-cases Men are vastly stupid,
Thinking themselves the first,—they virtuous homage pay.

A KNIGHT.

You can't but own, her movement is majestic.

LADY.

I call it stage-effect,—and meretricious trick!

A PAGE.

Would *he* were in my place—and I her darling pet!

A COURTIER.

Who would not willingly be caught, in *such-like* net?

A LADY.

The toy, has passed through many hands they say,—
Much use, has worn the gold away!

OTHERS.

She wantoned in her first decade!—by Theseus led astray.

A KNIGHT.

All pick and choose—and hunt for the angelic!
I'd be contented, with this splendid relic.

A LEARNED CLASSIC.

I see her plain enough!—yet take the liberty
To offer doubts, as touching her identity!—
The eye, is oft'times sadly error-smitten:—
Far safer 'tis, to hold by what is written!
We read—that she was fair, and fascinated all
The Trojan Greybeards! ere Troy's misbefall.
That's rendered probable by what I see;
And positive!—being old *myself*, she pleases me!

ASTROLOGER.

Stripling no more!—but man of "might and main,"
He clasps her zone—her struggling seems in vain!
He lifts her with his sinewy arms aloof—cool
And collectedly,——will he bear her off?

FAUST.

Audacious fool!
Thou dar'st—defyingly? desist I say!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yourself did bring about, this mawkish Spirit-play!

ASTROLOGER.

But one word more!—judging by what I've seen,
This drama should be called—"The Rape of Helen."

FAUST.

What Rape!?—fill I then sinewless this place?
Does not this hand the magic key embrace,
Which through the horrors—waves and bandying
In the Solitudes—led me to this staid standing.
Here, am I foot-firm—circled by realities,—
Here, can Faust's spirit conquer subtilties,
Making the airy realms,—the boundless—his.
Distant as she was, she's near, and shall be nearer,—
She shall be doubly mine—I'll rescue her!
Rash be the daring—Mothers! possession grant?
I, who have beheld her—must not for her pant!

ASTROLOGER.

What dost thou Faust?—lust rages in him.
He would lay hands on her—the Shade grows dim!

At Paris now the Key he brandishes—
It touches him! alas! all vanishes!

(A great explosion.—FAUST, deathlike, stretched on the ground, the Shades disappear—in vapour.)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

(Taking the tranced FAUST on his shoulders.)

Thou'st had enough of this I hope!—such a mad fool to follow,
Brings in the end, the very Devil sorrow.

(Darkness and tumult.)

ACT II.—Scene I.

A LOFTY VAULTED NARROW GOTHIC CHAMBER, HERETOFORE FAUST'S. NOTHING CHANGED OR ALTERED.

(Mephistopheles coming from behind a curtain—he turns round to look again, holding it aside. Faust is seen stretched on an old-fashioned bed.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Lie there unhappy Faust!—by love seduced,
Now fettered fast in Love's enthralling chains!
He, whom fair Helen is induced
To paralyze—but tardily his mind regains.
(Looks pryingly about.)
Look where I will, by this faint glimmer,
All seems unchanged—and undecayed:
Save that the painted panes are somewhat dimmer,
And Spider-weaving rapid progress made.—
The ink's dried up!—the writing paper's brown'd!
But in its wonted place is each thing found.
Aye, the very feather lies adjacent
With which Faust signed the "document:"
And yet within the barrel of the quill,
Is a drop of the blood I caused him spill.
—Of such rare antiquarian Toy,
I fain would wish Collector joy:—
The old fur-gown, still hanging on yon nail,
Reminds me o' the rhodomontading tale
I poured into the Scholar's ear:—who feeds
Perchance his manhood-mind, on the proceeds.

A whimmy thought has shot across my brain!—
In Thee! old woolwarm Cloak of high degree
I'll take the Doctor's Chair, and teach again,
—Anathemizing all who dare to contradict me!
The learn'd know how to manage, ipse dixit!
We tried it on—but could not fix it.

(He takes down Faust's pelisse and shakes it—crickets, beetles, moths, &c. &c. fly out and buzz around him.)

CHORUS OF INSECTS.

You're welcome, you're welcome,
Right worthy Papa;
We're sprightly and gladsome,
And ken thee afar:—
By units—in quiet
You planted us here,
Now swarming, we riot
Around Daddy dear.
The rogue 'tis well known
Keeps his movements concealed!—
The louse in the fur-gown
Is quicker revealed!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Quite unexpectedly the new creation meets me!
—Thou'st but to sow,—full harvest quickly greets thee.—
Again, I'll shake the old scholastic garment,—
Out flutter more! of my harmonious *varment.*
To nooks, and niches, and the upper shelves
Speed ye my lovely ones—there hide yourselves:—
Some to the crowded rows of learned parchments—
Others, to yonder heap of skeleton remnants

Some, to the dusty sherds of Grandsire's crockery,
Some, to the orbless sockets of, yon human-mockery!
Midst these chaotic scenes of mouldy life,
Maggots and whims are always rife.

(He puts on the pelisse.)

Again shalt thou my shoulders decorate,—
I mean *Herr Principál* once more to personate.—
But what avails me, gown, and cap, and cincture—
If no one comes to hear me Lecture?

(He pulls the bell-rope violently,—a tremendous and penetrating sound follows—shaking the walls and causing the doors to fly open.)

THE FAMULUS,

(Coming along a dark passage.)

What awful sounds!—I quake and shudder!—
The Building rocks—the stairs are in a pudder—
And through the window's painted casement,
Flash after flash—the Lightening's sent:
Rubbish, is falling from the ceiling's rent,—
The seamings yawn, of the firm pavement,—
And the fast-bolted doors in vain,
Resist the wrathful hurricane!
Whence came that giant-like appearance,
Usurping Faustus's gown and puissance?
His winks and blinks, and other subtleties,
Have nearly forced me on my knees!
Shall I here stay! or through the lobby flee?
Alas! alas! what will become of me?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Advance, my Friend!—your name is Nicodemus?

FAMULUS.

Right worthy Sir!—so is my name ————oremus!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We will dispense with *that*:—

FAMULUS.

You know me, that is evident.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I know you well—aged, and still but student!
And I perceive, old moss-grown Sir, you study on
Because you cannot help yourself—lacking promotion.
So build we a house of Cards, with care and knack,
Yet fail o' th' end:—philosopher can't pile the Pack!—
Your Principal, is certainly, an out-and-outer!
Who has not heard of learned Doctor Wagner,
The Arts and Sciences' renowned bell-wether?
He—adds to our stock of knowledge daily,—
To him, the studious wisdom-seeking students, gaily
Do flock,—and gaping multitudes afar,
Pore o'er his Lectures ex cathedrâ.—
His are St. Peter's Keys! surpassing that first 'bursar,'
He can the upper and the *under* worlds unbar!
And is the glowing, and the shining light of this your College.
—The trump of bygone reputation is already silent,—
Even Dr. Faustus' overwhelming knowledge
Is heard no more of,—your Doctor can INVENT.

FAMULUS.

Your pardon, Reverend Sir, if I presume
To differ with you,—and essay to illume

Your Worship's mind, as touching Dr. Wagner,—his great sense
Is chasten'd, by excessive diffidence.—
The learned Doctor Faustus' disappearance
He can't explain,—yet earnestly he doth implore
For his return:—to glad him, with his lore.
—The Studio's, just as when the Doctor left it!
Nought is removed, since He, of *himself* bereft it.
And all things wait his coming back, in mournfulness!
E'en now, I tread its floor with *more* than thoughtfulness.
By the stars!—what hour may we infer?
—Methinks the very walls have been astounded,—
The door-posts shook—the bolts rebounded:—
Were it not so—yourself had not been *there* Sir!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Where is the learned man? I wish to know him—
Conduct him here to me,—or rather lead me to him.

FAMULUS.

Alas! his stern commands were too explicit!
I do not think with safety I dare risk it:—
For months, intent on the 'great work'—his will
Has been to live estranged, unknown, and still,—
He, the most delicate of learned men,
Looks like a charcoal-burner in his den!—
Begrimed from ear to ear with smoky mire:—
His eyes are red with blowing at the fire—
And eagerly he pants o'er the alembic:—
—The clatter of the tongs his only music.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Should he refuse me, the besought ingress,—
Tell him I can *expedite* his happiness.

(Exit FAMULUS.—MEPHISTOPHELES seats himself gravely in the arm chair.)

I'm scarcely seated in the Doctor's nest
Ere I hear steps,—I ken the coming guest!
Much altered doubtlessly,—and being o'th' "New light,"
He'll lack no self-sufficiency, or wordy fight.

BACHELOR OF ARTS.

(The heretofore Student—coming rashly up the passage.)

I find the Portal, and the inner doors, all open—
It augurs well!—there is a ray of hope then,
That we remain not here, to quail and moulder
Like our late—grizzly graduated, *grave-holder*—
Who died care-worn and aged—worthless and waily:
Zounds! we are buried here alive—dying daily.

These walls to their foundations crack and bend!
Yea, the whole Fabric nears its end:—
And, if we don't escape, we shall be sheer
Buried in the ruins,—that's positive and clear.
Myself for one, am ready enough, no doubt:
But where's the Hebrew-chief, to lead us out!?

What a most strange coincidence!—
'Twas in this very room that I, years since,
Terrified, and full of embarrassment
Would have entered myself, a lay student.
Since then, I've suffered greybeards in knavery,
To fill my head with College sophistry:—
And out of old parchments covered o'er with mildew,
I've been crammed with doctorized falsehoods, old and new.

None of these men believe what they are teaching!
Themselves, as well as Students, over-reaching.
Hollo! by my halidom, out there
Sits, an old Thick-in-the-clear!

And now I closer look—to my amazement,
He's drest in the same rusty garment
I left him in—with the same grin,
And enveloped in the Doctor's sheep skin!
I thought him then, a man of wit and whim,—
—Not rightly understanding him:
He'll find me quite another Chap to-day:
I'll have a bout, with the old Whack-away!

I say, Old Boy!—if Lethe's muddy stream
Has not drawl'd through your pate,—it may beseem
You recognize in me, the Youth who came to school—
Now, man!—outgrown collegiate rod-rule.
Methinks you are the same old prig you were before!
Me, you'll find changed—a very Trump—a Matadore!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'm very glad my ringing brought you hither,—
I never doubted your ability:
The worm and chrysalis, each and together,
A summer day-moth notify.
—In curly hair and Brussels collar
You took delight, when but a scholar:—
Hast ever been a pig-tailed Fop?
I see you've now become a Crop!—
And have a lofty mien, and air of independence:
Spare me if you please, anything like transcendence!

BACHELOR.

Grave Sir, we're on th' old spot—so fate decrees!
The times are greatly changed—and no mistake!
Of quizzes, be less lavish if *you* please,—
Rely upon it, I, am wide awake!
You hoaxed the unsuspicious youth,—
It was an easy matter then, I trow,—
But where's the man who dares attempt it now?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If one impart to striplings, naked truth,—
The yellow-beaks, are much displeased forsooth!
So after some few years, the full-fledged youngsters,
Having acquired experience with disasters:
They magnify themselves, as oracles of wisdom,
Treating their early tutor, as a humdrum!

BACHELOR.

A knave more like!—what Teacher in his place
Dares bare the truth before the scholar's face?
Each knows to measure, cut, and trim—
Be sedative or gay!—as interest sways him.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Learning requires appliance—and good lecture:
But in *teaching*, you're a very connoisseur!
Doubtless, in few revolvings of the sun,
You will have *rare* experience won!

BACHELOR.

Experience!—pshaw! rubbish—nothing worth!
It is not with the mind, of equal birth!

You know, that all which has been learnt—on its own showing
Is worthless stuff!—and quite unworthy knowing.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I long have thought myself unwise, and to be pitied:
Now find I out that I am empty, and half-witted.

BACHELOR.

That's good!—that's splendid sense i' sooth!
You are the first old hunks who has spoken truth!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I sought for hidden gold and treasures,
And found but coal in all the "*measures.*"

BACHELOR.

Confess! is not thy hairless nous-box,—null
And valueless, as yonder skull?

MEPHISTOPHELES *(placidly.)*

Perhaps you're not aware that you lack courtesy?

BACHELOR.

To compliment in German—is, to lie!

MEPHISTOPHELES,

(Who by degrees has shuffled his chair to the front of the stage—to the Pit.)

Zounds! he has ta'en the sight and breath o' me,
I must escape to you—he'll be the death o' me!

BACHELOR.

I hold it sheer presumption—and pure vanity,
For those to fish for fame, whose day's gone by.—

Man's life is in his blood!—then pray where reigns
Blood potently, save in the young man's veins?
There you find living blood, in vigorous activity:
—Life generating life, seen and unseen!
In them, is wholesomeness, and capability!—
The feeble shuffle off:—the strong possess the scene.—
Whilst WE have vanquished half the world, with nervy hand,
What have ye done?—dozed, pondered, scanned,
Dreamed, weighed, and balanced,—planned and planned!
My word for it—age is an ague,
In the frost o' th' impotent whims, of life's residue!—
The fellow who has more than thirty summers told,
Is valueless, as he who is death-cold:
'Twere better such were knock'd o' th' head—at once.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The Devil couldn't have spoken more to th' nonce!

BACHELOR.

There is no Devil!—save I ordain there be.

MEPHISTOPHELES *(aside.)*

The Devil may trip you up for that *civility!*

BACHELOR.

Personified in me,—behold, YOUTH'S worth and aim!
—The world was not, ere I creating came:
I led the sun from out the mighty ocean,—
With me the phases of the moon began,—
Then day put forth her brightest tints to meet me,
And earth her green, and od'rous flowers, to greet me:

I beckoned—and creation's earliest night
Unveiled her galaxies of starry light:
Who was't but I, who rended as 'twere nought,
The curs'd Philistine-bands which fettered thought?
Myself am free—my demon tells me so!
I joyously obey that *inward* light;
And boldly on my rapture-path, I go—
Day-brightness in advance—behind me night.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Go, go, eccentric Youth! in all thy fancied glory:
Couldst see thyself—the sight would vex thee sorely.
Who dares to say, such and such thought, is new—
And ne'er in bygone times, been brought to view?
Yet for this pompous youth there is no fear;
He'll sober down, with each ensuing year.—
Although the "*Must*" behave itself unruly,
It promises a wine both good and viewly!

(To the young people in the pit, who have not applauded.)

Ye are unmoved, my pretties—of your plaudits chary?
But I forgive you,—not having caught the whim:—
The Devil you must know is old and wary,—
You all must older grow, to comprehend him.

SCENE II.

A LABORATORY.

Furnished after the fashion of the middle ages—full of vessels and apparatus, such as were then used to work chymical and alchymical speculations.

WAGNER *(occupied at the hearth.)*

The tolling of the Minster's matin-bell,
Shudd'ringly penetrates my smoke-grimed cell!
This with'ring state of things, clears up at last,—
The doubt that lowered o'er my expectancy, is past!
For in the inner-vessel's space, a flutt'ring light
Appears, struggling 'gainst murky night,—
And now it glows!—as 'twere a "living coal,"
Whilst purple coruscations fill the bowl.
Behold—the clear white light appears!
Propitious is the hour—a truce to all my fears.
—Heavens!—what a rattling shakes the door!

MEPHISTOPHELES *(entering.)*

I greet you!—being a friendly visitor.

WAGNER *(anxiously.)*

Welcome!—to the Star that rules the hour.

(In a whisper.)

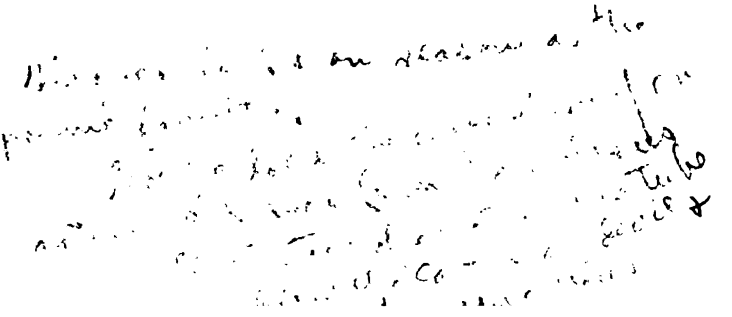
Hush! breathe not! nor utter sound, or sentiment:—
A glorious Work! nears its fulfilment.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What's to take place?

WAGNER *(in a low whisper.)*

A Man's to be created!—



MEPHISTOPHELES.

A Man!—Say, where have you located
The amorous pair?—sure, not in this abode!?

WAGNER.

Heaven defend us!—begetting's out of mode:
Such rapture-folly I've repudiated.—
The tender point, whence, "being," emanated—
The bland power, that from the inmost strove and operated,
Imbibing and dispensing,—destined to delineate,
First, self, then relatives collaterate,
Will now, its quintessentiality put forth:—
Therefore, has the organic lost its worth!—
Though Brutes still in the sensual, seek enjoyment,
The ethereal powers of Man, and his developement
Demand a loftier, and more pure commencement.

(Turning towards the hearth.)

Behold! it beams!—now is my mind at ease!
For by degree, and quality, and quantities
Thoroughly blended—all hinges on, nice blendment—
And the human elements justly computed,
Amalgamated,
And cohobated;
And in Alembic hermetically luted,—
This greatest work of man is constituted!

(Looking towards the hearth.)

It will! the *masse* shows clearer—and more clear!
The consummation of the thing is near!
That which has lauded been, as of Nature's mysteries
Will be revealed—produced before your eyes!—
What she has hitherto acquired, by an organic operation,
Will be effected now,—by crystallization!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He who lives long—lives to store observations;
Such rarities, to such, no novelties unscreen:
Even I, in my short peregrinations
Have crystallized Men and Women seen!

WAGNER.

(Who has kept his eyes fixed on the phial.)

It stirs!—it flashes!—piles! augments!
The work will end, in a round of moments:—
Great projects at the first, partake of frenzy.
Anon, we laugh at chance and fate:
Since every brain of towering potency,
May a deep-thinking man create.

(With rapture surveying the bottle.)

The Glass emits a silver-sounding minstrelsy,—
The murky brightens up!—the thing will—Be!
I ken within the conic crystal's space,
A Manikin!—of comely form and face.
What want we more?—what will the world now say?
The myst'ry's solved!—the proof, is brought to day!—
List! to the searching tones that hither reach:—
Now are they voice like,—now, resemble speech!

HOMUNCULUS.

(From within the glass.)

Daddy I say!—how goes't?—it was no jest!
Come, press me tenderly unto your breast,—
And cautiously also—lest the glass spring,
Which is you know, the *temper* of the thing!

MEPH. Ha! yonder's to do. - Manikin, *WISHES* occupation?
HOM. Where? — how! — what is to do?

Nature—feels cramped in universal space:
The craft-made thing! requires contracted place.

(To MEPHISTOPHELES.)

What—You my roguish Cousin!—are You here?
This time you apropos appear;—
For you can aid me to the *Life*, I'm wooing:—
Whilst here—like you, I must be doing:
I'm all agog, to tuck-up and begin!—
You, can dispel the *chrysal* state I'm in.

WAGNER *(to* HOMUNCULUS.)

A word with thee! 'till now I've been o'erwhelmed
By questions of all sorts;—fairly beproblemed!
For instance—all, would understand
How Soul and Body, form a Whole so bland,
So firm, so knit,—as though they could not part:
Yet all life long, their union seems a smart!
Then ————

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Hold there! rather solve this for me,-
Wherefore do Man and Wife so disagree?
You'll ne'er explain *that* theme to demonstration.
Ha! yonder's to do:—Man'kin, *wishes* occupation?

HOMUNCULUS.

Where?—how!—what is to do?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

(Pointing to the recess, where FAUST lies entranced.)

There, try thy powers,—instanter!

WAGNER.

(Gloating on the phial.)

By my troth, thou'rt a young Enchanter!

(A side door flies open, and FAUST is discovered stretched on a couch.)

HOMUNCULUS *(astounded.)*

Significant!!————

(The bottle escapes from WAGNER's hands,—hovers over FAUST, and sheds light o'er him.)

Delightful spot!—verdure of loveliest dye—
Transparent Lake!—and playful Girls disrobing—
The loveliest!!——the picture gains on the eye!—
ONE,—the noblest,—in beauty *all* surpassing,
—Sprung of divine—at least of hero race—
Moves on,—the flame that animates her form
To temper in the yielding crystal's, cool embrace.
Hark! to the rushing of the wing-wrought Storm!
What a flapping-splashing, agitates the waters!
The Maids affrighted fly;—the Queen, nor stirs,
Nor fears, but looks o'er all complacently;—
She, contemplates with female pride and pleasure
The Swan-Prince touch her smooth and snowy knee
Gently-importunate;—welcome-free he nestles to her:
Alas!—an envious vapour darkly intervenes
Its closely-textured veil,—marring our fill of rapture
At this,———the loveliest of sublunary scenes!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou art, in truth, a graphical deviser:—
So little!—yet so great a rhapsodizer!
I, nothing see,—

HOMUNCULUS.

How should you?—you're from the North,
And wert in the "misty age" brought forth—
In the times of priestcraft and knight-errantry!
The foggy is congenial, to thee.

(Looking around.)

Stones, brown and mouldy—dim and dusty,
Window, lance-arched,—surcharged with garnish,—low,
and musty!
To wake him here, would double the emergency:
He'd gasp for vital air—and stifled—die.
Woods, lakes, fair swans, and naked beauties,
Were the theme of his pre-sentient dream:
He could not 'bide such gloomy scenes as these.
To me, the Affable! they hideous seem.—
Away with him!—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To where? with joy I'd know.

HOMUNCULUS.

Aye!—as the warrior bid to face the foe,—
Or maiden led, to lead the dancing row.
'Tis what they wish,—so *you* will gladly go.
A thought just aids to set the matter right:
This is the classical Walpurgis-night!—
The very thing to re-inspire the Knight.
To Greece with him!—the land of his delight!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of such Walpurgis, I did never hear!

HOMUNCULUS.

How should you?—th' Classic is not *here*.
Your ghosts are of romance,—and farcical.
A real phantom!—must be classical.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But *where* shall this said voyage terminate?
Even now, I loathe—*antique* associate!

HOMUNCULUS.

Your darling spot—is in the north by west!
We spread our sail, and steer due south by east!—
Through an extensive level flows Peneus,
Shaded by foliage—forming humid bends.
—To the defiles, the even plain extends:—
Rising beyond, is Old, and New Pharsalus!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Confound that word!—it doth remind me
O' wars, 'twixt slavery, and tyranny,—
Trying my patience!—one dread onslaught done;
Another, still more direful is begun,—
Yet see they not—that *both* are but the tools
Of Asmodeus!—who in secret rules.
They battle as they say for liberty, and right!
More closely seen,——bondsmen 'gainst bondsmen fight.

HOMUNCULUS.

As touching contradictory man—give over!
Each one defends himself, as best he can
From boyhood, up to warring man!
Th' question here is—shall *this one* recover?

If thou canst help—essay thy recipe?
If thou canst not,—confide the cure to me.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Some Blocksberg-remedy I might essay,
But paganism bars the way.—
The Greeks are slippery folk at best!
Their *free* play of the senses, wins
Upon the heart—luring to *cheerful sins!*
Ours, are of a gloomy caste—dwelling in the west!—
What's to be done?

HOMUNCULUS.

Thou wert not wont to be o'er squeamish,
And for "Thessalian witches" felt much relish?
That name recalls the past, and the desired.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thessalian witches! good!—they *are* desired—
About them I have much inquired!—
Yet night after night, with them to dwell,
Would fail to suit me over well!
N'importe! we'll visit them.

HOMUNCULUS.

Thy cloak prepare!
Featly, to wrap the ailing knight in.
You both may be allowed to wear,
The patch-work dresses *you* delight in!
I'll lead, and lamp ye.—

WAGNER *(anxiously.)*

And me?

HOMUNCULUS.

You!
You must remain—more splendid deeds to do:—
To wade through, rolls of musty parchments,
And faithful to *prescription*—cull of life's elements,
Which with due tact you mingle thoroughly,
Pondering upon the What, but more so on the How!
—A portion of the world, I purpose now
To visit,—maybe I find the dot above the "i,"—
That *point* scholastic—vexingly obscure!
Reward attends the wight who finds *that* cause of strife!
Gold,—honours, fame, health, beauty, and long life:
——Knowledge and virtue—peradventure!
Farewell!—

WAGNER *(sorrowfully excited.)*

Farewell;—my heart is very sore:
Woe! woe is me!—I ne'er shall see thee more!

MEPHISTOPHELES *(to* WAGNER.)

We're for Peneus' stream—there we alight.
Good bye!——I come!—my Coz I must not slight.
(To the Audience.)
Perhaps after all—'twas truly said,
"We are the slaves of things ourselves have made."

THE CLASSICAL WALPURGIS NIGHT.

SCENE III.

THE PLAINS OF PHARSALIA.

Dark Midnight.

ERICHTHO.

To this terrific festival—as heretofore,
Come I—Erichtho—I, the gloomy one!—
Yet not so foul of form, as beardless bards
Unworthily have pictured me,—will they never cease
Their puny praise, and blame?—
The field is covered o'er with greyly tents,
Resembling ocean's troubled waves—embleming
That *death*-foreboding night—how oft repeated!?—
Will Pharsalia ever be the scene of strife?
None, do vouchsafe this region to another:
And *All* refuse to him who bravely won,
And sternly holds it,—undisturbed possession.
Those most unskilled to sway themselves,
Would govern willingly a neighbour's house
Their own tyrannic way.
On this broad plain a woeful precedent was fought!
Here Might, the Mightier conquered; here, Freedom's
Many-flowered wreath was snapp'd—and the stiff
Laurel-twig, curled lithesomely, around the victor's brow.
Here, Pompey slept, and dreamed of former fame!
There, wakeful Cæsar watched the doubtful scales.
That *was* an onslaught! all the world doth know who won.
The watch fires blaze—the lurid flames ascend:
The earth again emits an after-breath of blood!—
Lured by the wonder-brightness of the night—the Greek

Traditionary host are congregating here:—
Around each fire,—or hover dimly clear,
Or quiet sit, the fabled forms of bygone days.
The moon, though yet imperfect,—brightly mounts
The azure vault, to spread her silver sheen o'er all.
The tent delusion fades—the fires burn blue.
O'er head a strange and wandering star appears,—
It lights and leads, methinks, a ball corporeal:—
I hated life do scent!——being noxious to the living—
'Twould bring me sick'ning fame without reward,
Were I to stay:—the thing descends! on calm reflection
I withdraw.

(The Aëronauts appear above.)

HOMUNCULUS.

Round and round, and round again,
Over flames and spectres hideous;
In the dale, and o'er the plain,
Phantom forms are spread afore us.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

As through dim and dusty casement,
In our northern atmosphere,—
Ken I hideous rabblement!
And feel at home, although not there.

HOMUNCULUS.

There stalks a giantess, methinks,
With mighty strides away she slinks.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She seems as though impress'd with fear,
At seeing us, skim through the air.

ERICHTHO I hated all do scent I - being noxious to the living
Therefore I the shunning fame without reward
Where I to stay — the living deceased or in my reflection I withdraw

HOMUNCULUS.

So let her stalk—alight now with him!—
Thy knightly charge will soon be, able:—
A life more calm awaiteth him,
He seeks it in—the Land of Fable!

(MEPHISTOPHELES descends with FAUST.)

FAUST.

(Coming to himself—surprised.)

Where is she?

HOMUNCULUS.

Cannot safely say—
But here you wisely may inquire:
So up, and ere the dawn of day,
Question the groups at every fire,—
Who keenly dared The Mothers seek,
Needs fear no fright, from pallid cheek.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

As here—by right! I've more than much to say.
This is the march-route we'll pursue!—
Part company without delay,
And 'mongst the fires seek 'ventures new,
And that we know where man'kin 's found,
Let his lamp blaze—and shrilly sound.

HOMUNCULUS.

(Emitting an extraordinary light and noise.)

Thus will I glow!—thus shall it ring!
Now seek we out, the marvellous thing.

[They withdraw.

FAUST *(alone.)*

Where is she?—further questions I'll not make.
Was that no earthly sod on which she staid?
Were they no waves that round her played?
—Assuredly, the air her language spake!—
By some strange chance, in Pelops' land
Am I—I know it, by the influence bland
Which fires my frame:—I feel—I find
Myself a Hercules—in heart and mind!—
Though all that's horrible—in form and name
Oppose—I'll search this maze of flame.

[Exit.

MEPHISTOPHELES *(pryingly enters.)*

The more I practise bonfire ranging—
The more I feel myself estranging
From this indecent folk—few have a shirt!
The Sphinxes are too bare—the Griphons grunt,
And hosts of lewd, winged monsters flirt
Before my eyes—exposing back and front.—
Although our thoughts are not o'er nice—
These Antiques *cherish* naked vice!—
We with a *fine* decorum, in a trice
Make sightly, forms of alabaster—
Covering variety of things with leaf and plaster.
Disgusting folk! but nothing here shall grieve me;
As guest, I'll bow to all—the better they'll receive me.
I greet ye, beauteous Dames—and sapient Gripe-hons.

A GRIPHON.

Not Gripe-ons——Griphons!—no one calmly hears
Himself called Gripe-on!—ev'ry name appears

Evil or good—judging from whence it springs,
As gray, grayly, gravy, grave; again, pipe, pip, pipings,
Rhythmically chimed—gripe, grip, *gripings!*
Which puts my pipe out.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet!—not to dwell thereon:
Grip,—with permission—is a part of Griphon!

GRIPHON.

But the relationship don't featly hold,
Which I'll explain in converse mild,—
Grip—gripes at maidens, crowns, and gold!
The Griphon—is Fortuna's favourite child.

ANTS,

(Of a colossal species.)

Ye spake of gold!—good store we found,
Hiding it in chinks, and under ground,
The griping 'Masps discover it!
And laughing bear it off——*we* can't recover it.

GRIPHONS.

We'll, bring the rogues to book you'll see!

ARIMASPES.

Aye, but not on Classic Jubilee?
And 'fore to-morrow—all is spent:—
This time, you can't spoil merriment!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

(Having seated himself among the SPHINXES.)

To sojourn here—I might be quickly won—
I comprehend the speech of every one!

SPHINX.

Our speech, is formed of purest spirit-tones,
Which you embody in your northern groans:—
But name thyself—we'd know if thou art famed?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

By many words, 'tis thought I'm named:
Have you not Britons here?—they travel much
To pry out battle fields, and waterfalls,
Classical swamps, and mouldering walls:—
Here were a choice resort for such!
They sniftered out—and boldly testify
That in some monk-wrought-plays, I'm—Old Iniquity!

SPHINX.

Why how came that about?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis palpable obliquity!

SPHINX.

Hast studied much in astrologic cell?—
What do the heavens, just now foretel?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Star shoots at star!—the clipt moon rises bright,
And I feel snug,—and glowingly within,
Warming myself, 'gainst your soft lionskin:—
'T were hazardous for *me*, to climb aërial height.—
Drop riddle-spinning—start charades to-night?

SPHINX.

Thou art thyself a Riddle—wayward Elf:—
Dost think that thou canst guess, thyself?—
" Requisite to the godly-man—and eke the reprobate.
To the first a '*Guy*,' at which the ascetic fences.—
Boon Comrade to the second—ill to consummate:
Both for Jove's merriment—who smiles at Man's pretences."

A GRIPHON *(gruffly.)*

I hate that fellow!

ANOTHER GRIPHON *(more gruffly.)*

What will he?

BOTH.

The Slink belongs not here!

MEPHISTOPHELES *(enraged.)*

You think perchance, Guests do not carry claws,
As terrible as those which tip your paws?
Do you but dare———!

SPHINX *(mildly.)*

You may remain,—
Until yourself you chase, from this fair plain.
In the north-west, you may command some homage,
But here, if I mistake not—you lack courage!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Casting my eyes above—your contour is inviting;
Downward—the *beastly* is affrighting.

SPHINX.

Thou Counterfeit!—Beware, or rue it!
Mind what you're at—*our* paws are mighty
Thou, with thy crumpt-up horse's foot
Art jeopardized in our society.

(Sirens are heard preluding in the trees.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I warbling hear!—what birds are these
Perching amongst the poplar-trees?

SPHINX.

Be on your guard—that very sing-song
Has vanquished Heroes old and young.

SIRENS.

Seek not grateful joy or leisure,
On this plain of monstrous things!
We in flights on fanning wings—
Our voices keeping Lydian measure
Hither came——such, Sirens' pleasure!

THE SPHINXES *(mockingly.)*

Press the *charmers* to alight,—
They sit on leafy branch, and peer
Hiding their hateful vulture gear
To pounce upon the hapless wight
Who lends to them a willing ear.

SIRENS.

Away with hate—and jealous eye!
We, dispense soft ecstacy,
Such as Earthlings gratify,—
On the land, and on the sea:

We can merry laughing gesture,
To the welcomed Guest insure.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

So, these are the wondrous novelties
Of voice and lute,—that from the trees
Harmonious tones impart?
Such tral-lal-la-ings charm not me,
About my ears the sounds may be,
Yet reach they not the heart!

SPHINXES.

Talk not of heart! keep *it* from view,—
A shrivelled, leathern-bag will do
For suchlike visaged Rogue as you!

FAUST *(enters.)*

How wonderful!—I like these monstrous creatures,—
In this repulsive scene, one meets with noble features:
I presage now, success attends advance!
But whither leads my scrutinizing glance?

(With reference to the Sphinxes.)

Before you, Œdipus once stood with wonderment.

(With reference to the Sirens.)

'Fore such, Ulysses writhed in hempen bondment.

(With reference to the Ants.)

By such, was greatest treasures hoarded.

(With reference to the Griphons.)

By such, was it with honour guarded:
I feel new life at sight of these
Grand forms—more-so from suchlike, reminiscences!

MEPHISTOPHELES *(to* FAUST.)

There was a time when *such* had made you wild:
Here, work they otherwise—making you courtly mild!
Aye so it is—who seeks the Loved-ones' home
Can e'en to monsters give,—a polished welcome.

FAUST.

Ye honoured Lady-forms!—tell me thus far—
Have any of you seen—fair Helena?

SPHINX.

We reached not down to Grecian Helen's day,—
The last of Us, was slain by Hercules.—
Of Chiron, you may make inquiries;
He ranges ev'ry where, on this Ghost-muster-night!
If you can make him halt—he'll do the thing polite.

THE SIRENS.

At all events, thou, shalt succeed!
For when Ulysses dwelt with us,
Living in harmony,—and not o'er anxious
On his home voyage to proceed,—
He told us much:—all which to thee,
We will recount most faithfully,
If thou consent to accompany
Us,—to our Grotto near the Sea.

SPHINX.

Noblest of mind!—beware the cheat!
For thee Ulysses snares are spread.
Mark well our counsel—'tis discreet:
If Chiron halt when summonéd,
The sought-for news thine ear will greet.

(FAUST withdraws.)

MEPHISTOPHELES *(peevishly.)*

What screeching forms are those,—hurrying by?
—Quicker than sight the monsters fly—
Each following other, swifter than the wind,—
—Fleetest shaft they'd leave behind!

SPHINX.

To the hurricane you may compare them,—
Alcides' shafts did barely near them:—
They are the fleet Stymphalides!
With vulture-beaks, and gander-feet,—
Kindly is meant that screaming greet!—
They fain would join our Jubilees,
Claiming to be our relatives.

MEPHISTOPHELES *(timidly.)*

Amongst them hiss more primitives?!

SPHINX.

On *their* account, you need not quake!
They are the heads o' th' Lernæan Snake,
Lopped from the trunk;—but they believe it not!—
What ails you now?—an outward somewhat?
Why such queer pantomime display?
Whither would'st? aye, now I see!—e'en go thy way;
Thou'rt hank'ring after yonder Chorus
Displaying their wanton pranks before us:—
If that's the cause—curb not desire,
But quickly join the fair-faced quire.—
They are the Lamiæ!—amorous Girls
With laughing eyes—and flaxen curls:
Their manners please the Satyr's whim—
Goat-foots, do what they like with them.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Then promise, not to move from hence?

SPHINXES.

We do!—*now* to those worshippers of sense.—
We, hail from Misraim—there we are known
As thousand-year-sojourners on one throne!
Preserving our position Night and Noon,
We regulate the Sun and Moon:
And sit before the Pyramids,—
In the People's Court of Law
Maugre floodings, peace or war:—
—Not even moving our eyelids.

SCENE IV.

THE RIVER PENEUS.

An inlet, covered with reeds, rushes, and osiers—on the land side shaded with trees and bushes—Nymphs interspersed.

PENEUS.

Stir soothingly ye sedgy whisperers!—
Move rustlingly ye reedy sisters,—
Whistlingly bend ye pliant osiers,—
And lullingly lisp lithe-leaféd-poplars,
Gently bringing back my dream:
—Awak'd by the storm-wind of the north—
—By the deep quakings of the earth—
Which ruffled my winding stream!

FAUST.

(Approaching the River.)

If rightly heard—behind these trees
Behind this trellised screen—these
Pliant osiers—these green bushes
Girl-like prattle hither rushes!—
—Along the stream, crisp ripples stray—
Spring zephyrs, with the waters play!

NYMPHS *(to* FAUST.*)*

The best feat thou canst do,
Is to stretch thyself here.—
And obtain from this purlieu
The rest, that will cheer:—
Take joy—and thy strength renew
Midst quiet that fled you:
Meanwhile we will lull you,
And bathe you in Lethe's dew.

FAUST *(surprised.)*

Yes! truly I awake!—sport on, ye
Lovely forms of Grecian symmetry,
Even as ye did when erst ye lured mine eye!—
Yet feel I still, as I were in a trance—
In a day dream!——is it remembrance?
For so methinks was I, ere this made happy.—
Waters, as then,—glide midst the rushes—
Through the osiers—past the bushes
Noiseless,—save a limpid lipping!—
Numerous rillets o'er the green,
To form a bath of crystal sheen
To the river's bend are tripping:—

Youthful maids are there collected!
Whose beauties in the stream reflected
Doubly allure the enraptured sight:
Socially jesting!—joyously bathing!—
Dauntlessly swimming—timidly wading!—
Gambol shrieks—and splashing fight!
I could content myself 'mongst these—
Here were enough mine eyes to please:
But onward! strives the mind.
—My sight would force yon leafy-stillness—
In yonder bower of verdure-fullness,
It, would the "Queen of Beauty" find.
How passing strange!—even Swans arrive!
From out each sedgy bight they drive,—
Yet with what gracefulness they move!—
Calmly floating—beauty-tempted,—
Full of pride—with self contented,—
Head and beak declare their love!
Here too—is One—beyond the rest
The boldest, fairest, largest, best,
Stately sailing;—yet at urgent pace;
With feathers ruffled broadly breasting
The wavy flow;—the tide contesting,
He hastens to the *hallowed* place!
——Hither, and thither, swim the others,
Pluming their yet unruffled feathers:
Now dash they 'mongst the bashful train,—
Who flying, strive the shore to gain,—
Unmindful of their honoured Dame!—
With them, *self* cancels other claim!

Pl. 1.

Ajax, after the Contest with Ulysses.

NYMPH.

Fair Sister! place thy watchful ear
To yonder bank for proof,—
Methinks a trampling sound I hear!
Like beat of horse's hoof.
I wonder much, who comes on steed
As messenger,—with suchlike speed?

FAUST.

Earth responds to a trampling force;
The sound is of a trotting horse!
Thither mine eye!————
Shall then a lucky destiny
E'er be my share?
Marvel, beyond compare!
A horseman comes with rapid trot,—
Daring and mind, the rider's got!
He's mounted on a dazzling grey————
I cannot err!—it is his face—his person—
It is Philyra's far-famed Son!!
Halt, Chiron, halt! I've much to say!

CHIRON.

What is't?—what is't?

FAUST.

O! curb thy speed.

CHIRON.

I tarry not—

FAUST.

My weight will not impede!

CHIRON.

Up then!—and we will questions barter:—
Whither wouldst go?—this is Peneus' margin,
Wouldst that I bear thee through its water?

FAUST *(seated on his back.)*

Whither thou wilt—grateful thy grace to win!
Exalted man! O Tutor much revered!
Who, for sheer fame, a host of heroes reared—
The Argonauts!—so valiant, so combined:
And many more such———born of poet's mind.

CHIRON.

That pedagogic subject's out of place:
Pallas, as Mentor, gained not reputation:
Elèves too often hold it no disgrace
To act, as had they had, no education.

FAUST.

The *Herbalist*, who knows the virtues of each plant,
And every sort of root, for every case,—
Who medicined the sick, and healed the valiant!
With circling arms I cordially embrace.

CHIRON.

Truly, if near me fell a valiant chief,
I washed and bound his wounds—at least:
I' th' end, I left my nous in medical relief
To "simple"-cullers, and the parish priest.

FAUST.

Thou art indeed the *true* Philosopher!
Shrinking, e'en honest praise to hear—

And worthiest fame refuseth,
As were his equal to be met with!

CHIRON.

You seem adroit, and given to adulation,
A flatt'rer fitting prince, or population!

FAUST.

Thus much admits not of gainsay—
You mingled with the mighty of your day?
Didst closely follow them in noble daring—
Godlike—was thy mortality's high bearing!—
Amongst the storied heroes of antiquity,
Whom didst thou hold of chief celebrity?

CHIRON.

Amongst the Argonauts,—each in degree
Might be esteemed as equally worthy,
For each exclusive power possessed—
A talent—not in common with the rest.
To wit—Castor and Pollux failed not to prevail
When Youth and Beauty swayed the scale:—
Deed and decision, for the good of others,
Signally marked the Boread brothers:—
Courteous in act—in consultation wise,
Was Jason,—he found grace in woman's eyes:
Orpheus was comely and contemplative,
And on the lyre surpassingly effective:
The quick-eyed Lynceus—day and night
Steered the good ship, 'twixt shoals aright:—
Then, was their unity in danger—justly lauded:
What for the whole *one* did, the rest applauded.

FAUST.

But of famed Hercules, you make no mention?

CHIRON.

Ah me!—rekindle not *that* recollection!
As yet I had not seen bright Phœbus,
Neither Ares—nor Mercurius—
When 'fore mine eyes there stood
What all men deemed a demigod,—
—Beyond all doubt a glorious stripling—
In truth a natural monarch—a born king!—
Though by the fates made subject to his brother,
And to the fair and loveliest women:—
Gaia—will never nurture such another,
Nor Hebe lead again, his like to heaven.—
Didactic songs of him have wholly failed—
And vainly has the Sculptor—marble quailed!

FAUST.

Howe'er adroitly hewn his statues be,
They lack perchance sublimity?—
Now having told me, of the handsomest man,
Do prithee tell of the loveliest woman?

CHIRON.

Of Female beauty, I have little good to say,
It being statue-like—benumbing—lack-a-day!
Such only, in my eyes eulogium merit,—
As have health, affability, and spirit!
For woman's bliss, oft centres in conceit!
—Softness of manner is the charm I greet:—
—Helena, when I bear her, had it.

FAUST.

You bear her?

CHIRON.

On this back she rode.

FAUST.

I was o'erjoyed erewhile! but now to sit
Where Helen sat—is rapturous forbode!

CHIRON.

She held on, by my flowing hair
As you do now,——

FAUST.

Alas!—I am aware
Of ebbing reason!—tell me all you know?
She is my love—my idol—my desired!—
Whence! where! you bear her? whither did you go?

CHIRON.

That knowledge may be soon acquired.—
The Dioscuri had just then
From robbers rescued beauteous Helen,—
Who, all unused to such defeat
Rallied—and sorely harassed the retreat
Of Leda's offspring, who with rapid pace kept on,—when
Hemm'd was their course, by the Eleusian Fen:—
The Brothers waded through,—I bear her over;—
Then, off she sprang, and smoothed with gentle hand
My dripping mane—caressed me as a lover,
And thanked me with arch artlessness, yet dignity!—
Ah, she was fair and young! the old man's partiality.

FAUST.

Scarce seven years old ? !

CHIRON.

Philologers I see
Have mystified themselves, and misled thee.
With mythologic Dames—the casus is a theorem!
Authors as the *fit* demands—produce them ;—
Never of age,—and never changing features,
But ever and anon, inviting creatures!
Ravished when young—when older, much solicited!—
With Poets—time and place are not elicited.

FAUST.

So 'twas with Helen! time nor place e'er bound her,—
Æacides, in Pheræ strangely found her—
Out of all time—happy perplexity of dates!
He won her too—baffling the very Fates.
And shall not I, by dint of my desires,
Recall the Form—that so inspires:—
Coeval with the gods—the being of all time,—
Sylph-like as lofty—lovely as sublime!
You saw her once—I, sighted her to-day:
Simple as captivating—as inviting, gay.
In truth, I'm mind and body fascinated—
I die—unless my love be consummated.

CHIRON.

Man, may describe your case as—love ecstatic:—
With us 'tis called—insanity-spermatic!—
'Tis well for you that at this moment
I plan (my custom on this advent)

To visit Manto!—the benignant
Daughter of Æsculapius,—who ceases not to make
To her celestial Sire mute-prayer; that for his honour's sake
He would Physician's mind ennubilate,
That they no longer *healing-murders* perpetrate.
—She is the gentlest of the Sibyl brood!
Not whimmingly inclined, but always doing good.
Sojourn with her—her skill will prove availing,
Aided by certain roots,—to mitigate your ailing.

FAUST.

I seek not to be healed!—my mind is vigorous,
I'm not o' th' *million*—carnal and capricious.

CHIRON.

To profit by such skill, delay not—
Descend!—we're at the sacred spot.

FAUST.

We passed a pebbly stream—judge I aright?
What province do I tread when I alight?

CHIRON.

Here, Greece, the grasping power of Rome defied—
—Peneus o' the right—Olympus, on t'other side:
Here fell the greatest realm!—to rise no more.
The Monarch fled—a Burgess laurels wore!
Stranger, look up!—there stands, I ween,
The ancient Temple, in Diana's sheen.

MANTO *(dreaming.)*

(It may be supposed she is sleeping on the upper step of the temple.)

The holy Porch's sacred stair,
Tells of horse's hoof:
Demigods come here!

CHIRON.

Right so!—behold the proof!

MANTO *(awaking.)*

I greet thee, Chiron!—thou hast not forgotten me?

CHIRON.

Thy sacred Fane stands stedfastly I see!

MANTO.

Unweariedly dost o'er thy circuit bound!

CHIRON.

Whilst thou abidest quietly,
My pleasure is, to range around.

MANTO.

I sojourn, and Time's circle circuits me!
But He?—

CHIRON.

—This ill-reputed night
Has whirled him up.—This wand'ring Wight
With a distracted brain
Would beauteous Helena obtain!—
Yet knows not how, he may commence!
His cure wants Æsculapian sense.

MANTO.

I favour such as give to *fable* credence.

(CHIRON trots off.)

Here, dauntless man!—gladness is proffer'd thee!
This dark path leads unto Persephoné:
In the caverned base of high Olympus
She lurks,—awaiting interdicted salutation:—
Of yore, I smuggled-in—young Orpheus!
Turn it to more account—shun hesitation!

(They descend into the Cavern.)

(The scene changes back to PENEUS' stream, and the Drama proceeds, without reference to FAUST's absence with CHIRON.

SCENE VI.

THE BANKS OF PENEUS, CONTINUATION OF SCENE IV.

SIRENS.

Now, to Peneus' flood!
There will we gaily swim,
Here, strain on strain to hymn
Is for this Folk too good—
Without water, joy is not!
On it we'll sail with glee,
To the Ægean Sea,
Where joys are each one's lot.

(Earthquaking.)

The Stream flows back again,
It will not to the main?

Its bed up-heaves—the waters choke!—
Sand and grit, ascend like smoke!
Let's to our sunny Isle,
No longer here we'll while.

Come with us noble guests?
Come to our glad'ning feasts,—
Come to our wave-kissed strands—
Come to our sparkling sands—
Where moonbeams doubly light,
And dew begems the night.
With us is, calm free life—
Here, elemental strife!
Clever men! *still* joys embrace:—
Wonderments,—surround this place!

SEISMOS

(Is heard banging and grumbling beneath.)

Another heave!—my trusty shoulders,
And we shall dislocate these boulders.—
We have gained the top at length,—
—Nothing can withstand our strength!

SPHINXES.

What a trembling—and alarm!
What an unexpected storm!
What a rumbling—what a quaking,
What a rocking earth is making!
—It is a wild and hateful night!
—Whence this intolerable spite?—
—But we stir no modicum,
Though burst were Pandemonium!—

Now a mound attracts the sight—
Wondrous!—'tis e'en as 'twere done
By the accommodating Old-one
Who———————————
The Island Delos heaved to view,
Driving it up from 'neath the water,
To greet fair Phœbe's errant daughter.
He,—with stout-straining potence,
With back bent and arms tense
—In gesture another Atlas—
Has pushed up rock, and earth, and grass,
Shingles and gravel, sand and loam,
And all that formed the river's bottom.
—Now a yawning rent is seen,—
Crossing the quiet valley's green:—
Sternly striving,—never weary,
Colossal Cariatidé,
Immerge to the bust—
Bearing huge masses o' th' Earth's crust:—
No further may ye quail the land!
Here, have the Sphinxes taken stand.

SEISMOS.

'Twas I that did it! I alone!
Posterity will gladly own
That by stout heaving, and up shoving,
I've made this Earth-ball worthy loving.
How else those hills above
The clouds, in the ethereal blue,
Had I not given th' upheaving shove
To picturesque the view?

In the presence of high ancestors—
Chaos and Night!—I shattered Earth's walls—
Joining the Titan conspirators:
We hurled up Ossa and Pelion like to balls.
Heat of youth, making us right gamesome,
We, when the War waxed faint, and irksome,
For sheer sport,—on Parnassus clap
A brace of hills—like to a double cap.
Apollo has a fine time of it, up there,
Surrounded by the Nine!—all young and fair!—
For thundering Jove I thought it meet
To raise the Olympian judgment seat!
And now with wondrous strength of pith
I've struggled from the Earth's interior,
And summon to appear forthwith
Sojourning Hills,—of glad exterior.

SPHINX.

Truly one might agree
To their remote antiquity,
Had we not, with open eyes
From the level seen them rise.—
Woods divided and altered place;
And hills fill up the vacant space!—
Sphinxes alone dare watch the upshot!
For nothing may disturb, their chosen spot.

GRIPHON.

Gold in leaf—and Gold in fritter,
Through the fissures I see glitter,—
Neglect ye not this shake-about!
Imsen in!—and claw it out!

COLOSSAL ANTS.

When the gigantic ones
Heave the mass up,
Then ye splay-footed ones
Quick to the top:
Quick in, and out, again
Searching each fissure,
Grateful is every grain
That adds to our treasure,—
The smallest gold atom
That you can discover
Take carefully home,
And pile under cover.
Be—quick-eyed-inquisitive,
Ye insects diminutive!
Abstracting but gold.
—Leave gravel, grit, and mould.

GRIPHON.

In then! in! and the Gold up-heap!
Our claws the hoard will safely keep!—
Better than locks and bolts are they,
To guard the treasure night and day.

PIGMIES.

Here we are!—and take position,
How we came is not quite clear—
Ask not, whence we date our mission;
'Tis enough, that we are here:—
For a life of merriment
Apropos is every land,—

Should appear a mountain rent—
Pigmy-race, is quick at hand:
Dwarf and Dwarfess, as a Pair,
Typify assiduous care.—
Whether in Paradise 'twas so,
That we don't pretend to know:
But think that little spot the *best*
Wherein we are—and choose to be,—
Bowing with joy to heaven's decree.
As in the East—so in the West,
Prolific Earth breeds willingly.

DACTYLI.

Did she in one night, You
Small-ones constitute,
Then bear She us too,
With others more minute!

PATRIARCH OF THE PIGMIES.

Away!—and find out
A convenient spot!
To improve the hour:—
Quickness is power!—
As warfare dont harass,
We'll build up a smithy;—
Get ye hammers and stithy,
And forge spear and cuirass
For the whole of our army.
Ye Imsen! one and all!
—Swarms of activity—
Bring ye in Metal;

And You!—the Dactyli,
—Smallest of progeny—
Be it well understood
That ye bring in wood,
Constructing a pyre!—
Put thereunto fire,
And earth up the whole
That we have Charcoal!

GENERALISSIMO.

With arrow and bow
Ye must a-field go!—
To the tree-girt Ponds,—
There shoot me the Herons
Midst their thousand nests,—
For they have haughty breasts!
—A sharp volley let fly,—
They must all at once die,
That we be drest
In casque and Hern-crest!

IMSEN AND DACTYLI.

But who will soothe *our* pains?
We get for them iron—
They forge for *us* chains!
—'Twere in vain to run—
The season's not fit—
We must awhile submit.

THE CRANES OF IBYCUS.

Murder screams?—what pang beak-clapping—
What agony—what pinion-flapping,—

What awful groaning—what bewailing!
—Even to these heights prevailing.
The Herons of the lake are dead!—
With their rich blood the water's red.
Through vanity and base desirings
They slew them for their wings.
E'en now a plume adorns each helmet
Of that paunch-proud—bandy-set.
—Confederates of *our* Host!—
Hern wanderers of the coast,
We summon Ye—to wrathful warfare:—
Boldly revenge this 'kin affair!
Be lavish of your strength and blood.—
Deadly hate!—to the Pigmy brood.

(They disperse, and with screams ascend higher.)

MEPHISTOPHELES *(musing along the plain.)*

The northern Witches I have known to govern,
But 'mongst these Grecian-sprites I've much to learn.
—Blocksberg! is after all a charming home:
One sees it from afar—and meets a welcome,—
Dame Ilsé, seated on her rock awaits us,—
And Heinrich, on his height is joyous!
The Snarchers, still at Elend snarl,
As they were wont to do—time immemorial!
But here is Earth, an equivocal affair:
One risks being 'gulphed, or blown i' th' air!—
Gaily, I sauntered through the valleys,—
When all at once—behind uprises
A mountain!—perhaps I may exaggerate:
But 'tis lofty enough at any rate
Me, from my Sphinx to separate!

And now, from every height and fissure
Rush flames—curtailing my adventure;
Yet 'fore mine eyés the Choir still dance,
They lure—retreat—then roguishly advance.
Softly, Mephisto—*wont* to indulge thy whim
Where'er thou art—thou shouldst have one of them.

LAMIÆ *(enticing* MEPHISTOPHELES.)

Quicker! much quicker!—
Yet a little further!
Now loiter and lure him,
And by prattle assure him:
'Twill be *racy* fun
To make the Old Sinner,
As if for a dinner,
After us run,—
With his "dot and go one!"
For his stiff leg
Is but a peg
To swivel his body on!—
Staggering here,
Stumbling there:—
Had he more sense
He'd have shunn'd such penance.

MEPHISTOPHELES *(halting.)*

Accurséd Fate!—deceivéd Fool!
From Adam's time the wanton's tool!
One gets in years—and should get clever,—
Thou'st, been *flummox'd* again, however!
'Tis known—that they are worse than, base is,—
With nipp'd-in waists, and daubéd faces,—

No portion wholesome—throughout flabby,
Loose, shaky, slop, and slabbery!
One knows it—sees it—proves it by the gripe,
Yet must one jig it, if the carrion pipe!

LAMIÆ *(halting.)*

Hold hard! he muses, hesitates, and lingers;
Retrace your steps, or he'll escape our fingers.

MEPHISTOPHELES *(starting off again.)*

I'll after them again—and in that occupation
Permit no *doubt* to frustrate consummation!
Were there no tender—Witch-felicity,
Who in hell's name, would Devil be?

LAMIÆ.

Join hands and circle round this *hero*,
Soon will his heart with love o'erflow,
And he'll select himself—a bride.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Truly, by this glimmering light
Ye seem most lovely, trig, and tight!—
I'm therefore not inclined to chide.

EMPUSE *(pushing forward.)*

Nor me either!—for I too,
Would fain belong to thy retinue!

LAMIÆ.

Too oft has *she* been a clog to us,—
Whenever she comes—she makes a fuss!

EMPUSE *(to* MEPHISTOPHELES.)

From Cousin Empusé a cordial greet!
The darling girl—with the donkey-feet;
Though *thou* hast but *one*—horse's-*trampler* got!
Yet I welcome thee Coz! to this classical spot.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To be unknown, was my full expectation:
When lo! I find a near relation,—
'Tis like searching an old register over,—
From Hartz to Hellas, I cousins discover.

EMPUSE.

With promptitude I'm known to act,
In body-changes I have tact,—
So *you* to honour I've been led,
To clap on my neck the Ass's head.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I find that amongst this pagan folk,
Relationship, is not a joke!
But come on't what will, 'twixt you Ma'am and I,
The Ass-jowl-akinship, I do deny.

LAMIÆ.

Leave the monster—she affrightens
All that pleases, and enlightens;
Whate'er was fair, and comely before,
At her approach, enchants no more.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And you my gay Cousins—so tender and floutful,
Are held by me, confoundedly doubtful:

Behind that array of splendid cheek-roses,
I fear me there lurks—a metamorphosis.

LAMIÆ.

Investigate? here are plenty of us,—
Select! and hast thou luck in play
Thou'lt pitch on the one, *most* precious.
What means that lust-eyed-lack-a-day?
Thou art but half a wooing-man—
A heatless blaze! a flash i' th' pan!

(One to the rest.)

See! he inclines to join our crew,
By *degrees* drop the masks from you:
Surrender if he ardently pursue.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The handsomest from the choir I'll pick:———

(About to embrace her.)

Ah me!—what a sapless besom-stick!

(Catching another.)

And this?———a disgusting-visaged faggot!

LAMIÆ.

Art worthy better? we think not.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Methinks, yon small one's worth a hazard———
She has slipt through my fingers like a lizard!
Right snakish was her slimy tail.
To make amends, I'll grab yon tall one;———
Why zounds! a Thyrsus-pole I've gotten,
With fir-tree-nut for head:—again I fail!

How will this end?————ha! one of substance?
I may regale myself with *her*, perchance;
Here goes—a last attempt———faith, I have got her!
—A flabby shapeless *masse* of udder!—
She'd bring high premium in the east,
But———burst is the bovish beast!!

LAMIÆ.

Now will we part and hover, flit and skim
Lightning-like—a phantom-flight: closing on
The keen intruding Witch's-son!—
Uncertain and appalling—swarm, we will round him
As noiseless web-winged vampires:—
A penance, far too small for foul-desires.

MEPHISTOPHELES *(shaking himself.)*

I've gained no wisdom by the trip, that's clear!
Absurdities reigned there—absurdities are here.
Ghosts here, as well as there, are hellish,—
And bard, and folk, devoid of relish!
Here is, as there, wild masquerading,
And ev'rywhere a senses-gallopading!
I grasp at what seem beauteous features,
And clutch disgusting hideous creatures!
Such frauds I'd not object to bear,
Remained they *a little longer* fair.

(Bewildered amongst stone masses.)

Where am I now—a new vexation?
The beaten track's—a desolation!
Hither I came by a cheerful way,—
Now boulders my backward passage stay;

I clamber up and down, but all in vain:
My Sphinxes I shall *never* see again?
I bargained not for suchlike sweeping change—
One night brings forth, a mountain-range!
This call I Witch-ride—worthy rhythm,
These Witches, bring their Blocksberg with 'em!

ORCAS *(from a veritable rock.)*

Come you up here! my mount is ancient,
Here stand I as at first—lofty and patient:
Ascend my side with reverential fear,—
For Pindus' mighty range extends to here!
Eternally the same—immovable to-day
As when, o'er me, Great Pompey ran away!—
This wild illusive scene, of fire and rock,
Will vanish at the crow o' th' cock!
Such strange appearances I often see
Rise and subside,—right transiently.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I honour much thy venerable head
Adorned with oaks—whose arborescent spread
Is so leaf-clad, that moonbeams shed around
Pierce not the gloom of its profound.—
By yonder dark-wood-side methinks there flows
A light,—which most discreetly glows!
—How aptly some things, come to pass and fit!
'Tis the glass lamp! with our Homunculus in it.
Whither art bound? my little bottle bird!

HOMUNCULUS.

I gliding, pry about from place to place,
Wishing to "Be" in best-sense of the word.

And am, agog to smash my crystal case—
But judging by the peep I've had of "life,"
I fear to venture on such course of strife :—
In confidence, I'm glad to say,
Two Greek Philosophers I've track'd this way :
Whose conversation ever turns on, Nature!
From them, I purpose not to stray,
For they ken human life I'm sure :
Indeed, from them I hope to know
Whither, for counsel I should go.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Do so!—but be it thine own adventure :—
—Where ghosts appear, or phantoms roam,
Philosophers, are always welcome,—
They, proud to prove their craft and lore,
Soon conjure up a dozen more!—
Who errs not, never proves sagacious!
Wouldst "Be?"—make then thyself *vivacious*.

HOMUNCULUS.

Wise counsel is of worth you know?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, go thy ways Coz—time will show!

(They separate.)

ANAXAGORAS *(to* THALES.)

Your rigid mind reluctantly gives way,—
Must I more cogent argument assay?

THALES.

The waves bend readily to every wind,
Towards rugged rocks, they are not so inclined.

ANAXAGORAS.

This rock-range, is the effect of igneous vapour.

THALES.

The germs of life, proceed from moisture!

HOMUNCULUS *(gliding between them.)*

Permit me, side by side, to stroll with you?

ANAXAGORAS *(to* THALES.)

Has e'er thy system, Thales!—in one night
Produced from slime—a mountain of such height?

THALES.

Never was Nature! in *her* use of powers,
Confined to day—or night—or hours:
She forms by general rules—the fine, the coarse:
On her *great* works—Nature, employs not force!

ANAXAGORAS.

But in this instance 'twas—Plutonic fire:—
The explosive power of subterranean ire
That sprung the level of Earth's crust,
Raising these Hills, by the gaseous burst.

THALES.

And were it so—what does that 'vantage you?
I own that they are here—and palpable to view.
But such discussion wastes, time, breath, and brains,
Convincing none—save *vastly* simple swains.

ANAXAGORAS.

Lo! the hill swarms with merry myrmidons,
To dwell within the clefts of the Rock:

Pigmies—Imsen—and little Thumbions,
With other busy things, of similar stock.

(To Homunculus.)

Ne'er hast thou soared to the sublime and great,
But monk-like lived—confined and separate:
Couldst thou, dispose thyself to reigning
I'd have thee consecrated, pigmies' King.

HOMUNCULUS.

What says my Thales?—

THALES.

I cannot so advise.
The little 'midst the small—*small* deeds pursue:
Amongst the great—small deeds, to *great ones* rise!
Behold! yon coming cloud of dusky cranes,
Threatening, the little folk in husky strains—
And thee,—hadst thou been pigmies' king!
With clutching feet and pointed beak,
War, with the Pigmy-race they seek,
O'er whom a stormy fate is lowering.—
Assassin-like, they slew the Heron race,
Who peacefully by quiet pools had place:
That fell day's murdering arrow-shower,
Has brought on them the cranic-power.
These,—the herns' relatives with maddened fury,
Swoop, for the forfeit blood of pigmy.
What now avails them helm and shield?
And what the hern-plume?—*they*, must yield.—
They falter! fly!—the Pigmies lose the day!
Scarce, Dactyli, and Imsen, get away.

ANAXAGORAS.

(After a pause, with much solemnity.)

Have I till now subterrene-influence praised?
On *their* behalf,—my voice I'll upward raise.
O Thou! high and eternal—never waxing old,
Threefold in person—and in name threefold!
In my folk's deep distress, I call on thee:
Diana! Luna! Hecaté!
Thou breast-expanding—deeply ruminative,—
Thou pensive-seeming—inwardly convulsive!
Open thy shadow-gulphs horrific—
And show thy ancient might,—devoid of magic.

(Pause.)

Am I too rashly heard!
Has my urgent cry
To the Powers on high
Nature's order severed?
Greater, and still more huge looms on,—
The Goddess' cipher-circled throne!
Monstrous to sight—portending potent ire!
Darker and darker grows the crimson fire!
No nearer!!—awfully-threat'ning Orb,—
Or thou wilt, us, and land, and sea absorb.—
So then it was no lie, no juggle or pretence,
That Witch of Thessaly, with magic sense
Did lure thee—from thy path to swerve,
And downward come, pernicious ends to serve?—
The growing shield's o'ercast!—it darkles—
It bursts—it flashes—sparkles!—
What a hissing—crackling—clashing,
What a thundering—storming—crashing!

—Humbled,—before thy throne, great One-and-Three!
I ask forgiveness:—It was I, invokéd Thee!

(He prostrates himself—his face to the ground.)

THALES.

What does not this Man see and hear (?)
Though matters be to *me*, not daylight clear;
Yet feel I nought of his sensation.—
Granted: that these are hours of perturbation,
Still Luna gently rides o'erhead
As heretofore—seeking her Orient bed.

HOMUNCULUS.

Bend now thine eyes towards Pigmies' habitat!—
The hill's now peaked,—whose top was flat.
Myself did feel a most outrageous shock!
From the moon's womb, came yonder summit-block,
Without so much as—with, or by your leave!
—Both friends and foes, are smashed I conceive.
Such powerful art, demands unbounded praise,
Forinasmuch, as in one night it did raise,
—Working from underneath, and aloof too—
A Mountain—such as that in view!—

THALES.

Not quite so fast there! —'tis illusion all!
No more—'bout that same *hateful* brood:
That you were not their King—is good!
—Now will we to an Ocean-festival!
Where Guests meet welcome, on their arrival.

(They withdraw.)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

(Clambering on the opposite side.)

To get thus far, I've been compelled to creep
Mongst gnarléd roots, and over rocky heap!—
Our Hartz, is redolent with resiny savour,
Partaking much of pitch,—and has my favour,
Next to dear sulphur!—but on this classic prance,
One breathes no breath of suchlike fragrance:—
Fain would I know, wherewith *they* feed, and poke,
Their helldom flames—and sinners' pangs provoke?

DRYAS.

Thou mayst be vastly clever when at home!
But here, thy wit is pointless, and unwelcome.
He should not bend his thoughts, towards quitted object,
But treat these sacred Oaks, with awe inspired respect.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The mind recurs to what it left behind:
The long-frequented spot,—is Paradise defined!
Say: what are they, who near yon cavern wall,
By gloomy light, in threefold person crawl?

DRYAS.

They are the Sisters-Phorcyade!
Challenge them—if thou'rt not afraid.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why not?—though seen with some surprise, I do not quake!
High stomached though I be,—I must admit,
That I ne'er crossed such creatures yet:
They are more hideous to the sight, than mandrake.

Could any one, denounced primeval Sin,—i' th' least
Find odious,—seeing yon triple-beast?
We,—should not suffer, suchlike forms to come
Over the threshold—of *our* Helldom!
But here they rooted are,—in the land of beauty!
And doubtlessly are famed,—as of the *true* antique.
They move—and by their gesture sniff me,—
Their voice resembles, vampire's twitter-squeak.

PHORCYADES.

Sisters, give here the eye!—that I demand
Who dares approach, our Temple's outer-rand?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Most honoured and revered!—by your kind leave—
I come—a threefold blessing to receive!
To you—in outward form—a stranger I believe!
Yet, err I not;—your 'sometime' distant relative.
I've seen the Gods esteemed most ancient,
Have before Ops and Rhea, lowly bent:—
I saw your sisters—Chaos' daughters—the Parcæ
Yesterday,—or a day or two before, as it may be!
But like to *you*, fair dames! I am sure
Mine eyes ne'er lighted on,—I'm mute from rapture!!

PHORCYADES *(to each other.)*

There's rhyme and reason, in this *foreign* Spirit!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I marvel ye have not been sung by Poet!
Tell me, how happened that—how could it be?
Nor has the Limner, as I think, e'er painted ye!

The Sculptor, should have placed your forms before us,
Rather than Juno—Pallas—Venus————!

PHORCYADES.

Dwelling in solitudes, and stillest night,
We never dreamt, *such praise*, were requisite.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How should you?—living from the world retired,
Seen here by *none*—of course by none admired!
You must away, and *there* be known
Where state and science, fill one throne!
Where every day, in soldier-like quick-time,
From marble blocks, spring forms sublime.
Where———

PHORCYADES.

Be still!—and breathe not in us lustings,
What stake have we in man's pomp-hustings?
Akin to the nocturnal,—born in night,—
Unknown,—save to ourselves—whence then delight?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I have expedient, apt for that fatality:—
You may transfer yourselves, to a deputy!
One eye contents you Three—so does one tooth:
'Tis therefore mythologically-easy, sooth
To deputate to Two, the property of Three!
Ergo,—the person of the Third can be lent to me,
For a short time:—

ONE.

What say my Sisters?—shall we try?

THE OTHERS.

Aye!—Aye!—but without tooth or eye!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Then were withheld the most essential part
To give the likeness:——marring limner's art!

ONE.

Shut you one eye—'tis easy I opine?
And show on t' other side the tooth canine,—
So hast thou doubtlessly, our profile
Sisterly-perfect!—with a wicked smile!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Much honoured (!)—be it so!

PHORCYADES.

Aye! so!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

(Assumes the garb of one of the PHORCYADES; and by shutting one eye and exposing one tusk, the likeness is striking.)

Said! and done!
Lo! before you, Chaos' much loved *son*!

PHORCYADES.

Chaos' *Daughters!*—beyond pledged plight.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I shall be called, O Shame! hermaphrodite.

PHORCYADES.

For future *ternion*—what increase of beauties!
We shall have twofold tooth, and eke, two eyes.

MEPHISTOPHELES *(to the audience.)*

I, for a time retire from eyes so bright,
To visit Hell's-pool—devils to affright.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

ROCKY BAY, ON THE ÆGEAN SEA.

The Moon in its Zenith.

SIRENS,

(Distributed o'er the cliffs,—lutes—singing.)

Has 'till now in night horrific,
Thessalian Witch, by aid of magic,
Allured thee down to earth,
Crime to shadow forth;—
So, from thy azure vaulted height,
Look graciously on *us* to night,—
And with thy mild beams, playfully
Spread spangles o'er the rippled sea,—
Doubly illuming ocean's host,
Who from the *depths* approach our coast.
—Anxious to serve thee, night or noon,
Be gracious to us, lovely Moon!

NEREIDS AND TRITONS,

(As Sea-Wonders.)

Sound aloud shrill minstrelsy!
Such as penetrates the Sea
And draws the depth-folk on.
—Ere the storm begins its slaughter,

We retire to quiet water,
Lured by voice of halcyon.
Lo! how we with gladsome rapture,
Come adorned with Ocean's capture;
Chains—and crowns—and jewelry:
Bangles and costliest girdlery,
—Yourselves vouchsafed us the display!
For all this shipwrecked finery
Was *toiled* for us, by minstrelsy
Of you!—the demons of our bay.

SIRENS.

Well we know that in the 'freshes,'
Congregate the healthiest fishes,—
Frisking, free from pain and care:
Now then, ye festal-moving Host,
Make palpable, on this our coast,—
That ye *more* than fishes are!

NEREIDS AND TRITONS.

Long before we hither came
Council held we 'bout the same:—
Sisters, brothers,—stir ye there!
It demands no voyage great,
Palpably to demonstrate
That we *more* than fishes are!

(They withdraw.)

SIRENS.

They are quickly out of sight!—
For Samothrace they sail aright,
And favouring breezes stir the air.—
What would they 'complish?—what espy,

In the realms of the Cabiri?
Who are gods,—mysterious and recluse;
—They evermore themselves produce,—
Themselves not knowing what they are!
Luna! ever fair and bright,
Tarry in thy azure height—
That the nightly, longer stay,
And morning chase us not away!

THALES,
(On the sea shore to HOMUNCULUS.)

Right willingly, I'd lead thee to old Nereus,
Whose sacred cave is not far from us,—
Had not the, old sour-cask! of late
Displayed a mind so obdurate:—
The peevish Greybeard's full of spite!
For man, with him does nothing right.
—Yet is futurity before him spread,
And therefore is he honouréd
By all mankind—seen or unseen:
—Full many a sailor's friend he hath been!

HOMUNCULUS.

Let's knock—we can but make a trial,
'Twill hardly cost me flame and phial?

NEREUS.

Are not those human voices that I hear?
Such fills my head with thoughts austere.
Fools!—who would be to the gods akin,
But doom'd, themselves alone to liken.—
Ages I might have joyed, in heavenly rest,
Had I not felt constrained, to aid the *best*

Of them.—beheld I then the end! I quailed
To find, my will had not availed
To benefit—and my kind wishes failed.

THALES.

Yet, Seer of the ocean! one confides in thee,
Fountain of knowledge!—what may be the destiny,
Of this bright Flame?—resembling man 'tis true:
It craves your counsel!—and will do it too!

NEREUS.

What counsel? did e'er counsel in man's acts appear?
No!—it has always icéd, in th' vestibule of his ear!
Although their deeds rebuke them oft and sore,
Mankind remain self-willed, as heretofore:
Oft did I strive young Paris to reclaim,
Ere, led by lust, he sought the Grecian dame.
On Sparta's strand he stood—eager to snatch the prize,—
What I foresaw and knew, I placed before his eyes:
The lurid sky—the heat, absorbing breath,—
The flaming rafters—reckless fighting—death!
Troy's reck'ning day!—rhythmetrically fix'd, and sung
For ages—shudderingly told, and widely rung.
Scorned by the Youth, was my advice paternal:
He followed his desires and—Ilium fell!
A giant corse—stiff from repeated struggles,
A welcome meal to lofty Pindus' eagles!—
Also Laertes' son!—to him I did foretell
Of hideous Cyclops—wily Circe's spell,—
Of thoughtless comrades—his own loitering,
And much beside:—did it e'er profit bring?

No! not 'till tossed about and harassed sore,
The billows bear him to—Alcinous' shore.

THALES.

Such conduct gives the Wise-man pain;—
The Good-man, tries good counsel once again!
A modicum of thanks, outweighs the feud
Raised in the senses, by ingratitude!
But, Sire! we came not here *small* grace to supplicate,
Yon Manikin affects corporeal state!

NEREUS.

Mar not my seldom-placidness, by your implore!
I feel a calm e'en now, unknown since days of yore.
My daughters hither come, their ancient Sire to please;
They are the graces of the main—the beauteous Dorides!
Not high Olympus—nor your fructive earth,
E'er to such fairy-forms gave birth:
They vault with sylph-like ease and grace,
From dragons-backs, to th' hippocampi race:
And are so light of frame, that when they roam,
They ride unpressingly the billows' foam!
Clad in the dazzling hues of Venus' car,
Comes on the paragon of form—my Galatea!
She, since Cypria left the earth and us,
Is worshipped as a goddess, even in Paphos!
Long, has that—bland-creation! made her own
Cytherea's temple-town, and scollop throne.
Now go your ways! unfit 'twere in such hour
For mouth to rail—or brow with hatred lower.
Away to Proteus! *he* well can tell you
How to 'exist'—and how change shape too!

THALES.

By this first step we've nothing won:
Meet we Sir Proteus—presto!—he is gone.
E'en should he stay, permitting short confer,
He'll fill you with amazement! causing you to err.
But since you're sent to him—we'll e'en assay
His honour's wisdom, should he come this way.

SIRENS *(from the rocks.)*

What see we out afar,
Gliding like Neptune's car?
They spread a snow-white sail
Catching the favouring gale:
Bright are they, as beauty's star!
Like mermaids glorified!
Let's to the green sea's side—
Heard ye not sounds afar?

NEREIDS AND TRITONS.

What our hands support—
To all brings comfort:
In Chelon's giant shield
Rude forms, a brightness yield!
Lofty Deities they are!
Let peans fill the air!—

SIRENS.

Diminutive in form,
Giants in might!
Saviours in a storm!
Ancient as night!

NEREIDS AND TRITONS.

Cabiri, come in state,—
To grace our peaceful fête,
Whenever they preside,
Neptune doth gently ride.

SIRENS.

Your underlings are we:
Is vessel lost at sea,
All powerful are you
To save the hapless crew.

NEREIDS AND TRITONS.

Three have we hither press'd,
The fourth one did protest:
He said he was the best!
And thought for all the rest.

SIRENS.

Gods may Gods traduce,
Uttering abuse—
Homage ye *all* Deities!
Fearing delinquencies.

NEREIDS AND TRITONS.

Seven there should be.

SIRENS.

Where——the other three?

NEREIDS AND TRITONS.

That, they did not tell us—
Perchance on Mount Olympus!

hth one may be sought,
one have thought,—
greet,
ot complete.
terminable,
re
; desire,—
UNATTAINABLE.

SIRENS.

st regards:
soon,
lords,
n or moon,
ay—*it* rewards!

NEREIDS AND TRITONS.

Our fame will be great—
For deeds at this Fête!

SIRENS.

The heroes of old story,
Fell short of such renown—
When, and what, their glory!—
They, made 'the Fleece' their own:—
You, and we, the Cabiri!

(Repeated a second time.)

They made the Fleece their own:
You, and we, the Cabiri!

(They withdraw.)

HOMUNCULUS.

Deformities,—they seem to me,
Worthless as unglazed crockery.
'Gainst them, anon, sage Go-to-beds!
Will crack their antiquarian heads.

THALES.

That quaint thought 's apt, and all too true;
With them, rust gives the coinage value.

PROTEUS.

That's not amiss! old Philofable:
Debasement makes things profitable!

THALES.

Where art thou, Proteus?

PROTEUS.

(Voice from divers places.)

Here!——and here!

THALES.

I well can pardon jest and jeer,—
But ancient friends, should show their faces:
I know you speak from divers places!

PROTEUS.

Farewell!

THALES,

(In an under-tone to HOMUNCULUS.)

He's very near!—more light—blaze out!
The fellow's prying as a fish;—

We tempt him from his hole no doubt?
Your flame, can *that* accomplish.

HOMUNCULUS.

Increase of light, I'll forthwith make,
But warily—or else my glass may break.

PROTEUS.

(In shape an enormous Tortoise.)

What's got the splendid light?—wherefore to glow restrain?

THALES,

(Secreting HOMUNCULUS.)

Good!—if 'tis thy wish to gaze on it again,
Let not small trouble make thee peevish,—
Assume the human form—slough off the brutish!—
Who would behold what I securely veil,—
Must through my, graciousness, prevail.

PROTEUS,

(Assuming the human.)

In worldly wiliness, thou'rt wise enough!

THALES.

Dost practise still, transforming human-stuff?

(Uncovering HOMUNCULUS.)

PROTEUS.

A splendid Man'kin!—such, did I never see!

THALES.

He craves your counsel—touching the 'To Be,'
And is, as I'm informed by him,
Come to the world half born!—he has whim,

And is in mental attributes most able:
He wishes to possess a body tangible,
As yet, glass, only gives him weight!
Most earnestly he yearns for 'man's-estate.'

PROTEUS *(to* HOMUNCULUS.)

Thou art a very virgin's son, I swear!
Before expected—thou wast there!

THALES.

(In under-tone to PROTEUS.)

Methinks his sex is somewhat critical,
Partaking of the hermaphroditical!

PROTEUS.

That's in his favour I should say!
For when, and where he IS, he'll prove *au fait.*

(To HOMUNCULUS.)

Your case requires no consultation—
The broad sea is your destination:
That being the element, for little beings,
Who gladly swallow, smaller things,—
Advancing so, until they reach
The fullest size designed for each!

HOMUNCULUS.

The air is bracing here, and calmly still,—
I like the temperature—I like the thrill!

PROTEUS.

No doubt you do, it is a-gracing—
Shortly, your senses will feel more:

Attend me to yon tongue of shore!
The atmosphere is *there*, more bracing.
I' th' distance comes a grand procession:
Thence can we see it with precision.
Come on!—

THALES.

I'll bear you company.

HOMUNCULUS.

'Twill be a *triple* Spirit-stroll I see!

THE TELCHINES OF RHODES,

MOUNTED ON HIPPOCAMPS, SEA-DRAGONS BEARING NEPTUNE'S TRIDENT.

CHORUS OF TELCHINES.

We forgéd the trident of Neptune amongst us,
Wherewith he the mightiest billows can still;
So when Zeus the thunderer, burst heavy cloud o'er us,
He was answered, by Neptune, with billows at will.
And if in fork'd lightnings, his thunderbolts darted,
The mountain-high-billows, from underneath started,—
Then what was betwixt them, in perilous motion,
Was round and round whirled, then engulphed in the ocean.
Revering this fête! he his Trident has lent us,
So float we all, stately, securely, yet vent'rous.

SIRENS.

You—to Helios dedicated!—
To the bright day consecrated—

Our joyful greetings!—ye do move,
Even Luna, to reverential love!

THE TELCHINES.

Adorable goddess! now riding in azure,
Who heareth her brother's, hosannas with rapture!
To Rhodus, the blesséd, thou lendest an ear,
For pæans are raised, to thy Helios there.
From dawning-day's brightness—till his travel is done,
Regaléd is it, by the rays of the sun;
Its mountains and cities, its shores and the billows,
Delight the warm god! and his radiance o'erflows.
No vapour surrounds it—but should mist appear,
With a glance! and a zephyr!—the island is clear.
There see we, the godhead, in numberless forms,
As stripling! as giant! with 'propriate charms.
Us Telchins it was, who with 'venturous mind,
Depicted the god! in the limbs of mankind.

PROTEUS.

Let them sing—and let them praise!—
The sacred sun's enlivening rays,
By breathless works can't be displayed!
Man moulds and melts—is undismayed,
And is the mimic form in glowing metal cast,
He calls his work divine—and thinks 'twill last:
But what's the end of *that*, wherein he prides?
The Deity is posted—o'er the port he strides!
'Till by an earthquake's heave—the god o'ertilted
Falls down—is sold—chopp'd up—and then re-melted!
All earth-born strivings, whatsoever they be,
Are mental failures,—and sheer botchery!

(To Homunculus.)

I' th' ocean thou wilt find more pleasing quarters;
Myself will bear thee to the waters
—A Proteus-Dolphin! *(he transforms)* 'tis done you see—
There, of perfection thou shalt hardly lack:
Quick! mount!—I'll take thee on my back,
And to the glassy ocean, I will marry thee.

THALES.

Submit unto his wishes readily,—
You enter on *existence*, in the sea.
For rash internal workings be prepared,
Thy growth, by primal principle is squared:
May'st undergo ten thousand changes carnate
Ere thou art fully ripe—for 'man's-estate.'

(Homunculus mounts the dolphin.)

PROTEUS.

Come gallantly with me, to yonder sea!
There wilt thou instantly begin to 'be,'
Ranging its breadth, and length, right wantonly:
Strive not for *highest* stage, in nature's plan,—
For hast thou once obtained the state of MAN,
Then is it verily 'all up' with thee!

THALES.

As it may chance—'tis something let me say,
To be distinguished in one's day!

PROTEUS.

Aye,—famed as was thyself, perchance:
Then,—might he justly claim, endurance,

For I have seen you, years among
The pallid-visaged, ghostly throng.

SIRENS *(from the rocks.)*

What a ring of downy clouds,
Halo-like—on Luna crowds!
Doves they are, by love inspired,
Borne on pinions white as light:
Thither, Paphos has desired
Her ever fervent, cooing flight.—
Rife is now our Festival,
Fraught with rapturous joys to all!

NEREUS *(approaching* THALES.)

Yon Luna-hoop!—the *night* observer,
Might give to atmospheric laws,—
But spirit's eye-ball pierces further,
And can investigate the cause.—
They, are white turtles that escort,
My Galatea's scollop throne:
A wondrous flight of matchless sort!
Tutor'd, in ages long since flown.

THALES.

I do commend the bright idea
Unfolded by the worthy seer.—
The saintly one, knows what is best,—
Who keeps life warm, in downy nest!

PSELLI AND MARSI.

(Mounted on Sea-Bulls, Heifers, and Rams.)

In the rocky caverns of Cyprus,
—Not sand-locked by Neptunus,—

Nor by Seismos made to quake,—
Where the brisk breezes wake,—
We, as in ages distant far,
With silent duty and delight
Guard Cytherea's car.
And lead midst the whispers of night
O'er ocean's wave-tresses so bright,—
Invisible to mortal eye,
Doris' fair daughter Galaty !
We, the silent-working-ones—fear none.—
Whether eagle, or winged lion,
Cross or crescent,
Be in the ascendant:
Nor heed we defeats, or victory,
Expulsion, or massacre,
Ruin'd crops, or city.—
But in silent servitude delighting,
Hither our loveliest mistress bring.

SIRENS.

Gently speeding—rhythmic working,
Round the splendid chariot circling,
Serpentine the rows appearing,—
See, the festal host is nearing
With Cypria's scollop car.—
—Agile Nereids they are,
Buxom and sportively endearing.—
Closer-in—bland Dorides,
Tend on Doris' *fairer* likeness;—
August, as highest goddess;
And worthier immortality—

Possessing *human* affability!—
Which kindles love, and loves to please.

DORIDES,

(In Chorus as they pass NEREUS, all mounted on Dolphins.)

Lend us Luna—light and shade,
That, most *Art*-like, be displayed,
These fairest flowers of youth!
Beauteous Bridegrooms! we present,
Hoping for our Sire's consent:—
Whose word is truth.—

(To NEREUS.)

With Striplings we have hither sped,
Snatched from the surges' grim domain;—
We laid them on soft mossy bed,
And thawed their limbs to life again:
With warmest kisses, they would now,
Gratefully their passion show.—
Father,—a favouring look bestow!

NEREUS.

Such double gain be highly estimated,—
Enjoyment! from the compassionated!

DORIDES.

Does then our Father, praise our doing?
Fav'ring our ardent wishes sooth!
If so, we clasp the deathless, wooing
Boys,—to our breasts, of constant youth.

NEREUS.

Much enjoyment 'tend your capture,
Striplings soon will manhood gain.—

No power have I to lengthen rapture,
That,—Zeus only can ordain.
The changing waves whereon you lie,
Deny to lovers, constancy.—
So when the sport of passion's o'er,
Put ye, the gentle youths ashore.

DORIDES.

Blessed Youths! we prize you much,
Yet part must we—our fate is such.
Our true desire for lasting love—
Pleaseth not the Gods above.

SAILOR BOYS.

Ah! we hoped you would continue
Kindness to us, sailor-boys:—
We reluctantly shall leave you!
—Never more to taste of joys.

NEREUS.

(GALATEA approaches in CYTHEREA's Scallop Car.)

'Tis Thee!—O my beloved!

GALATEA.

Father!—what extacy!
Stay dolphins!—the sight enchants me!

NEREUS.

Passed is the car—and festal retinue—
In the full-swing of their gay gliding!
Unconscious, of my fond heart's, inward-chiding;
Take!—O take me with you?
—Yet, one short glance, of daughterly affection,—
Repays a year of—fatherly dejection.

THALES.

Hail! hail! anew all hail!—
Youth's blossom-joys, again prevail
At sight of thy most beauteous daughter—
All,—all that is, had birth in water!!
And is sustainéd by that Element!
Ocean! grant us thy lasting management.
Didst thou not, the full cloud send us,
The rapid rushing torrent lend us,
The gurgling brook,—and its receiver
The stately moving, ample river:
What were the Mountains, Plains,—the World?—
In thee,—are the buds of *freshest* life unfurled.

ECHO.

In thee,—are the buds of freshest life unfurled.

NEREUS.

That they return I can descry,
But not to meet *me* eye to eye.
In extended, chain volutions,
Pleased to show their festal motions,
Countless numbers wind along.
But the car of Galaté
Ever and anon I see,—
Sparkling like a star among
The densely thick, and playful throng.
Still, above all, my Galaté!
Shines brightly clear—
Ever certain, ever near.

HOMUNCULUS.

In this blessed humid state,
All that I illuminate
Enchants my soul.

PROTEUS.

In this life-humidity
Thy brightness burns more brilliantly,
And thy clear tones pervade the whole.

NEREUS.

Amidst the troop, what novel mystery
Bursts on my eager-searching eye—
Now blazing round my daughter's feet
Refulgent—lovely—softly sweet,—
As did *love-pulses*, guide its play?

THALES.

Homunculus 'tis! by Proteus led astray:—
Those, the sure symptoms of impetuous yearning,
And presage shrieks, of torture-like love-burning!
He'll smash his lamp, against her throne no doubt,—
Behold! it flashes, flames,———now gushes out.

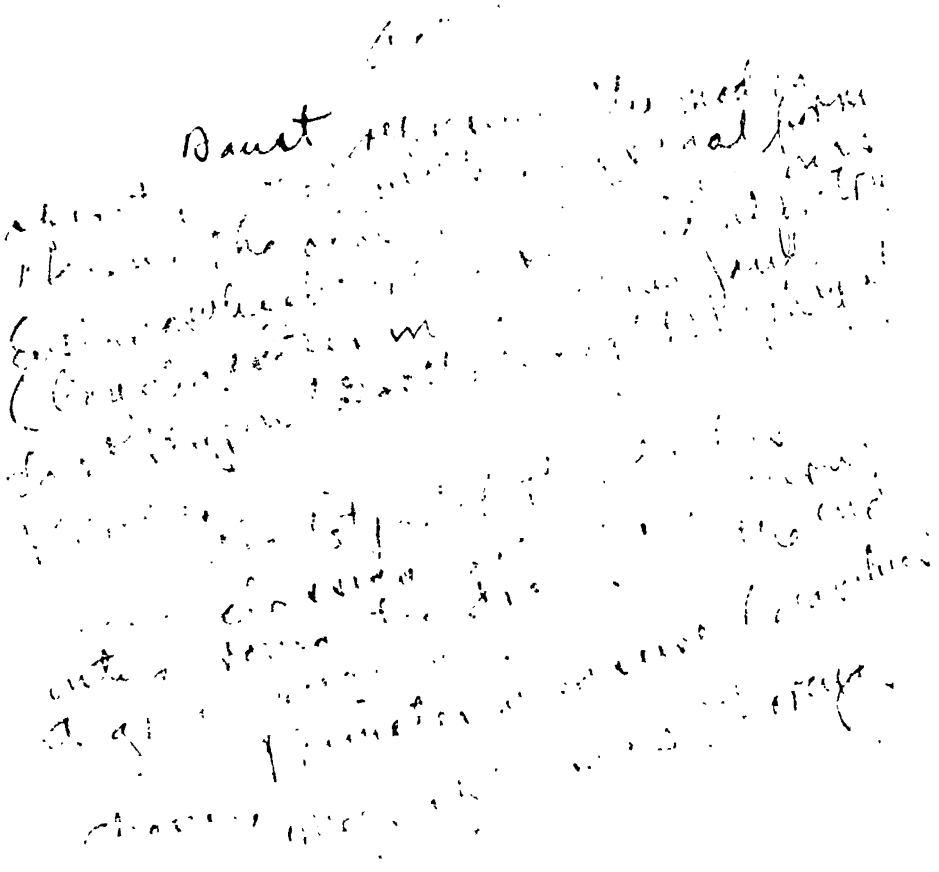
SIRENS.

What igneous wonder—brightens the dark waves?
In coruscating dashings, billow now billow braves.
—A sparkling, fluctuating, lucid light,
Makes matter fulgent, midst the shades of night!
The brilliant glowing now o'erspreads the Ocean:—
So, governed Eros!—who the ALL began.
Hail ample sea!—hail gentle billows!
O'er which the hallow'd fire glows;

Hail water!—hail, igneous element!
And hail to,—this development!!

ONE AND ALL.

Hail to ether's breezy waves!
Hail to all mysterious caves!—
Now in loftiest pæan share,
Hail Water! Fire! Earth! and Air!!



ACT III.—Scene I.

SPARTA, BEFORE THE PALACE OF MENELAUS.

Helena—Chorus of Captive Trojan Dames. Panthalis—the leader.

HELENA.

Straight, from that point of shore, whereon we landed:
—Giddy, and reeling yet, from the rude tossings,
And up-heavings of the waves, that bear our bark
—By Neptune's favour, and old Eurus' might———
On their high, bristling shoulders,
From sad Ilium's gory plain, back to
My country's pleasant bays,—the much admired,
Yet more abuséd Helen comes;—leaving upon
The sunny strand King Menelaus, midst
His trusty warriors,—wassailing their return.
O bid me welcome! prized and honoured structure!
Rais'd by my father Tyndarus, when he returned
From travel—after his own peculiar taste—
On Pallas' hill.——thou dost revive in me,
Remembrance of those joyous days, when I,
With Clytemnestra sisterly,—and with Castor,
And with Pollux gladly played, and grew.
Magnificent wert thou—beyond the proudest homes
Of Lacedæmon's noblest Princes.—
Saluted be thy brazen-wingéd portal:
Through whose wide-spreading, guest-receiving doors,—
The chosen-one of many, clothed in
Bridegroom splendour, sought me with

A Lover's smile:—the lofty Menelaus!—
O, be they open to me now—that I fulfil
With care and promptitude, a stern behest,—
As doth become the Consort of a King.
—Receive me! and be the changes big with fate,—
Which to this hour have rudely press'd on me,
Shut out:—for *since*—unconscious then of care—
I left this spot to visit Venus' Fane,
As was my pious duty—and was there, by Phrygian
Robber seized, and carried off—much has occurred;—
Of which the people talk with eager tongue:—
Unwilling heard by *her*, who is the sport
Of their too oft-repeated, ever-gaining story.

CHORUS.

Disdain not splendid Dame! the sway, attendant,
On fairest dower awarded woman!
—Long time adjudged to Thee,—
The fame of Beauty!—all other power, surpassing.
—The Hero's name precedes his stately coming,—
Therefore moves he on, with lofty strides.
But at the captivating power of Beauty,
Man's stubbornness of mind bows lithesomely.

HELENA.

Enough! enough! I hither with my Consort sailed,
And now, by him, am destined to the regal town:
What his intent may be, I cannot penetrate.
Come I his wife—or but his Consort Queen?
Come I an offering for a monarch's sorrow—
Or destined sacrifice, for Grecian war-mishaps?

Captured I am—if captive,—know I not?
Beauty's, two close attendants, Fame, and Fatality,
The Gods allotted me, in words ambiguous.
Even now, upon the Palace threshold, they
Do force on me their dark and threat'ning presence.
—Aboard the hollow bark,—my husband
Scarcely look'd on me,—nor spake he once
A cheering word:—in deepest thought he sat—
Brooding, as did appear to me, on purposed ill:—
Soon as Eurotas' friendly port we made—
Ere yet the foremost prow had touched the land,—
Thus spake he, as if prompted by some God.
" Here be my Warriors disembarked in goodly order,
Forming upon the strand, for my inspection.
But *thou* must forwards go:—proceeding by
The fruit-abounding bank of blest Eurotas,
Guiding thy steeds across the flow'ry marshes,—
Until they reach the splendid plain,
Where Lacedæmon—once a cultivated field,
By hills begirt,—now stands in massive grandeur.
Enter thou the tower-surmounted Palace,
And summon all the maids I left behind,—
Together with the shrewd Old Stewardess,
That they disclose to thee the treasure hoards:
Such as thy Father left, and such as I—
In War, and Peace, have greatly added to.
There thou wilt meet, all, duly ranged,—for 'tis
A Prince's privilege—that in his palace
He find all things safe when he return, and each
Bright vessel in its proper place—e'en as he left it:
For servant, has no delegated power
To change—or alter aught when he's away."

CHORUS.

Let the abounding treasure
Gladden thine eye and heart:—
For there lie, jewelled chain,
And crown—the pomp of royalty—
In proud and vain conceit.
Advance and challenge them!—
They'll promptly heed thy summoning,
—Ever rife to wage comparison.
It delighteth me to see
Beauty! in *rivalry*
Opposed to—gold, and pearls, and jewelry!

HELENA.

Thus ended Menelaus' stern command.
" When thou hast mistress-like, inspected all,—
Then take of tripods, and of vessels, such
As are required for sacrificial rites
On highest festival. The caldron
And the basons, and the shallow salvers,—
And be there store of purest water, from the
Sacred well in taper ewers—moreover,
Wood that readily ignites, in quantity;
Nor let the keen-edged knife be wanting:
What more is requisite—be trusted to thy care."
So spake he—urging my departure:
But nothing did he say touching the
Breathing victim he would slay, in honour
Of the high Olympians:—'tis passing strange!
But I no more will sadly brood thereon.—
Leaving, to the mighty gods to finish,
What they, in secret synod have ordained:

Whether esteemed for good or ill, by man!—
Mortality must bear, and patiently submit.
Time has been, when the heavy axe, raised high
Above devoted victim's earth-bowed head,
Has failed to fall,——stayed by the near approach
Of foe,—or by the intervention of some god.

CHORUS.

What is to be, no thinking may reveal:
Advance with confidence, illustrious Queen!
The good or evil, that befalls mankind,
Comes with uncertainty;————
Foretold,—we trust not the foreteller.
Was not Troy in flames?—and saw we not
Before our eyes—death?
An ignominious death!
Yet, are we here—attendants on a Queen!
And joyful in our servitude,—
Beholding heaven's all glorious sun;
And thee—the paragon of beauty!
So kind, so truly gracious!—happy, happy we!

HELENA.

Come then what may! whate'er betide, it doth
Beseem me to ascend, and enter straight
The royal house!—that, long deprived-of,
Much desired—and nearly forfeited abode,
Greets my sad eyes again;—I *know not* how!—
My feeble limbs, bear me but slowly up
The steps,—which when a girl, I mounted
Like the bounding roe.

CHORUS.

Cast, O my sisters—
Ye sorrowing prisoners!
Your pangs to the wind.
Share in our mistress' joy—
In fair Helen's joy,
Who to her father's hearth
Though late returning,—
With firm foot
Now gladly advances.
Praised, be the holy,
Safely-restoring,
Home-guiding gods!
The emancipated
Float, as on pinions,
O'er the rapids of life.
Whilst the lone captive,
With outstretch'd arm,
From his prison battlements
Longs, and languishes
For liberty—in vain.
But a god protected
The far distant one!
And from Ilium's ruins
Brought her back,
To the old—now re-adornéd
Mansion of her father,—
After unheard-of
Joys, and sorrows:
To be refreshed—
By th' reminiscences
Of youthful days.

PANTHALIS.

Leave we, the joy-abounding path of song!
To bend our eyes towards yonder folding doors:
O Sisters! what behold we?—is it not
Our mistress who retreats—with proud, yet hurried step?
What has befallen gracious Queen—what chanced
Within the palace, more than servants' greeting,
Thus to alarm thee?—concealment is in vain!
For strong aversion sits upon thy brow,—
And lofty anger, struggles with surprise.

HELENA.

(Who has left the folding-doors wide open—much excited.)

Unworthy fear, affects not Zeus' daughter!
Nor has the passing-hand of shudder, touched her:
But horror! such as sprang eruptive, from the lap of Night,
In the beginning,—and in diversity of shape
Vomits up fire—making hero's heart to quake—
Has grappled me!—for *this* day, have the Stygians
So horror-marked my visit to the palace,
That I—the oft-trod, long-desired threshold
Have quitted, like rejected guest,—not to return again.
Yet no!—I've but retreated to the light!
Nor shall ye—ye powers! be ye, who ye may!
Urge me one footstep further.—
Of holy incense I will think,—for purified
Should be the hearth's clear fire, that welcomes wife,
Even, as that which brightly greets, the husband.

PANTHALIS.

Reveal unto thy servants, royal Dame,—
What there befell?

HELENA.

What I have seen—that will ye witness soon,—
If ancient Night, in the void depths
Of her mysterious lap, have not already,
Re-engulphed, the hideous form.—meanwhile
That you do something know, I will essay
The power of words.
As I the royal house's sombre inner-hall,
Brooding on urgent duty, gravely trod;
Astounded was I, at the stillness of the passages:
No sound of busy doings met the ear,
Nor sign of planned officiousness the eye;
No willing maidens hurried to attend me,—
Nor stewardess!—whose duty ever was,
To greet the coming stranger, courteously.—
But as I neared the ample hearth,
There saw I, seated on the ground, beside
Some smould'ring embers,—a veiled woman!
Not resembling one who slept—but one who ruminated.
With commanding tone, I bid her to her work,
Believing,—that she was the Stewardess
My ever-careful husband had appointed—
Ere he did leave for Aulis.—the coiled-up being
Sat unmoved:—at length, upon my threatening louder,
She raised her arm, and motioned me insultingly
To quit—both hearth and hall!
I turned away in anger,—hastening towards
The steps that lead, to where the festal thalamos
Was raised—near to the treasure chamber.
Which marking, the mysterious One up rose,—
And placed herself audaciously before me,

Barring my further progress:—she displayed
A figure tall and haggard—with a livid look,—
Confusing eye and mind!—
But I waste words—for words in vain essay
To give you, graphic knowledge of her form.

(PHORCYAS is seen standing in the porch.)

Behold herself!—the monster dares to meet
The light of day!—here are *we* paramount!
Until the King himself appear in person.
But Phœbus—beauty's trusty friend—will chase
To caverns dark, this horrid progeny
Of Night!—or tame it, to submissiveness.

CHORUS.

What have I not endured?—
Although my locks unbleached
Still play around my temples:
Of the horrible I've ample seen, and heard!
The shrieks and woes of war,—
And the appalling night,
When Ilium fell! !——
Amidst the tumult, and close pressure
Of dust-beclouded combatants,
I heard the rending voices of the gods!
I heard the iron notes of conflict
Draw near, and nearer, our devoted walls!
Ah me!—then, stood they firmly,—
The walls of Ilium stedfast stood!
Erewhile, devouring flames sprang up,
Consuming palace after palace,
Till the nocturnal city
Was a mass of fire, urged

By the wind itself occasioned.
In my flight—I saw amidst
The smoke and glow o' th' flames,
Enragéd gods approach,
Frantic with hate:—
Terrific forms of giant-stature,
Stalked o'er the burning ruins,—
Half-hidden by the suffocating vapour.
Saw I—or did my horror-stricken soul,
Picture the dire confusion?—
Which?—I could never tell.
—But, that I have before mine eyes
Yon hideous one—is certain!
Certain, that I could touch the monster,
Did not disgust, and dread of contact
Paralyse my arm.—
Which of Phorcys' daughters art thou?
—Comparable to them alone—
Art not of the grey-born?
Of that hateful, eye-and-tooth-borrowing
Sisterhood?
And darest thou, monster!
Show thyself beside earth's Beauty,
And before the scrutinizing eye
Of Phœbus?—
But thou mayest come,—
For His enlivening eye
Ne'er beams on the unsightly,
—It never looked on shadow!—
Alas! it is the sad,
But fated lot of mortals,
To be doomed to suffer

Th' eye-pangs, which the hideous
And unhallowed,
Force upon the friends of beauty.
Hear me! thou who dost
Insultingly advance,—
Hearken to my curses!—
And to reproaches,
From the imprecating
Mouths of these!
The happy offspring of the gods!

PHORCYAS.

Old is the saying!—yet the sense abides,—
"Beauty! and shame! ne'er hand in hand
Trod o'er the verdant path of life."
Deep-rooted primal-hate, dwells in them both;
Which makes them—should they meet upon the way,
Recoil; and as in scorn, their backs upon each other turn,
Moving with double speed adversely.
Shame, full of sadness—Beauty, of pride and boldness,
Until the cavern night of Orcus, gulphs them both;
Unless, old age has interfered, to fetter them.
Here find I—bold ones, of a foreign land,
Full to o'erflowing of audacious pride!—
Like screeching cranes are ye—who journeying
In long, and dusky clouds,—hurry to earth
Their hoarse and grating tones, forcing
The musing wanderer to look up:—onward they pass—
And he pursues his way:—so must it be with us.—
Who are ye then? that near the royal palace,
Mænades-wild, and drunken-like,—dare callot thus?
Who are you? that you do howling bay

The mansion's guardian, as dogs bay the moon?
You think perchance, I know not of what race you be—
Ye war-engendered! slaughter-nurtured hatch!—
Insolent wantons are ye! frail, and burning to seduce:
Abstracters of the warrior's—as the burgher's strength!—
Together clump'd, ye seem a swarm of locusts,
Ready to 'light upon the earing corn,—
—Destructive of another's industry.—
Lickerish consumers of up-sprouting wealth are ye!—
A captured, flawed, trucked,—market-piece-of-goods—
art Thou! (Addressed to PANTHALIS.)

HELENA.

Who scolds the serving-maids in presence of the mistress,
Grossly invades the Dame's prerogative!
For to her belongs, the right to praise or censure:
—With the services of these, I'm well content.
They showed me faithful duty, when the strength
Of Ilium was beleaguered,—also when it fell!—
Nor less, upon the tedious homeward passage,
When all were wont, to think but of themselves,—
They did me soothing service.—And *here*,
Expect I like good offices.—The master,
Asks not whence the slave—but *how* he serves?
Therefore, be still, and rail no more at *these!*
—Hast *thou* trustworthily performed thy part,
Within the royal house—as house dame's
Substitute:—it shall be reckoned to thine honour.
But since Herself is here—do thou retire,
Lest punishment assume the place of recompense.

PHORCYAS.

Boldly to threaten *her* who many years

Has wisely managed things—is sooth
A *nice* prerogative—becoming Consort
Of the Heaven-loved King (!)—

Being *now* recognized:—and as it is
Thy will, to re-assume the characters of Queen!
And Stewardess!—take you the long time slacken'd reins,
And chief command,—the treasures—and us all.
But I the aged-one! claim special safeguard,
From this Trojan hatch!—who, near the influence
Of thy swan-like beauty!—are but a flock
Of, silly, weak-winged, cackling geese.

LEADER OF CHORUS.

How hideous to the eye, is ugliness, where beauty reigns!

PHORCYAS.

How worse than foolish, folly! where pure wisdom rules.

(Here the Chorus advance severally, and retire again, after giving vent to the diatribe.)

FIRST CHORUS.

Tell of thy father Erebus!—and of thy mother, Night!

PHORCYAS.

Of Scylla colloquate—thy natural cousin!

SECOND.

Monsters!—are in thy filthy genealogy.

PHORCYAS.

To gloomy Orcus with thee!—there, *thy* kindred seek.

THIRD.

Its dwellers, are too young and fair, for thee.

PHORCYAS.

Get you away! and *coo* at Old Teresias.

FOURTH.

Orion's wet-nurse, was thy lineal daughter!

PHORCYAS.

Harpies, did nurture thee, in stench and filth!

FIFTH.

With what dost gorge, thy fostered haggardness?

PHORCYAS.

Not human blood!—for which *thou* yearnest.

SIXTH.

For carrion *thou* dost long—thyself cadaverous!

PHORCYAS.

Thy railing mouth, has glossy vampire teeth!

SEVENTH.

Thine could I close,—were I to tell thy name.

PHORCYAS.

First name thyself!—the riddle, then were solved.

HELENA.

More sorrowful than angry, step I *now*, between ye,
Forbidding such unworthy tongue-encounter:
For nothing to a ruler is more heart-distressing,
Than rancorous quarrels, 'mongst devoted slaves.
The echo of command—returns not then
In pleasing sounds, of quick accomplished deeds.

No! for loud-railing altercation, stuns the ear;
And orders, and reproof, are both unheard.
Yet more—you have in your unseemly rage,
Brought to my mind, the forms of things unblest,
Such as have weighed upon me,—making me to feel
As were I dragged to Orcus, from my country's meads.
Is it remembrance?—or has delusion seized on me?—
Was I all that? am I it?—shall I hereafter,
Be the dreamy scarecrow, of those city-desolaters?—
The maidens tremble—thou, the elder one,
Art more composed:—speak to me therefore words of sense.

PHORCYAS.

Who, has experienced years of varied happiness!
Esteems at last, Heaven's blessings but a dream.
Beyond all measure *thou* didst favour find,—
And in the ranks of life, didst meet but ardent lovers,
Rashly enkindled to advent'rous deeds.—
Theseus! urged by desire, seized thee—a child!—
Of comely form was he—and muscular as Hercules.

HELENA.

He bore me off—a ten-year'd, slim gazelle,
And Aph'nus' tower, in Attica, enclosed me.

PHORCYAS.

By Castor, and by Pollux, thou wert promptly rescued:
And then wast wooed,—by Hellas' worthiest heroes.

HELENA.

Of all the chiefs,—I favoured most Patroclus—
Pelides' second self.

PHORCYAS.

But thy sire betrothed thee, to Menelaus,
The keen *sea*-ranger,—also *home*-preserver!?

HELENA.

He gave to him,—his daughter, and his kingdom!
And from that union—sprang Hermione.

PHORCYAS.

Yet, when to Crete he went, claiming succession to the crown:
Unto lone Helen came, an all too handsome guest.

HELENA.

Ah, why remind me of that partial Widowhood—
And all the woes that thence ensued?

PHORCYAS.

That voyage, fated *me,* a freeborn dame,
To be a prisoner,—doomed to years of servitude!

HELENA.

On his return he placed thee here as Stewardess—
Entrusting to thee Treasury, and Palace!

PHORCYAS.

The same you left behind, for Ilium's
Wall-girt town,—and undrained love-joys!

HELENA.

Talk not of joys! my heart has ever been
O'erwhelmed by poignant sorrow.

PHORCYAS.

'Tis said, that *twofold* thou wert seen?—
In Ilium, and in Egypt, at like time!

HELENA.

Destroy not, my too nearly frantic brain!
Even now I know not, *which* of them, I was.

PHORCYAS.

And then 'tis said, that from the World of Shades,
Achilles came, an ardent suitor to thee?—
He, having loved thee erst, against the will of Fate.

HELENA.

I, as a Phantom, was to him a Phantom! bound.
It was a dream—so do the words imply.
I faint,—and shall anon become—a Phantom to myself.

(She sinks into the arms of the semi-chorus.)

CHORUS (*to* PHORCYAS.)

Be silent,—silence!
Ill-favoured, foul-tongued monster!
Out of thy horrid one-tooth'd-mouth,
Out of that yawning throat,
What good, or kindly, can be breathed?
Thy cruel,—seeming-like benevolence,—
Thy wolfish nature 'neath the fleece,—
Is more affrighting to me
Than the jaws, of triple-headed Cerberus!—
In agony we listen;—
Wherefore?—since nought
But hate and malice,

Issue from thy hideousness—
Instead of friendly, and consoling greeting,
And Lethe-bringing words;
Thou'st conjured from the by-gone,
Of Evil, more than Good,—
Dark'ning the brightness of the present:
Together with the sunny dawn of Hope
That beamed upon the future.
Be thou hush—quite still!—
That so the royal soul
Prepared for flight,
Remain united—
To the fairest form, that Sun e'er shone upon!

(HELEN is coming to herself.)

PHORCYAS.

Break from obscuring cloud—light of our day!
Thou! who hast, 'raptured us when veiled:—now in thy glory reign!
And as the world again unfolds itself to thee—
Develope thou,—the brightness, of THY glance on us:
What though they branded me with ugliness,—
Yet have I sight, and feeling for the beautiful!

HELENA.

(Revived, and joining the Chorus.)

Falteringly I tread,—escaped, from void unconsciousness!
Fain would I taste of balmy sleep—for weary are my limbs.
Of queens it is required, as 'tis of all mankind,—
To soothe, and fortify themselves, against impending fate.

PHORCYAS.

Thou art now before us in full blaze of beauty, and liege majesty!
Thy looks betide command,—what is thy will? give to it words, O queen!

HELENA.

Let then the negligence your strife occasioned, be made good,
By ready preparation, for the offering,—such as the king commanded.

PHORCYAS.

Within is bason, tripods—and the keen edged axe
And all that's requisite for sprinkling, and for incense:
Name the victim?

HELENA.

None, did the king point out!

PHORCYAS.

None!!—Oh words of woe.

HELENA.

What grief has seizéd thee?

PHORCYAS.

Queen!—thyself wast meant.

HELENA.

Me?—

PHORCYAS.

And these.

CHORUS.

Woe, woe, to us!

PHORCYAS.

Thou,—by the axe wilt fall.

HELENA.

Horrible! yet long foreboded.—Ah me!

PHORCYAS.

It seems inevitable.

CHORUS.

And us? what will become of us?

PHORCYAS.

SHE, dies a noble death.
But on the topmost beam, which rests upon the gables:
Like springe-caught Thrushes, YE shall dangle.

(The Chorus form themselves in groups.)

Spectres!——like bodies petrified ye stand!
Scared by the thought of quitting day—that not to you belongs!
Mankind, who are a mass of ghostly things, like to yourselves,
Reluctantly renounce the splendid Day-light!
No praying gets them off—none, rescue them from death!
All, know they have to die—yet few admire the change.
Enough of this! *Your*, time is come—no more delay!

(Claps—mummed Dwarfs appear at the door, who follow the orders as given.)

Hither! ye dusky, barrel-bellied, punchy rascals!
Trundle your ball-like bodies in,—mischief is here, enow,
Go fetch, and duly place, the golden-horned altar,—
And let the burnished axe hang o'er its silver rim.
Fill up the water ewers—that so the purple blood that flows
Defilingly,—be promptly cleansed away.—

Moreover, be there costliest carpet spread,
That so, the destined victim, kneel down royally,—
And that the quivering trunk, and head—be worthily
Rolled up; then, as beseems her lofty rank—interred.

LEADER OF THE CHOIR.

The Queen—apart—stands wrapt in deepest thought,
And the doomed maidens droop like new-mown grass.
Therefore, it doth devolve on me—their chief,
To hold discourse with you;—of birth primeval!
Experiencéd and wise! who seem'st to wish us well,
Despite the insults, offered by our brainless choir:
Say therefore—what of rescue thou dost know?

PHORCYAS.

Quickly 'tis said!—but all depends upon the Queen!
It is with her, to save herself—and you—and all of us:—
But quickest resolution, and stout courage, are required.

CHORUS.

Worthiest of the Parcæ! wisest of the Sibyls!
Closed, hold the golden shears—telling us of life and bliss.
Already, do we feel the pangs of thrushlike-dangling
Throughout those limbs, which loved to ply the dance,
And then sought sweet repose—by lovers' side.

HELENA.

Heed not those trembling ones! sorrow I feel,—not fear!
Yet knowest thou of rescue, great shall be our gratitude.
To those who have a wise, and penetrating mind,
The seemingly impossible, ofttimes proves possible—speak!

CHORUS.

Speak! tell us quickly, how we may escape
The frightful nooses? more hateful, than envenomed adder,
Coiléd around our necks,—the very thought of them,
Chokes us already—O Rhea! mother of the Gods!
Vouchsafe compassion!

PHORCYAS.

Have ye patience, to hearken to a tedious prelude
Silently?—for many are the incidents I have to tell.

CHORUS.

Patience enough! for whilst we listening stand, we live!

PHORCYAS.

Who knows to keep at home, and heap up treasure,—
Holding his mansion's lofty walls cemented,
And its high roof secure 'gainst pelting rains,—
Will live in peace, and comfort all his days:
But he whose errant feet forsake his home—
Leaving the sacred threshold wantonly,—
Will find on his return, 'tis true, the quitted spot,
But all transmogrified!—if not destroyed.

HELENA.

Wherefore, those trite, and well-remembered axioms?
Thou wouldst narrate?—why *dwell* upon the grievous!

PHORCYAS.

Historic anecdote!—not purposing reproach!
But I'll proceed:—intent on booty, Menelaus steered
From bay to bay—mainland and island bucaneering!
The spoil he homeward brought, and safely stowed within.

—Then before Troy he wasted ten long years.
How many more upon his voyage back,—know I not.
But what has been the course of things the while, at home?
How fares it here? where stands thy father's house.
And how throughout the *vagrant* monarch's ample realm!?

HELENA.

Is chiding then so interwoven with thy nature,
That sans reproach, thou canst not move thy lips?

PHORCYAS.

The valley-ridge!—which stretches rearward Sparta
—Behind Taygetus, rising northward,—where Eurotas
—There a lovely brook—rolls down, and in the reedy bottom
Spreading, nurtures your Swans,—on flowing
Through this vale:——had long remained forsaken.
On that same lonely spot amidst the mountains:—a stout
And daring race, outbursting from Cimmerian night,
Have fixed themselves;—and built a castle unassailable!
Whence, they the land and people, vex or soothe at will.

HELENA.

Have they so much accomplished? impossible it seems!

PHORCYAS.

They have had time!—perchance some twenty years.

HELENA.

Under one leader?—a band of robbers—confederates?

PHORCYAS.

Not robbers!—albeit amongst them, one holds sway.

No cause have I to rail at him: he sought me out,
And might have plundered; but was well content,
With free-will contribution————————not called tribute!

HELENA.

How looks he?

PHORCYAS.

Comely!—I favour'd him, at sight!
For he is sprightly, tow'ring, and well-formed!
His like, is rarely found in Greece: a man of knowledge!
We, rudely term his folk barbarian,—but methinks
They practise more civility, than those who 'leaguered
Troy,—
Where many a much-famed hero, cannibalic proved.
I trusted to his loftiness of mind, and gave him welcome:
You should see his splendid Castle! 'twould glad your eyes.
'Tis other, than the bulky, coarse, squat masonry,
Your boasted fathers, clumsily up-piled!—
Cyclopic-cyclopean, pond'rous unhewn stones!
Heaped masses of unchiselled rock!—but there!
The whole is squared by line and rule, and nicely even.
Viewed from without—it seems to touch the clouds!
And has its seams so closely joined, it rivals polished steel.
To clamber-up were vain—the very thought slips down!
Within,—there is an ample court quadrangular,
Whose every side displays rich tracery,—
Columns and pilasters, arches great and small,
Light balconies,—and internal corridors are seen,
With arms emblazoned!

HELENA.

What call you—arms emblazoned?

PHORCYAS.

Such as great Ajax! bore upon his shield:
A coiled-up snake in colours,—perchance you saw it?
The Seven, who summoned Thebes, bore quaint devices:
The Moon:—Stars, upon a night-resembling ground:
A Goddess: Hero: Ladder: Swords: and Torches crossed:
Conceits, most threatening to beleaguered Towns.
Such-like armorial signs, borne by their ancestors,
Have these proud warriors, blazoned on their Shields.
Also on Banners:—lions, eagles, claws and beaks of birds,
Horns, outstretched wings, roses, and peacocks' plumes,
And stripes of gold, black, silver, blue and red,
Marshalled, o'er lengthened rows of columns,
Round boundless halls!—*there*—is scope for dancing!

CHORUS.

And have they Dancers?

PHORCYAS.

The most accomplished!
Rosy-faced striplings, rich in golden tresses,—
Breathing of fragrant youth! Paris so breathed
When he approached *too* near, the beauteous Queen!

HELENA.

You wander from the subject—prithee make an end.

PHORCYAS.

It is for you to *end*, by firmly saying, yes!
That done, I'll place you safely in the Castle's court.

CHORUS.

Utter the wished-for word, O Queen! save us! thyself!

HELENA.

How's this? have I then cause to fear, that Menelaus,
Forgetful of himself, will purpose ill to me?

PHORCYAS.

Hast thou forgotten, how the admired Deiphobus,
Brother to slaughtered Paris, was by thy Husband
Slain:—and in strange manner mutilated?
He, who for the *headstrong* widow fought,
Making her, his mistress:—not satisfied was HE
With nose and ears:—he basely mammock'd him!
It was a dreadful, and disgusting sight to see.

HELENA.

From pure revenge he did it—stern revenge of me!

PHORCYAS.

And he for *him*,—will do the like to THEE!
Beauty is indivisible!—once possesséd, the possessor
Being deprived thereof, and re-possessing—destroys
The object idolized, rather than brook the thought
Of *passed* partition:—cursing all fellowship!

(Trumpets heard in the distance—Chorus shudders.)

How the shrill clangor of the trumpets stuns the ear,
And dives into the viscera!—even so does jealousy
Seize-on, and grabble in the heart of man—who ne'er
Forgets what once he had, and lost, and can't regain.

CHORUS.

Do ye not hear the rending sound of horns? and see
The gleam of weapons?

PHORCYAS.

(As were MENELAUS visible.)

Welcome illustrious King and master! to *thee*
I readily surrender, 'count of stewardship.

CHORUS.

Alas! what will become of us?

PHORCYAS.

Full well you know—death is before your eyes!
Help there is none—within,—ye all, must *dangling* die.

(A pause.)

HELENA.

I have reflected—and will brave the venture:
What though I feel thou art a contradictory demon,
Prone to transform, a hoped-for-good, to ill,
Yet will I go with thee,—unto the stranger's Castle.
What further purpose dwells within my breast
Remains, to all untold.——Onward, ancient Dame!

CHORUS.

With willing feet
We follow thee:
Behind us death!
Before us refuge,
Mid walls unscaleable!
May they protect us
Well, as those of Troy:—

Whose fall ensued
Solely from treachery!

(A fog arises—covering by degrees, such objects as are in the background,—then enveloping all.)

How's this? 'tis strange!
Look round my Sisters,—
Was it not joyful day e'en now?
Lo! from blest Eurotas
A stripy vapour rises,—
The reed-fringed inlet vanishes!
And the lovely swans
So stately gliding
O'er its mirror surface
In liberty, and playful joy,
I see no more.
Hearken—hearken!
I hear sounds,
Hoarse sounds in the distance:
Are they—of the Swan's prophetic dirge?—
O! be they *not*
The ill-foreboding knell
Of death—instead of
Blest deliverance
To the swan-like,
Snowy-necked ones!—
And their swan-begotten Queen.
Woe, woe, to us!
All—is now enveloped
In dense vapour,—
We see not each other!
Ha!—step we?—
Or do we move along,
Treading the air?

Sisters, see ye nothing?
Is not Hermes on before?
Caught ye no glimpse
Of his golden wand of office
Marshalling us authoritatively—
Back to the joyless, ash-grey twilight,
And forms impalpable, which crowd
The ever empty realm, of Hades?

Now is the vapour denser—and no gleam bursts through—
All, grey and dusky—mouldering-wall-like brown,
Stopping free sight!—in a prison-court we seem?
Or dark, dank sepulchre!—affrighting 'tis
Whiche'er it be: O my sisters! we are methinks,
In bondage—as before.

(The fog dispersing, shows the inner-court of a Castle, displaying on all sides the rich gothic architecture of the middle ages.)

THE LEADER OF THE CHORUS.

Fore-loud, and foolish are ye!—very women!
Creatures of the moment,—the sport and game
Of fortune, and misfortune's storms!—not knowing
Either to outride with equanimity.
Wayward, and contradictory,—joyous and grieving,
Laughing and crying,—e'en in a breath!
And nearly in the selfsame tone.
Be ye silent *now*—attentively awaiting,
What our high-minded Queen decides upon.

HELENA.

Where art thou, Pythonissa—or whate'er thy name?—
From the dark vaulted passages come forth!

Perchance, thou'rt gone to herald my arrival
Unto this puissant Lord,—preparing fair reception?
If so, thou hast my thanks;—and I will see him!
Fain would I end my errings, and regain my peace of mind.

LEADER OF THE CHORUS.

In vain the searchings of thy royal eye, O Queen!
For vanished is the hated form:—perchance behind,
Enveloped by yon cloud,—in whose drear bosom we,—
—I know not how—came rapidly, and strideless here.
'Tis possible she errs within the labyrinthine ways,
Of this most complicated Fastness,—intending
To obtain for thee, a princely welcome!—
Lo! along the galleries—past the windows, on the stairs,—
And in the porches; hosts of servants are in motion:
Indicative, of ceremonious Guest-reception.

CHORUS.

My heart is filled with gladness! prithee behold,
How in strict order, and with measured step,
Yon comely company of youths descend!
How could the Pages of this wondrous folk
Be trained, and disciplined so early?
I know not which, most fills me with amazement:
Their gracefulness of movement?—the clust'ring curls
That play around their polished foreheads?—
Or their ruddy cheeks, rivaling fairest peach—
And covered o'er with downy bloom?—
Sooth, I could yaffle them! but nature seems to creep,
Rememb'ring,—that in days of yore, instead of fruit,
The lusting mouth was filled with ashes!

The most beautiful,
Do hither wend:
What bear they?
Stairs for ascending,—
Tapestry and seat,
Curtains, and tent-
Resembling panoply,
Forming a throne.
O'er the Queen's head
They highly raise
A wreath of clouds—
For she already
—Courteously invited—
Has ta'en her seat.
Advance ye maidens,
With measured step,
Assuming station.
Worthy! thrice worthy!
Is our Queen's reception.

(What the CHORUS has described, takes place by degrees on the stage.)

FAUST

(After a procession of PAGES and ESQUIRES have descended in marshalled order, appears on the staircase head, in the full courtly dress of a knight of the middle ages: He then descends with measured dignity.)

LEADER OF THE CHORUS.

(Her eyes rivetted on FAUST.)

If the Gods!—as they were wont in days of yore
Have not adjudged him for short time that perfect form,—
That lofty, graceful, love-inspiring presence,—
Then must he reach where'er he goes, his heart's desire:

Whether in the tented field of warring man—
Or in the softer strife with yielding woman!—
He doth indeed surpass in manly-beauty, all the forms
Mine eyes have hitherto esteemed so highly.
With pleasing dignity, and awe-commanding step,
The illustrious Prince advances,—look on him Queen!

FAUST.

(Followed by one in chains.)

In place of stately greeting, and marked courtesy,—
In lieu of reverential welcoming, heaven-sprung Dame!
I bring thee—bound in fetters—this frail knave;
Whose negligence of duty—made me dutiless
To Thee.—kneel slave, before the paragon of woman!
And render 'count of thy atrocious guilt.
He, beautious lady! is the knave, who gifted with
Far-piercing sight, was placed upon our turret's top,
To watch and bugle such events as passed around,—
From castle's moat, even to the far horizon;
Whether of cattle moving in the mass, or armed men:—
Those, we protect—these, we go forth to meet.
To day,—unfortunate neglect!—your gracious coming
He bugled not,—and therefore did I fail
To give thee—noble stranger! courtly welcome—
As did become this castle's Lord.—his life is forfeited,
And should ere this have paid the penalty.
Illustrious Dame, to thee I delegate the right, and power
To punish, or forgive, as best beseems thy sovereign will.

HELENA.

The high and sacred office you have called me to
—That of stern Judge, and Queen executive—

May be to test my wisdom ;—is it so, or not,—
I deem it well to practice, righteous Judges' holiest duty !
Calmly to hear the accusation—and the accused !
Speak Prisoner, dauntlessly !

LYNCEUS.

Let me kneel down !—let me gaze on !
Same to me is life or death,—
Since my destiny depends on
Heaven-sent Beauty's gracious breath !

Watching for the day-dawn blessing—
Peering for his eastern face,
Suddenly, the sun uprising,
Burst forth in the southern space.

Such allured mine eyes to wander
From the hills and broad defile,—
'Stead of watching—where's the wonder ?
Beauty !—did mine eyes beguile.

Sharpest sight to me was given,—
Like to lynx on tallest tree :
All at once, 'twas drear as even !
Murky mists surrounded me.

Form of things, the fog had banished,
Round about was cheerless light,—
Mists gave way—the darkness vanished,
And this Goddess !—blest my sight.

Toward a brightness so indulgent,
Eyes and heart, turned willingly,

But the rays, were still too fulgent,
For the senses of—poor me!

I forgot the warder's duty—
I forgot the bugle-horn,—
Am I doomed?—all powerful beauty!
Fetters anger—fetters scorn.

HELENA.

The ill I've wrought, beseems not me to punish;—
Alas!—too ruthlessly doth Helen's destiny
Bethorn my path,—fated to befool the hearts of men;
Who in their rapture rage, nor spare themselves,
Nor others,—howsoever worthy!—
Now robbing—now seducing—now fiercely warring:—
Myself was snatched away, and carried here and there:
Being by demigods and heroes—gods and even demons,
Led erringly to wander, to and fro.—as single Helen,
I the world embarrassed,—as twofold Helen,
I the world perplext: *thrice* as now, be ye my witnesses:
Should I again appear—then bring I woe on woe!—
Remove this worthy man, I, speak him free!—
The heaven-deluded!—may not be disgraced.

FAUST.

With much astonishment I do behold,
The certain archer, and the stricken deer:
I see the bow, whence the sure arrow sped
That wounded him.——successive shafts
Have smitten me,—and more are speeding
To each heart, within my castle's wall:—what am I now?
By Thee! my faithful ones are made rebellious,

And my strong fastness insecure.—already do I fear
The warrior host will hearken but to thee:
The ever vanquishing, unvanquished one!—what remains
But that I throw myself, and all that in delusion
I have called my own, at thy fair feet.—
Permit me lady—frankly and loyally, to hail thee Queen!
Behold, thy presence gains thee, castle, lands, and throne!

LYNCEUS

(With a chest, followed by servants bearing others.)

You see me back your Majesty!
A rich man, suing earnestly:—
He but beheld!—and felt poor wretch!
Both beggar-poor, and princely-rich.

What was I erst?—what am I now?
To will or do, I know not how.—
What use the keenest sight to own?
Since 'tis rebutted by thy throne.

Us warriors brave, came from the east,
And quickly did o'er-run the west,—
In might and numbers on we past—
The *first*,—knew nothing of the *last*.

The fore-ranks fell—the second stood,
The third pikes, did a world of good!
Our dead were left by us untold,—
Still we encreased a hundred-fold.

Onward we pressed, with rapid pace,
Driving the foe from place to place.—

Soft carpet spread to greet her feet:—her eyes saluted
By a splendour dazzling to all—save demigods!

LYNCEUS.

A trifle, is my Lord's command,—
His servant proffers duteous hand!
Mysteriously this splendid dame
Rules over hearts, as sov'reign queen!—
The soldiery are more than tame
And all their swords are blunt I ween!
In presence of her heavenly form,
The very sun forgets to warm,—
And near the riches of her face,
Nature, seems counterfeit and base.

Exit.

HELENA.

(To Faust.)

I'd converse hold with thee,—so please ascend,—
Here to my side!—this vacant space methinks
Filléd by thee, will make my seat secure.

FAUST.

First, on my bended knee I tender to
Our royal Lady—undivided loyalty.—
And now most graciously permit that I salute
The hand that has preferred me, to her side?—
Please you confirm to me co-regentship
O'er these your boundless realms,—then will you gain
An ardent worshipper—devoted servant,
And right loyal consort—all in One!

HELENA.

Wonders manifold I see and hear:—
Astonishment has seized me,—and I *much* would ask?
—But erst develope, why the Warder's speech
Sounded so foreign, yet harmoniously?
Tone seemed to suit itself to tone, in words
Most apt,—for had one closing word possession
O' th' ear—other came trippingly, as 'twere to woo it.

FAUST.

If the rhymed language of our folk, so please,—
Much, would our song delight your senses!
What say you, shall we make th' attempt?
Our conversation seems to call it forth.

HELENA.

How may I learn to talk so thrillingly?

FAUST.

By speaking from the heart, in accents, feelingly,—
And when the breast with sympathy o'erflows
We turn to ask——

HELENA.

Who like sensation knows?

FAUST.

Then wanders not the soul to left, or right,—
The present is the time for——

HELENA.

Soft delight!?

FAUST.

Surpassing riches—honours—yea command!
What shall assure that joy to me?——

HELENA.

My hand!?

CHORUS.

Who can blame our beauteous princess,
That she—to this proud castle's Lord
Much favour shews?
We can't deny, that all
Of us are prisoners here,
Even as we oft have been:
At Troy's disgraceful fall,—
And pending weary
Labyrinthine voyage hither.—
Women,—familiar with man's love
No simple-choosers are—
But very connoisseurs:
And as may be,—
Grant to the fair haired shepherd—
And the dark-locked fawn,
An equal lordship,
O'er their lusty members.—
Familiarity increases!—
Lo! shoulder greets shoulder
And knee knee;
Hand in hand they bending sit,
Beneath the cloud capp'd splendour
Of the soft cushioned throne.
Majesty, refuses not

Such homely joys,—
Even before the eyes
Of these—the people.

HELENA.

(To Faust.)

I feel methinks so distant—yet so near!
Too willingly I say—here am I!—here.

FAUST.

I tremble—gasp for breath—my tongue feels hamper'd!
It is a dream!—for time, and place are fled.

HELENA.

Death languor feel I—yet revive anew
Blended with thee!—to the unknown one—true.

FAUST.

Seek not to scrutinize the blissful present,—
Existence, is a duty—wer't but for a moment.

PHORCYAS.

(Entering hastily.)

Versed in love's primer, I can prove,
That toying, teazes youthful love,
Yet teazing, oft sets lazy loving
To more than youthful wooing:
But there's no time for that—fond knight.
Hearst not the gathering storm—
The trumpets' loud alarm?
Deadly danger is in sight!—
Stern Menelaus from the coast,
Advances with a warlike host:—

Arm thee for stubborn fight!
Soon, thou wilt be begirt about
Like Deiphobus,—and no doubt
Like him thou'lt suffer,—jealous spite!
These wanton jades must hang in halter:
But for the Queen, there lies on altar,
A hatchet keen, and bright!

FAUST.

Audacious interruption!—insolent intrusion!
Not e'en in peril, brook I senseless haste.
Ill tidings, brutalize the fairest messenger:
But thou, the *ugliest* art keenly ready
To herald in, bad news!
This time however shall thy wicked purpose fail.
You shake the air with idle breath—there is no danger!
And were there—it would be to us but empty threat.

Signal explosions, from the towers—trumpets and cornets, warlike music—troops march o'er the stage.

Anon shalt thou with dread observe
Our concentrated warrior-band:—
For none, fair woman's love deserve
Who can't protect them, heart and hand.

(To the Chiefs, who advance from the head of their columns towards FAUST.)

Ye stalwort scions of the north!
And ye the strength of eastern lands!
Forwards, with stillness, yet enduring wrath:
Ye carry conquest in your hands.

Ye, who have realm on realm o'erthrown—
Steel-cased and mersed in dazzling sheen!

Your march—the trembling earth makes known :
And thunder tells where you have been.

We landed first on Pylos' shore—
The ancient Nestor was no more!
So all the king-clink on the coast,—
Were routed by our free-born host.

Now, from before our lofty tower
Chase Menelaus to the sea :
There may he wander, rob, and lower ;
As was his whim,—and destiny.

As ruling Duke, each one I greet!
So orders Sparta's noble dame :—
Place hill and valley at her feet,—
Yours be the kingdom's weal and fame!,

Bold Germans!—on to Corinth's bays,
Defending them with ramparts fair :
Achaia, with her hollow ways,
I recommend to Gotha's care.

To Elis, march the Frankish power :
Let Saxons in Messenia reign :—
And Normans, the Egean scour,—
Argolis!—making great again.

Then may ye sojourn quietly,
Nursing your strength for foreign foe ;
But Sparta's throne, supreme must be!
'Tis the Queen's ancient realm, you know.

Her eye shall over all extend,—
That feuds obstruct not public thrift;—
Now at her feet let each one bend
That she do ratify the gift.

(FAUST descends, the Dukes form a circle round him, to take further orders.)

CHORUS.

Who would possess the beautiful
Must wisdom have, and be prepared
With war's material.
With courteous words he won
Earth's fairest daughter—
But quietly he may not hold her!
Suitors, may seek to coax her from him,—
Or robbers, daringly exert brute force:
To hinder which he is prepared.

Therefore applaud I this our prince—
Beyond all those I've known before:
He, has adroitly leagued himself!—
The mighty ones obedient stand,
Watching his every wink,
Ready to do his orders:
Which combine advantage to themselves.
Their thanks, the autocrat's reward!
Both, gaining thus a fair renown.

Who now will recklessly attempt
To wrest her from the powerful?—
His, is she!—and be he to her welcome—
Doubly welcome say we! for he has

Placed both her and us, in safety
Within his castle walls:
And they are circled by his bravest troops.

FAUST.

The largesses I've named to you
Are—to each Duke a homage-land!
Fertile—and splendid to the view:
We, in the centre hold command.

Protect ye—as in rivalry!
This almost island, cherished by the main
And linked to Europe by the tie—
Of gentle hills, which end her granite-chain.

Hail! land of bright and genial sun!
Still peopled by a noble race,—
Now for my lovely Queen re-won!—
It—first beheld her infant face.

For midst Eurotas' reedy tones,
Beaming, she burst her shelly-fence:—
E'en jove-loved Leda and her sons!
Were dazzled by her radiance.

(To Helena.)

This land bows loyally, to thee alone!
Enticing with its flower-clad bosom:
What though the earth-ball be thine own,
Make this—thy fatherland,—thy home!

What if yon mountain's mitred brow,
Receive but chilly solar rays,—
On its green streaks, where lichens grow,
The climbing goats delight to graze.

Bright gushing springs, in streamlets revel,
Clothing with verdure, vale, and mead;
And on the knolls, which stud the level,
The woolly flock, herbaceous feed.

Singly, and heedily—with measured stride,
The cattle near the beetling edge,—
Yet shelter from hot noon, the caves provide;
Along the mountain's verdant ledge.

Pan guardians them!—whilst sprightly nymphs repair
To seek cool solace in refreshing nook,—
Where yearningly, for higher-regioned air,
Shoots o' the thronging trees, aspiring look.

There, stately oaks—majestic in their use!
Spread far around, their gnarled arms;
And the mild maple full of sacch'rine juice,
Rises erectly,—playful with its charms.

Maternally,—in quiet, social shade,
The warm milk flows, for tender babe and lamb:—
Hard by is fruit—the ripe food of the glade!
And honey trickles from each holéd stem.

Here,—is the gratifying—heritage!
The cherry cheek, makes cheery, as the tongue:

Each one, might claim celestial-parentage!
For all are healthy, satisfied, and strong.

And so in happy time, the comely youth,
Advances up to man's degree:
We see, and are astounded!—doubting, sooth,
If born of men, or gods they be:—

Such was Apollo, in his swain-disguise!
He, the most beautiful—resembled these:—
For Nature, when she works 'neath genial skies,
Assimilates both worlds, with graceful ease.

(He seats himself beside HELENA.)

So Helen! has it happened to us both!
Let then, the past, *be* past and gone:—
Feel, thou art pledge of Zeus' troth!
And for the golden-ages born.

Nor moat, nor wall, shall circumscribe thy space;
For us! shall bloom an everlasting spring,—
A glad, and rapture-full abiding place,—
Arcadia!—on Lyconia bordering.

Lured—in that paradise, to pass thine hours,—
Thou wilt escape, to gladsome destiny:—
Thrones!—be ye changed to flowery bowers!
Ours be the joys—of Arcady!!

SCENE II.

VALLEY LANDSCAPE.

The scene changes.—Latticed arbours in front of a row of caves.—Woods, and groves, extending to the base of the surrounding hills.—FAUST and HELENA are not seen.—The CHORUS are observed—scattered and asleep.

PHORCYAS.

How long the damsels may have slumbered, know I not,—
Neither, if they have dreamed of what I've seen, so clear?
I'll therefore summon them.—Marvel! will the young ones,
Even as yon greybeards sitting to out-watch
The denouement of this same credence-wonder.
Up, up! ye sleepers—up! and shake your tresses!
Why blink and rub your eyes?—away with worthless sleep,
And listen to my short, astounding story.

CHORUS.

Speak then!—O tell us, what of passing strange has happened?
For willingly we lend our ears, to tales thought incompatable,—
Having stared ourselves to marble, looking on these rocks.

PHORCYAS.

Shame on ye! slumber just left your eyelids—and complain?
Now mark! within these caverns, grottoes, arbours, as to arcadian Pan,
Defence and secrecy have been vouchsafèd lord and lady.

CHORUS.

How—where?

PHORCYAS.

Secluded from the noisy, gaping world,
They beckoned me, to do them silent service:—
So honoured, I stood near,—but as became the confidant,
I vacant made mine eyes:—then straying forth in quest of roots,
And moss, and bark,—whose properties are known to me,—
I left the happy pair—alone.

CHORUS.

You talk, as if within were ample spaces—woods and meadows,
Rivulets, and lakes!—what fairy-tale of Araby art spinning now?

PHORCYAS.

'Tis even so ye novices!—spaces, and wonders unexplored,
Hall after hall, courtyards and corridors, I, musing, saw.
Anon, loud laughter echoed through the vaulted caves:
I turned me—and behold! a youth sprang from the lap of lady, to the lord,—
And back again from him to her:—the noise, the toying,
Foolish fondling, love caressing, and loud laughter
Of one, and then the other, dulled my sense of hearing.
Then the nude genius,—wingless and fawn-like—yet not coarse,
Bounded to earth:—the earth repelling, forced him up again,
And at a third recoil, he touched the lofty ceiling.—
The anxious mother cried "bound as thou wilt my boy, but heed to fly;
"For buoyant flight to thee, is not vouchsafed!"

Thus did the father counsel "The elasticity that throws
you up
"Is in the earth,—keep but thy foot thereon
"And thou'lt have power,—even as earth's son, Antæus."
Thereupon, rapid as poet's thought, he climbed the rocks,
Treading them boundingly from edge to edge,—
Like tennis-ball propelled:—at last
Alighting where a chasm yawned,—he disappeared.
All deemed him lost. The mother loudly wailed; the sire
Spoke consolation; I shrugged my shoulders, and was silent.
Then chanced another wonderment!—are treasures in such
places hid?
He reappeared, in flower-striped tunic, gracefully arranged:
Tassels were pendant from his shoulders—and bright
ribands fluttered at his breast:
In his hand he held a golden lyre—suggesting to the eye
a stripling Phœbus!
Gaily, he neared th' abyss's edge—the beetling brink of
yon high hill:
All were astounded!—the grateful parents, joy-inspired,
Fell to each others arms, alternately.—anon, a halo bright
Played round his lofty brow!—what the cause, 'tis hard
to say:
If golden ornament? or blaze of super-human intellect?—
Then with a rythmic movement, urged by innate melody,
The stripling shadowed forth, the future Lord of all that's
beautiful.
Even so to your amazement, will *ye* see him—hear him.

CHORUS.

Call you that astounding
Cretan born dame?

Hast never listened,
To the instructive voice of Poesie?
Never heard of Ionia's,
Nor of Græcia's
Rich store, of primal
God-and-hero legends?

All that occurs
In these our days,
Is but dull after-sound
Of our forefathers
Glorious times!
Thy story equals not
The lovely lies *they* sang
Of Maia's son—
More credible than truth!

That comely, and surprizing—
Scarcely yet born suckling!
Swathéd in softest down,
Was for safe custody,
By over-clever gossips
Bound o'er with costly cord!
Yet the young energetic rogue,
Drew his elastic limbs,
Craftily, from beneath
The purple covering,—
Leaving the trellis'd shell
And its bright pomp, unruffled:
Even as the butterfly matured,
Slips from its prison-house,
And with unfurlèd wings,

Boldly and playfully
Skims about,
In sun-beamed ether:

So he—the most adroit,—
Became the adopted god
Of thieves and rogues,
And all who follow trade:—
Himself, a wonderful
Example, of dexterity.
From Neptune, he did keenly steal
The trident,—and as craftily
Drew Ares' faulchion from the scabbard:
He stole from Phœbus, shafts and bow,—
From Vulcan the anvil pincers,
And from his father Zeus
He would have prigged the bolts,
Had not the lightning scared him:
Yet he vanquished Eros
Within the wrestling lists.
Nay, he even filched
The zone from Venus' waist
Whilst she carressed him!

(The captivating melody of a stringed instrument sounds through the caverns, all hear the tone and appear delighted.—From now, on to the marked (pause) should be with full accompaniment.)

PHORCYAS.

Hearken to those sounds melodious!
All your fables put away,—
Tell no more of godheads odious,
Let them go—they've had their day!

No one now will comprehend you—
We demand far loftier deeds,—
That, which can the heart imbue,
From o'erflowing heart proceeds!

(She retires towards the rock-caverns.)

CHORUS.

Art *thou* then—thou hideous being!—
Moved by softest tones' employ—
Such as stir in *us*, a feeling—
Quickly bringing tears of joy?—
Phœbus' brilliancy may vanish:
If i' th' soul bright day abide,
In our hearts, we hold and cherish,—
What the world has long denied.

HELENA. FAUST. EUPHORION.

(In the before described costume.)

EUPHORION.

Heard you childhood's-music sounding?
Like to 'funning' is the art:
When to measure I am bounding—
Then will leap, parental heart.

HELENA.

Eros,—to gratify mankind,
Led on twain to unity!
And to increase the joys of mind,
Turnéd the twain, to THREE.

FAUST.

Ev'rything seems here in tact:
I am thine—and thou art mine,—
Hymeneal is our pact:—
Must such joyance—know decline?—

CHORUS.

May affection many a year
Strengthened by Euphorion,
Shine upon the beauteous pair:
Making glad!—this union.

EUPHORION.

Now let me jump,
Now let me bound,—
Midst the light breezes,
I would be found;
'Tis what I am bent upon!
'Tis my desire.

FAUST.

Humbly! more humbly boy!
Keep caution in view,—
Or saddest adventure,
Will happen to you.—
Deprived of our only joy!
We should expire.

EUPHORION.

I will no longer,
Forego the clear air,—
Let go my hand, Sir!

Let go my hair,—
Let go my garment;—
The tunic is mine!

HELENA.

Bethink, O, bethink thee!
Whose stripling thou art;
Why would'st bereave me,—
Why bent on to part
Endearments so lovely?—
Mine, his, and thine!

CHORUS.

Alas! all too soon I fear—
Concord will disappear.

HELENA AND FAUST.

Restrain thee! restrain thee!
Thy parents to please,—
Resist the excitement
That robs them of ease:
And be in retirement—
The pride of the plain!

EUPHORION.

At your requirement,
I must refrain!

(Threading the Chorus and inviting them to dance.)

Gently I glide you see
Hither and thither light:
Is now the melody?—
Is *now* the movement right?

HELENA.

Aye, that doth please me more!—
Now then, the fair-ones plight,
To lydian measure.

FAUST.

Would that the dance were o'er!
Folly like this, no more,
Offers me pleasure.

EUPHORION AND CHORUS.

(Dancing, and as they wend about, singing.)

When thou thy well turned arms
Gracefully wavedst,
And thy bright-tresses' charms
To the breeze gavest,—
When thou with foot so light
O'er the lawn speedest,
And with a rythmic might
Thy agile limbs leadest,—
Then dost thou—lovely boy!
Reached to perfection:—
And we to thee, our joy!
Proffer subjection.

(Pause.)

EUPHORION.

Be ye then so many
Lightfooted roes,—
T'wards sylvan company
Euphorion goes!—

I'll be the verderer,
Be ye the game?

CHORUS.

If thou wouldst take us,
O run not too rashly,
For in the sportive chase,
'Tis we, who would catch thee:
Ah!—we all long to embrace
Thy person so beauteous!

EUPHORION.

On to the forest lone,—
Heigh! over stock and stone:—
That which is lightly obtained,
Is what I'd willingly miss;
Only the roughly gained,
Offers me bliss.

HELENA AND FAUST.

What petulence!—what desperation!
What hope remains of moderation!—
Is not the hunt abroad?
I hear the horns' accord—
Hear shriek and lamentation!

CHORUS.

(Coming in singly and hurriedly.)

He passéd us rapidly,
With arch smile—and scoff:
Of all us attendants, he
The wildest drags off!

EUPHORION.

(Bearing in his arms one of the CHORUS.)

Hither bring I buxom young-one,
For extorted tenderness :—
For my pleasure—for my passion,
I, her struggling form will press :
On her vixen lips shall flow
Kisses—that my fire will show !

THE MAIDEN.

Let me go !—within my frame,
Dwelleth power, and strength of mind :
Like to thee, *caprice*, I claim :—
Nought my purposed-will can bind !
Dost essay by strength to turn me ?
Rate not so thine arm's employ ;
Dare proceed !—and I will burn thee ;
Fool !—thou'rt nothing but my—Toy !

(She becomes flame, and blazes as she ascends.)

Follow me to purer air !
To the icy grots repair :—
Capture *now* the wayward fair !

EUPHORION.

(Shaking off the last particles of fire.)

Circled-in, by mountains high,
Thickets and trees among :
Wherefore confined am I—
Am I not gay, and young ?—
Winds, are war-waging, there,—
Waves, are loud raging, there,—

Both, I afar off hear,
Yearning to be more near!

(He ascends the rocks still higher.)

HELENA, FAUST, AND CHORUS.

With the Chamois would'st thou vie?—
Then know we thy destiny!

EUPHORION.

Higher! still higher must I—
The distant world to see!—
Now ken I—where I stand:
I' th' midst of Pelops' land—
Conjoined to earth and sea.

CHORUS.

Wilt not in hill-bound space
Taste of sweet solace?—
Then will we find for thee
Livelier felicity!—
Vineyards in bow'ry lines,
Hill-slope encircling vines,
Figs—and pomegranate:
Ah! in this genial clime,
Joyously pass thy time!

EUPHORION.

Of quiet and peaceful day!
Dream such as dream may:
The war-cry is—"liberty!"
Echo shouts—"victory!"

CHORUS.

He who in peace,
Invoketh stern war,—
Sundereth himself,
From hope's bright star!

EUPHORION.

Some, whom this land hath bred,
In times of woe and dread,
Were of a spirit free,
And marvellous courage,—
Own blood spilling lavishly,
Nought daunting their energy!—
—May such example be
To these, an advantage.

CHORUS.

On the beetling-top stands he!
Nor less his stature seems:
Now,—arméd for victory,
In brass and steel he gleams!

EUPHORION

(As if haranging a distant people.)

Trust not in waves or massive wall—
Well-drill'd courage leads to conquest!
The stoutest citadel of all,
Is valour's iron breast!

Wouldst from invasion save thy home?
Be lightly armed, and quick i' th' field,—

Then, wives do Amazons become,
And children's children scorn to yield!

CHORUS.

Celestial poesie!—
Heavenward tends she—
Bright as "morning star"—
Now, more and more afar!
Still recognized by us:
And we yet hear
Her tones melodious.

EUPHORION.

I approach not as *Childe*, you see—
But armed comes the Stripling on!—
Allied, to the brave and free,
He sees the conflict won!
Then forwards!
Lo! northwards
Is virtue's path to guerdon!

HELENA AND FAUST.

Scarcely called to breathing life—
Hardly known to sunny sky,—
And to scenes of painful strife,
Thou, from giddy-height wouldst fly!
Are then we—
Worthless to thee?—
Affection's band, but a reverie?

EUPHORION.

Hear you not thund'rings o'er the sea—
And louder thund'rings through the vales?
Here amidst dust—there on the water!
Host meeting host with energy:—
Now this side gains—now that prevails,
And now 'tis hurly-burly slaughter!
"Death or liberty"—
Is the decree:—
That know we!—

HELENA, FAUST, AND CHORUS.

What amazement!—what affright?
Is then for thee—death!—a decree?

EUPHORION.

Shall I look on—from distant height?
No!—I'll be with ye!

HELENA, FAUST, AND CHORUS.

Daring, and danger—
Deadly destiny!

EUPHORION.

(Small wings appearing.)

Thither I will!—
Wings unbrail ye!—
Give buoyancy!

(He springs off, as in the act of taking wing—his garments render him buoyant for the moment—around his head appears a halo—a stream of light follows the falling body.)

CHORUS.

Icarus !—Icarus !—
Woe ! unto us !

(A handsome stripling falls, lifeless, near to the feet of FAUST and HELENA.—The CHORUS are supposed to recognize in his lineaments, a well-known person.—The corporeal part vanishes almost immediately,—and the *aureole*, in shape a comet, ascends to the skies—leaving on earth, his clothes, mantle, and lyre.)

FAUST AND HELENA.

Heart-rending sorrow treads on joy !—our joy—
Is flown.—

EUPHORION.

(Voice as from beneath.)

Mother ! in the shadowy realm, leave not thy boy—
Alone !—

CHORUS.

(A lamentation.)

No,—not alone !—abiding where you may ;
—We trace in thine, a well-known face—
Though rashly fled earth's sunny day ;
All hearts are with thee—wooing thine agrace.
—Doubtful we are, if justly we complain—
Envying thy lot—dirgely, to sing thy fate :—
On days of joy,—in days of searching pain,
Thy song was melody ! thy courage great.

Ah ! thou wert born to earthly-joy's o'erflow,—
Of noble sires !—clothéd in rank and sway.
But, early to thyself, thou wert—a foe !
Thy bloom and springy youth, soon passed away :—

Keenly thine eye, the universe did scan,—
Yet had it time for sympathy ;—
Thou wert beloved by beauteous woman ;—
And matchless was thy poesie !

But giving to wayward-temper sway,
Thou o'er thyself a net didst draw,—
Then chafing in its toils, didst spurn away
Morality—and social law.—
Yet ere thine end,—thy thirst for fame
Gave to thy valour—virtuous weight !
Thou wouldst achieve a " glorious name,"
But the bright hope !—was crossed by fate.

Who has succeeded ?—mournful question !
Which destiny has not proclaimed—
Not e'en at that dread conflagration,
When all were either, killed or maimed !—
But raise we now a livelier strain !
Be what is past no more remembered ;—
Earth, will erelong produce again,
What she has frequently engendered.

(Full pause—the music ceases.)

HELENA AND FAUST.

The ancient Saw is verified in me,—
" Beauty and Joy, unite not lastingly."
Rent is the band of being—and of mutual love !
Lamenting both—with anguish say I, fare-thee-well !
Casting myself once more into thy manly arms.—
Now Persephoneia !—take to thyself, the boy, and me.

(She embraces FAUST.—Her corporeal part disappears.—Her veil and robe, remain in his arms.)

PHORCYAS.

Hold fast of *all* that yet remains, for thee!
Let not the garment go!—for demons, even now
Tug at its lappets, and would bear it off
To realms below;—hold to it manfully!
Though not the goddess,—'tis celestial!—
Make of the precious favour, present use:
Ascending—'twill float you o'er the minor things
Of time, and place, through streams of purest ether
Long as you can bear the higher region:—
We meet again, far, very far, from hence.

(HELEN'S drapery swells into Clouds, which envelope FAUST.—Ascending, they bear him off.)

PHORCYAS.

(Takes EUPHORION'S raiment and lyre, from the ground:—goes to the proscenium, and holds up the relics,—addressing the pit.)

Well!—after all I've bravely sped:—
Although the spirit's upward fled,
The world has no great cause to grieve!
Since there remains to ambitionate
Young poets,—and soul-stirring strife create.
What though I can't poetic talent weave—
I can lend out the robe:—at any rate!

(Sits down on the base of one of the proscenium columns.)

PANTHALIS.

Now bustle maidens!—we're from sorcery free,—
Freed from the old Thessalian's spirit-domination,—
And from the jangle of mankind's perplexing tones,

The ears confounding;—more, the inner senses.—
Descend we now to Hades!—thither the Queen is gone
With solemn step.—to follow where she leads,
Is the incumbent duty of attached attendants.—
We find her at the throne of the *Inscrutable!*

CHORUS.

Queens forsooth, are queens where'er they go!
Even in hades, they assume exalted seat,—
Proudly, to fellowship with equals only,
And do, as were they in—Persephoneia's confidence;
Whilst in the distant back-ground, we
Are doomed to asphodelian meads—
To hateful avenues of sickening poplar trees,
And barren willows; squeaking like to bats
In feeble-tones:—joyless—and phantom-like!

PANTHALIS.

Such as have not achieved a name—or high things purpos'd,
Belong unto the elements:—be Ye therefore *gone!*
With my Queen to sojourn, is my warm desire:—
Not merit only—even faithfulness, secures
And guarantees, eternal *personality.*

[Exit.]

THE WHOLE CHORUS.

We are given back unto the light of day,—
Devoid of personality 'tis true—
That know and feel we:
But to Hades we return no more.
For ever-working Nature! makes on us spirits,
As do *we* on her,—a valid reciprocity of claims.

ONE PORTION OF THE CHORUS.

We, in these thousand zephyr-shaken sprays, whisperingly will hover!
And gladsomely entice the living sap, from out its rooty springs,
Into the tender twigs,—covering them anon with verdant leaves;—
And we will lure the fickle-bearers—to inhale the genial nourishment:
Falls the ripe fruit!—then congregate the life-enjoying folk, and herds,
To help themselves to good, and dainty food, scampering and scrambling:
—As before the primal gods!—they all will bow and bend beneath us.

THE SECOND PORTION.

We, in these lengthened, light-emitting crystal-caves will sojourn,
And in gentle undulating movement wind around most luringly:
Catching the lute's soft notes—the songs of birds—and tones of reedy pipe:
Even for Pan's appalling voice we will have ready answer.
Hear we whispering,—we will whisper in return: does it thunder! then shall roll
Our thunder—double—threefold—tenfold! making all around
To quake.

THE THIRD PORTION.

Sisters! we of more busy mind, intend to hurry onward with the streams—

For yonder distant string of ornamented knolls, allure our senses :—
They, ever tending downward, cool, and irrigate mean-d'ringly
The meadows and the marshes,—winding round homestead gardens ;
And yonder cypresses across the landscape seen, mark out the spot,
Where the shore-line and glassy waters tending upwards, join cerulean ether.

THE FOURTH PORTION.

Away, and govern where you please !—we purpose to encircle
Lispingly the planted hills—where, pole-supported, grow the verdant vines ;
For there, from morn to eve, we see th' enthusiastic vigneron
With worthy labour, toil for th' future fickle-yielding harvest :
Now spade, now hoe in hand,—now pruning, training, binding.
—He invoketh the Olympians—beyond the rest auspicious Phœbus !—
The sensual Bacchus, scarcely marks the progress of the husbandman ;
But naps, and lounges in cool grotto, toying with the younger fawns.
What to sustain his dreamy drunkenness is requisite,—
In skins, and earthen vases he finds ready ;—and wine in oaken vessels
Tiered in coolest caves—a store from ancient times—

Awaits his bidding.—All the gods, but chiefly Helios, have agreed
By air and water—light and warmth,—to fill the berry-cluster.
Which now harvest-ripe!—the spot where late the dresser plodded, is all bustle.
In each bower it rustles—and around the vine poles, baskets crackle—
Pails clash,—and the receiving grape-tubs, rumble as they are wheeled along—
All wending towards the mighty vat—in which the sturdy crushers rudely dance;
For even so, the sacred fulness of the precious grape—is made to flow:

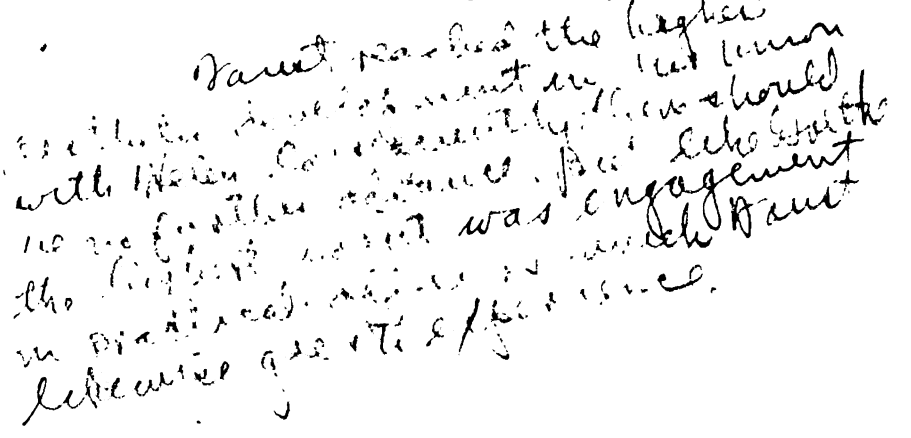
Squashed—spurting and frothing, 'till the juice becomes a sight unsightly.
—The ear is now assailed by clash of cymbals, and the clank of tankards:
For th' mysterious Dionysius, has revealed himself!—
He comes surrounded by a horde of reeling satyrs, male and female;—
In the midst of whom,—continuous brays Silenus' long-eared brute.
—Nothing is sacred—for these Goat-foots, trample on manners as on vines:
Their senses are bewildered!—and loud yellings overpower the ear.
For cups the drunkards grope—and head and paunch are everywhere o'erfull.
Some careful-ones may here and there be seen,—yet even they

Increase the noise; since every vessel must be drained, and cleansed,
To hold—"The new year's *Must*!"—

(The curtain drops.)

PHORCYAS

Rises from the base of the column on which she has been sitting,—and appears of gigantic stature. Then descending from the buskins, puts mask and veil aside —revealing MEPHISTOPHELES! who advances, seemingly to address an Epilogue to the audience, commenting on the piece.



ACT IV.—Scene I.

A MOUNTAIN RANGE.

High rocks—a dense cloud comes on, which after hovering a time, sinks to the flat top of an overhanging pinnacle—it separates, and Faust advances.

FAUST.

Quitting the cloud-built car, that has so gently borne me on
Through ether's brighter day o'er sea and land,—I tread,
With cautious step this summit's verge,—bending mine eyes
Upon the solitudes that yawn beneath.
The cloud dissolves not, like to common clouds of vapour,
But conglobing, slowly quits me, making for the east:
And my strained eyes attend it—big with wonder!—
Behold the change! it opens, spreads,—assuming now the
billowy and rolled;
And now methinks, it takes the form of things organic:
Aye! mine eyes deceive me not!—on sun-illumined
Pillow rests in dignified repose, a female form!—lovely,
Although gigantic:—representing it should seem
Leda, or Juno,—peradventure fairest Helen?—
To mine eyes it floats along, in smooth, and easy majesty.
Now it moves on again, modelled to the massy and up-piled,
Resembling lofty glacier,—and rests on the far horizon;—
In a solemn sense, a dazzling picture, of man's passing day.
Still round my bosom clings a fleecy cloudlet,—soft
As the morning dew;—enlivening, cooling, soothing!—
Lingeringly it leaves,—up mounting, bright as gossamer:
Now it condenses—and if my vision cheat me not—it takes

Her, angel form! my youth's first, long lost, highest happiness.
The deep hid treasures of my stripling heart gush up!
The aurora of my love—the artless, buoyant, quick-felt,
First,—scarcely comprehended passion!—and *that* glance!
Which resting on me, far outshone all nature's jewel'ry.—
Lo! the lovely form ascends:—'tis beauty, verily beatified!
—It disperses not—it changes not,—as did the other:
But less'ning, 'scapes mine eye—a splendid speck in the far firmament,
Taking with it all the best affections of my inmost soul!—

(A seven-league boot makes its appearance,—another immediately follows, and MEPHISTOPHELES descends from them:—The boots glide quickly off.)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now that's what I call,—boldly stepping out!—
Holla!—what plaguy whimsey has come o'er you,
Here to alight?—midst rocks, and fears, and doubt,—
And nought but yawning gulphs before you?—
I ken these parts—though not this spot, o'erwell:
—For hereabouts, was once the floor of hell!

FAUST.

You have a never-failing stock of random legends:
And seem inclined just now, to use such friends?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

(Emphatically.)

When the Supreme!—I know right well what for!
Chased US from heaven, by virtue of club-law
To where, in central furnace, glowing housed,—
And fire fed fire, and flame on flame caroused;

We found ourselves in that too pungent glare
Little at ease :—so thronged and squeezed we were
That all of us, began to blow, and cough, and wheeze
Tremendously—thereon, to hawk and sneeze!
Which made hell full of brimstone-stink-commotion :
That was a gas!—of which you have no notion!
So great was its expansion, that earth's crust
Thick as it is—began to heave and burst :—
The upshot was—things got a desperate movement ;
For what then lay beneath, was upwards sent!
On that result—you base scholastic orthodoxy :—
The right to twist and gloss, and turn things turvy-topsy!
We—from the bondage-blaze in which we were,
Escaped,—seizing on the lordship of the air!
A noted secret,—marv'lously concealed!—
And only to the nations,—recently revealed!

(Eph. 6. 12.)

FAUST.

Rock masses are to me of silent fame!—
I ask not why they are—nor whence they came.
When Nature—in herself, her ownself founded,—
She, as she pleased, this earthy planet rounded :—
The mountain peaks and dells, did then *rejoice!*
And rocks and hills formed lengthened chains :
Fair knolls rose up at her enlivening voice,
Which gently sloping down, adorned the plains :
All greened and grew!—to add unto her gladness,
She needs not Meph! your, earth-ball-bursting madness.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Aye, so you say,—thinking 'tis daylight clear!—
Those tell a different tale, who then were near :

Myself was present,—when all seething hot
The pit began to swell, and furious flames up shot:
Then, Moloch's hammer—welding rock to rocks,
Chipt off large masses—driving them afar!
Still, studded is the land—with those same alien blocks.—
—Who can the *cause* of motion dis-enigma?—
Philosophers, know neither how they came, nor why,—
They, find the boulders there,—and there, *for them*, they lie!
We've thought and thought, until we've blurred our wit:
The vulgar folk alone—have mastered it,
And will not have their lucid notions thwarted!
They and *pure* wisdom, have been long consorted.
A marvel 'tis!—and much to Satan's credit!—
My Wanderer! halts on faith-crutches, pensive-lone
O'er devil's-bridges, on to *Devilstone*.

FAUST.

'Tis strange—and notable enough to know,
How nature's works, are understood below!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What is to me, your Nature!—this is my affair!
On my veracity—the devil was there.
We are the very ones—to bring on great events—
Tumult and uproar, force and folly,—as this scene presents!
But to descend to matters understood—
Didst, on this devil-made-surface, glance on nothing good?—
Thou'st had a bird's-eye view, of the *true* story—
Seen the kingdoms of the earth, in all their glory!—
Whimmy and wayward as *thy* mind is cast—
Saw'st nought to love, or covet as you past?—

FAUST.

Truly, a something great—my mind possessed!
Conjecture what?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis quickly guessed!
'Twas a metropolis!—and thus may be portrayed:—
In the centre, was belly-grub for those in trade—
Crooked streets—high roofs—and a stiffled market
For cabbages—carrots—and onions in sacks and basket,—
Butchers' shambles, where plump maggots habitat
Gorging themselves on roasts—both lean and fat.
There, all day long, one sees, and unsought finds,
Bustle,—and stench of varied strength and kinds.
Beyond, are squares, and streets both straight and wide,
For those whose extra-pence, has gender'd extra-pride.
Without the gates—breezy and unconfined,
Are suburbs,—suiting those of loftier mind!—
There, would'st thou in gay coach, or chariot,
With some bold *Helena* or *Harriot*,
Rattle about,—dispensing false caresses
Amongst the anthill crowds of greasy burgesses;
And be where'er you drive or ride, the constellation,
And centre, of each gaping congregation
Of people—honoured by *their* admiration!

FAUST.

All that and more, would bring mè no contentment.
One might indeed be glad of growing population—
Possessing in ratio, joy and nutriment,
And useful learning—as a supplement:
Did they not turn seditious 'neath one's nose!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Then wouldst thou build thee, grandiose,
More silent joys to taste,—a splendid palace!
Circled by park, knolls, meads,—and ample space,
Suited by site to be a garden;—worthy to adorn
With flowery clumps, and velvet lawn,—
Gravel-cased walks—and avenue for shade,
Crowned, by a *sometimes* flowing, broad cascade.
In other parts, to captivate bright eyes,
Thou wouldst have jets of ev'ry form and size:
From spouting Tritons,—down to leaky boys!
Making a blurting, spurting, trickling noise.—
Then wouldst thou build in pleasant glades,
Abodes, for beauteous yielding maids;—
Where thou couldst cogitate, and brood,—
In charming, social-solitude!
Maids did I say?—know once for all,
I ever think of Beauty!—as in the plural.

FAUST.

Modern, and basely thought!—O Sardanapalus!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Your appetite—is then, not guessed so soon?
Doubtless 'twas something passingly sublime!
Perhaps as you journey'd near the moon,—
To make a visit—you found time?—

FAUST.

Nonsensical!—this earth presents,
Surface enough for *mighty* deeds!

I'm firmly bent on great events :—
My mind projects—my energy accedes.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

So, after all, thou wouldst "renown" obtain ?—
That thou hast been with heroines—'tis plain !

FAUST.

My aim is "lordship"—and a large possession !
I want not fame :—the *Deed* is my ambition.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet silly poets, certes will be found
Thy *deeds* in aftertimes to sound :—
By folly—making foolishness renowned !

FAUST.

Thou hast widely missed the mark I ween :
What knowest thou, of man's desires ?
Thine adverse nature,—spitefully-keen !
Knoweth not yet, what man requires.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Then be thy project—as thy will decrees !
Confide—and I will strive to please.

FAUST.

Mine eyes were fixéd on the broad blue sea,
Which swelled :—it, in itself, rose toweringly ;—
Then went it down,—mustering again its strength
To over-run, *defenceless* coast-line's length.
That angered me !—as when the noble soul,

Who, "rights and evenhanded justice" prizes,
Gives way to passion-heated-blood's control—
And arrogantly tyrannizes.
I thought it chance!—but looking more intensely,
I saw the billows halt—and then rejoin the sea,
Retreating from their rage-reached aim:—
The hour returned!—and they renewed the game.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

(To the audience.)

There's nothing new in that, for me to know,—
Such witnessed I—a million years ago!

FAUST.

(Continuing emphatically.)

Then came it sneaking on, as 'twould each nook caress,
—Unfruitful in itself—to pour out barrenness,—
Swelling, advancing, rolling, covering o'er
The waste-made portion of the level shore.
And there it lorded, till its hour expired,
Effecting nothing!—then it dastardly retired:
I felt an anguish like despair come o'er me,
At the proud, aimless, tyranny of the sea!—
Then 'twas—my spirit did itself outsoar!—
There, *there* will I wrestle—there will conquer!

And it is possible!—o'erwhelming as 'tis found,—
For I remarked it, cringe, past every mound:—
Despite its threats, and self reliance,
Each gentle rising—bade it bold defiance;
And every hollow dragged it to compliance.—
Thus then my mind a project scanned:

" Be thine the lofty satisfaction,
" To triumph o'er the wanton sea:—
" To circumscribe its field of action—
" Crowding it on itself, beyond new boundary."
Of all, I made a close inspection,—
You, Meph! must further my projection.

(Drums, and warlike music, is heard behind the audience,—at a distance—on the right side.)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A trifle———hark! dost not hear distant drumming?

FAUST.

Again dire war? !—from me, it hath no welcoming.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

War, or not war!—'tis pithy common-sense
To draw advantages from circumstance!
One's but to will and watch, a lucky chance:
The chance is *there*—clutch it with confidence.

FAUST.

Such riddling rubbish—thou shouldst shelf:
What art thou driving at?—explain thyself!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Upon my *march*, nothing was hid from me:
The Emp'ror's chased by fraud and treachery!
You recollect *perchance*, how we amused him—
And with our dollar-ghosts, abused him?
Then nature smiled,—the world seemed all his own!

—Young was he when he trod Imperial throne
And 'twas his fate to draw a false conclusion :—
He thought that ruling and carousing might be made
To harmonize,—and cast no shade !

FAUST.

A grievous **fallacy** !—for he who'd govern well,
Should, in the governing his joyance find :
His thoughts on lofty plans should dwell,
None knowing what employs his mind :
Then, what he whispers in his Premier's ear
Is done !—and *all*, the Potentate revere !
So—being the highest !—he becomes anon
The worthiest !—festivities make *common*.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

So was not he !—imperial, was his banqueting,
Yet fell the realm, to reckless rioting :
The nobles, and the serfs, warred with each other ;—
And brother slew—or exiled brother.
Castle, declared 'gainst castle,—town, 'gainst city ;—
Guilds, had their feuds with high nobility ;
And bishops, with communities and chapters.
To meet and speak, was hatred to re-irritate !—
Even churches, were the sites for death, and captures ;—
And harmless trading-men were murdered at the gate :
Daring !—was everywhere armipotent !
And life—was armed defiance !—so matters went.

FAUST.

Went ?—limped, fell down,—then rose again :
Capsized,—and prostrate lay !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of such a state of things, none ventured to complain;
For each one aimed at having sway!
The very serf,—the nobleman withstood.
At last, things got *too* evil, for the "*Good!*"
And those same "worthies" thus did say.—
"Be his who gives us peace—imperial rule!
Our Ruler can't, or *wont*:—so we'll elect
Another,—He, giving to the realm fresh soul,
In that he puts, in safety, and respect,
All ranks;—with a remodelled graciousness!
So shall we peace, espouse to righteousness."

FAUST.

That, sounds like priestcraft—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Priests! they were,
And took good heed for in, and outer-side:
—Their's was of course the lion's share—
Rebellion spread,—and mutiny was, sanctified!
Whilst *He*, to whom *we* brought such joyance,
Hither retreats!—to his last fight perchance.

FAUST.

I keenly feel for him—he was so open-hearted!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Hope's with the living!—a project must be started!
We'll get him out of this dilemma;—
"Once safe—is saved for ever."

Who knows for certain, how the dice may fall;
Has he good luck,—*then* are his subjects loyal.

(They from a middle height, survey the order of the troops assembled in the valley.—Drums and other martial music is heard below.—MEPHISTOPHELES continues.)

The disposition's good!—adroitly pitched upon!—
We'll give our aid—then, will the fight be won!

FAUST.

What hope is there, for those below?—
Deception!—jugglery!—and empty show!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No:—strategy, this time shall do the job!
With lofty projects thou mayst fill thy nob,
Touching the plan thou hast in view.
If we preserve, Imperial throne and lands!
Thou'lt have to kneel,—and he, to you
Will feoff, a boundless tract of strands.

FAUST.

You've got through many a scrape, with ease;
Now win a battle if you please!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Not so!—'tis you the deed must do,—
Who should be Generalissimo but you?

FAUST.

That were indeed a marvellous event—
You know full well,—I'm not belligerent!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Leave to the General-staff the whole Affair!
Then has Fieldmarshal, no o'erwhelming care!—
The tricks of war, I've pondered o'er with rigour,
And have a warring-council formed,
Of primal-rocks' first human vigour:
Well they!—who make *such* folk alarmed.

FAUST.

What see I there—in warlike guise,
Hast thou the mountain folk induced to rise?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No, no,—but like to "Master Peter Quince,"
I've summoned here, the *quintessence!*

(II. Sam. 23. 8.)

(The THREE MIGHTY MEN enter.)

There come my lads!—three warlike chaps!
Of different ages—different caps!
Of different arms—and different garments:
You'll get on bravely, with such *varments!*

(Turning to the audience.)

As children, now love mimic war,
Dressing in knightly ruff and arms.—
The more grotesque my rascals are,
The greater sure, will be their charms!

HAVEHIMQUICK.

(Young, lightly armed, motly dress.)

Whoe'er looks me i' th' face to-day,
I'll punch his jole!—be he who he may:

And if from his post, a coward has sped,—
I'll fetch him back, by the hair of his head.

BOLDATPLUNDER.

(Of middle-manhood, fully armed and richly clad.)

Such gainless warfare's all my eye!
'Tis loss of strength, and loss of time:
In making booty don't be shy;—
'Mass riches, whilst you're in your prime.

HOLDHIMFAST.

(In years, stoutly armed, without trappings.)

That's not the real time o'day—
Riches take wings and flee away.
The stream of life runs quickly on:—
To get is good,—to hold fast, duty.
—Trust you the Old-one with the booty—
Then will none prig, what you have won!

[Exeunt, they descend the rocks.]

SCENE II.

A PROJECTING HEIGHT.

Drums, and other warlike music heard below.—The EMPEROR's tent is pitched.

THE EMPEROR—COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF—HALBERDIERS.

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

I'm more and more convinced, that we've done right
To concentrate the troops in this broad vale,
Where the base foe must pass:—here's plain, and height,—
The *terrein's* good:—methinks we shall prevail!

THE EMPEROR.

So, may the upshot prove when next we meet:—
Howe'er, I like not this half-flight retreat.

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

Behold, the posture of our right wing, Sire!
A better field, no warrior could desire!
Not steep the hill—yet toilsome of ascent:
T'will favour us—to *them* prove fraudulent.
The undulations mask one half our force—
—They'll, find it difficult to use their *Horse!*—

THE EMPEROR.

I can but praise—what you so much approve!—
Here,—lusty hearts!—may gain our meed of love.

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

There,—in the middle ground of our defence,
Advance the phalanx!—full of confidence;—
In the sun's rays, their pike-heads sheen
Above the dew, that streaks the green.—
Revengeful tread the dark dense square,
With hearts up-bounding, and with souls that dare!
This portion of our force, I'm proud to show:
For 'tis on *them* I lean, to break the foe.

THE EMPEROR.

So brave a sight, mine eyes did ne'er behold:
—Our troops are worth *their* levies, doubly told!

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

Of our left wing I've no report to give—save
That I've manned the ridges—with the brave,
Yon rising, covered with a glittering mass,
Commands the important inner-pass!
There,—I expect rebellion's overthrow:
There,—torrents of Germania's blood, must flow.

THE EMPEROR.

Yonder advance, those treacherous relations,
Who vain, and boastful of their stations,
Stiléd me coz, and brother, with assurance!
Encroaching on my long endurance—
They robbed my sceptre of its might;
And o'er my crown they cast—a withering blight.
Singly, they plundered cottage and pavilion:—
Combining—raised the standard of rebellion.
The people, for a time, experienced doubt,—
At last, *they* swelled the stream, that had burst out.

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

Yonder methinks, with hurried tread
Descends our spy:—Heaven send he hath well sped!

FIRST SPY.

Most happily we have succeeded!—
Keen, and cunning is our art;—
Although we went about unheeded,
We've precious little to impart.—
Divers, did vow to do you honour!
As hath already many a corps:—

But public ferment—and *hid* feuds in council,
Are pleas they shape—for a lingering *will.*

THE EMPEROR.

Self-love I see, is still Ambition's lesson!
Not honour—gratefulness, or inclination:
Ah! think they when the time is come,
The wasting fire—will spare *their* home?

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

Our second spy appears!—more slowly he descends:
The trembling soldier, from exhaustion bends.

SECOND SPY.

At first, right gladly we observed,
The riot-course, that all preserved:
But soon in majesty and might—
Another Monarch, hove in sight!
Then did the mass join rank again:
Being in on-march o'er the plain.
In front the lying flag they keep,
And follow, like a flock of sheep!

THE EMPEROR.

Another Emperor?!—by our holidam!
Now feel I—that, I, EMPEROR am!—
As simple soldier put I armour on,
For higher purpose, gird I *now*, my weapon.
At every Fête—where all was gallantry;
And nothing seemed to fail:—peril failed me!
When to the ring our youthful nobles went:
My heart beat high for—tournament!

And had ye not dissuaded me from war,
Then had my fame extended wide,
Methinks,—from peril I much firmness draw;
As was the case—when I descried
Myself, midst flames infuriate:
Delusion 'twas!—but the deceit was great.
Of fame, and conquest, I have often dreamt:
Forthwith! I will redeem the time mispent.

(HERALDS are dispatched with a challenge to the rival EMPEROR.)

(The THREE MIGHTY MEN, armed and clad as described.—FAUST also in armour, with his visor half up.)

FAUST.

Again we do appear,—and hope without offence:
E'en where no peril is—we preach up prudence.
You Sire! know well, that miners contemplate,
And are with nature, and rock-writings intimate!—
The *lofty-spirits* chased from papal plains,
Are more and more attached to mountain-chains:
There, silently they work, in rich metallic gas,—
And 'mongst the mazy veins much time do pass
In analyzing,—proofing—blending, as may be:
Their only impulse is—a new discovery!
They, with soft touch of mental violence,
Have given to things transparent, an existence!
And in the mirroring crystal—lasting in its silence,
They read the outer world's eventful guidance.

EMPEROR.

I comprehend!—and trust your explanation:
But what has that to do—with our vexation?

FAUST.

Sire! the sabian sage—the Norcian sorcerer!
Is your devoted friend, and servant ever.
In what appalling plight your Highness found him!
—The furze did crackle, and the flame-tongues burst
Thorough the faggots, piled around him,
Which were with pitch, and brimstone, interspersed.
Then, when nor man, nor devil, could hope to save him:
You, brake the blazing fence!—new life you gave him.
In Rome it did occur!—he, urged by gratitude,
Has watched your destiny; with keen solicitude,
From that hour on:—self-profit out of view,
He reads the 'boding stars—the deepest depths for you.—
That Sage! has ordered us, in words of urgency
To bring you aid:—great is the mountain-potency!
There, Nature works so marvellously free,
That blunt-soul'd priests,—miscall it sorcery!

THE EMPEROR.

On gala days, when we hold open court,
And smiling guests, make joyful that resort;
Well pleased are we, to see them one, and all,
Gaily advance, to crowd Our audience hall:
But higher welcome, is display'd,
T'wards him who brings his veteran aid
Whilst yet fate's scales, uncertainly portray
—In morn's first light—the upshot of the day!—
But *He*, who when hosts marched to the affray,
Diverts the firm hand, from the willing sword
I' th' carnage hour—by virtue of his word—
Honours the moment!—*that* wills your Emperor!—

Who throne and sceptre would possess!—
Should, in own person, prove his worthiness;
Therefore—be He, our diadem-competitor,—
This rebel phantom,—this vile feud-abettor,—
'Clept Emperor!—Ruler of our lands!—
Chief of our armies! Liege of our noblesse!
Sent to the shades below,—by *Our* imperial hands!!

FAUST.

Howe'er the great result be brought to bear;
Thy life must not be risked in such affair.
Bears not thy helm Imperial, plume and crest,
Guarding the head, which stimulates our courage?—
What were the members, of the head divest?
If it but doze—dead is *their* vassalage!
Receives it hurt? of wounds they all can tell,—
And are but hale again,—if it get well!
Rash kens the arm, its rightful power to wield—
To guard the sacred skull, it lifts the shield:
The sword-arm too, *its* active duty knows,—
Warding,—and then returning foeman's blows;
Nor does the trusty foot, need nod or beck
To tread upon,—the fallen foeman's neck.

THE EMPEROR.

So, tends my wrath! so, would I end *His* rule!
The rebel's forfeit head must be—my footstool.

A HERALD.

(Having returned, from bearing a challenge.)

Little honour—no redress,
Got we there, I must confess,—

For they the high, imperial challenge!
Receivéd—as a mad revenge.
" His regal sway is past!"
The vales are echoing—
" If on him thought we cast
" 'Tis fairy-tale's beginning:
" ' Once on a time there was a king.' "

FAUST.

As wished!—the best that could occur!
Throughout the ranks, there's no demur:
The foe appears!—thy faithful ones are ardent,—
Command th' attack!—auspicious is the moment!

THE EMPEROR.

I herewith lay aside the chief command:

(To the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.)

Brave Prince!—thy *loyalty's* in thine own hand.

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

Then let the right wing, rapidly advance
Upon the hill—the foeman's left to meet:
Ere on the top they show a lance,
Our youths must force them to retreat.

FAUST.

Permit this slashing, dashing hero,
To join your veteran-band below?
Once, one in the imperial ranks,
He'll show the foemen giant-pranks!

(FAUST beckons to the right.)

HAVEHIMQUICK

(Comes forward.)

Who faces me—turns not again,
Ere I have cleft his sconce in twain!
Who veers his jole, shall have it, whack!
Head and scalp, hanging o'er his back.
And if your troops are *bang-up!* when—
I with my sword, begin to carnage;
Then, shall our Monarch's rebel-men,
In their own blood, allay their courage.

[Exit.]

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

On moves our phalanx towards the right,—
The centre—prudently maintains the fight.
And now, the right flank's man to man
Hotly engaged,—*there*, we defeat their plan.

FAUST.

(Beckoning the middle one.)

Let this one also, *merit* thy command.

BOLDATPLUNDER

(Advancing.)

With th' imperials' forward race,—
My thirst for booty shall keep pace:
All eyes will fix with one consent
Upon the rival Emp'ror's tent!
From throne and ranks, he'll rashly speed
If I the stubborn phalanx lead.

SWIFTATBOOTY.

(A suttler woman coaxingly.)

Though not in wedlock-bonds we are,
Thou'rt still my darling *homme d'affaires !*
And for our joy,—the onslaught's ripe !—
—Women, are grimmy, when they gripe,
Relentless, when they foemen plunder :
Is the fight gained—then hey ! for yonder.

[They withdraw.]

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

Upon our left, as I expected,—
The foe have thrown themselves *en masse !*
Our troops, will make themselves respected :
The best of them defend the pass.

FAUST

(Beckons to the left.)

This one my lord ! I *also* recommend :—
To strengthen with the strong, secures the end !

HOLDHIMFAST

(Advances.)

No apprehension for the Army's left wing !—
Whichever way I turn, I victory bring.
Your standard—nail to *this* old mast :
Not forkéd lightning rends, what I holdfast !

[Withdraws.]

MEPHISTOPHELES

(Descending from a rock.)

Behold ! how in the hinder ground,
From every mountain's jagged cleft—

Troops in full armour hither bound,—
To man the passes on our left:
With helm, and cuirass, shield, and spear,
They form a rampart in our rear,—
Awaiting your command, to meet the foe.

(In an undertone to those in the secret.)

Whence they came, you must not ask to know.
Assuredly, I've nought neglected,—
But arms, from every Hall collected:
There stood they stiffly, foot and horse;
As were they still, earth's *lordly* force!
Knights,—Barons,—Kings,—and eke Imperials,—
Now, nothing more than empty shells!—
Full many a ghost has clad itself in them:—
—The middle-ages' liveliest stratagem!—
It matters not, if Imps within them lurk,
They too, are apropos to do *our* work.

(Loudly.)

Hark! how the mail'd troops threaten,
Clashing cuirass, shield, and weapon,—
Their ragged flags now unconfined,
Bravely flap in the breezy wind:—
Reflect, they 're olden-folk of might!
And willingly would join the fight.

(Tremendous clangour of trumpets above, consternation apparent in the foe's ranks.)

FAUST.

The whole horizon's dreary dark,—
Yet may one here, and there, remark
A lurid, ill-foreboding glare;—
The spears, as dipt in gore appear:

And rocks, and woods, and atmosphere,—
Yea, the heavens! take part in this affair.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Firmly our right maintains the fight.—
I see amongst them bold and pliant,
Jack Havehimquick, the nimble giant—
Slashing away with all his might.

THE EMPEROR.

At first, on *one* bold arm I gazed,—
Now has the Youth a dozen raised!
Yet fear I—*much* is far from right?

FAUST.

Hast never yet heard tell,
Of vapours that near Scylla dwell?
Showing in foggy daylight
High in mid air—
When such the atmosphere,
Strange pictures to the sight:
Cities, wavering here and there,—
Gardens, that up and down appear,
As ether bringeth them to light.

THE EMPEROR.

'Tis passing strange!—as God's my sire
I see the pike-heads, flashing fire,—
And on the phalanx's raised lances,
A splendid, starlike flamelet dances!—
The whole appears to me—most spectral.

FAUST.

Pardon liege Lord!—such are emanations
Of bygone earthly coruscations—
The reflects, of the Dioscuri!
—Such as Greek mariners are wont to swear by.
They muster doubtlessly, *their* last strength astral!

THE EMPEROR.

But say—to whom are we beholden—
That nature, planning to embolden
Us—rakes up the whimsical?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Whom, but *our* master—he of lofty potency—
Who carries in his breast thy destiny?—
Roused, in the rock-depths are his energies,
At the dire threat'nings, of thine enemies:—
His recompense the deed—the service true.
E'en though it cost his life—he vows to rescue
You, his preserver!—none other boon has he in view.

THE EMPEROR.

They ordered pompous doings!—to astound me strove!
Then, was I, *something!!*—which I wished to prove:
So, finding object fit—I then and there,
Gave to a Norcian-greybeard,—cooling air!
—Robbing thereby, the clergy of a pleasure:—
For which, I reaped their wrath in ample measure!—
And shall I, after lapse of years—succeed
In witnessing return, for kindly deed?

FAUST.

Frank-hearted kindness, ever maketh rich!—
Bend now thine eyes, towards yonder placid sky,—
The Norcian sends to you an emblem—which,
It doth behove you, Sire!—to scan attentively.

THE EMPEROR.

I see an Eagle, sweep th' ethereal blue:
And now, a Gryphon threatens to pursue!

FAUST.

Such favouring sign, requires no eulogy!
The Gryphon, is a creature of mythology.—
How can the brute forget himself so far,
As, with the towering eagle, dare to war?

THE EMPEROR.

Now, in more rapid gyrings—they,
Sweep here and there, at equal height:
Now, wrathfully they rush to the affray,—
Both, burning for decisive fight.

FAUST.

And now—we see the hideous Gryphon,
Towzèd and torn—display his fears
By limpness in his tail of lion:—
Vanquished he drops—and yonder disappears!

THE EMPEROR.

As indicates the emblem—may it be!
I willingly accept—the augury.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

(Looking towards the right wing.)

Through gallantry, and blows redoubled,
The foemen falter—seem much troubled;—
Hard pressed, they draw off—towards the right,—
Crowding the centre-left—their point of might!—
They cramp thereby, the liberty of action
Of that *best* portion of the faction!

The van of our indomitable phalanx,
Now falls upon their huddled ranks—
Gallantly carrying foeman's left-position!—
Now—like to waves on storm-lashed ocean,
The fight's renewed with deadlier rage—
And either side with equal wrath engage:—
Nothing was e'er achieved more glorious!
The hard-fought battle *must* be won by us.

THE EMPEROR

(To FAUST—looking intensely towards the left-wing.)

I shrewdly guess, our cause, progresseth queerly?
The posts to the left, are motionless and dreary;—
I see no rock-crags tumbling down!—
The nether cliffs too, are the foeman's own,
And all abandoned are the passes!—
—Behold! they now in denser masses
Press forward:—with that strength-accession,
They've perhaps the ravine in possession!?
—Such is the sure result of *graceless* traffic!
Useless alas!—is all thy boasted magic.

(A pause.)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There come my Ravens,—to the very thought!
I marvel what accounts they've brought?—
I'm fearful things are otherwise than right.

THE EMPEROR.

What indicate those birds demoniac?
Directing hitherward, their pinions black:
They seem to come from, hill-top fight!

MEPHISTOPHELES

(To the Ravens.)

Hither to me!—resting at either ear:—
Whom ye protect, have nowise cause for fear!
Your counsels, carry with them—truth and might!

FAUST

(To the Emperor.)

You must have heard of carrier pigeons,
Which travelling post from distant regions,
Return to home, and kin?—
So these—with this marked difference:—
Pigeons, in peace display such sense;
In war—the Raven-posts begin!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A fatal onslaught, they've announced:—
Behold! our valiant troops are trounced—
And are surrounded by the foeman's might,
Which has the nearest heights obtained:—
Is not the ravine-pass maintained,
Then are we *all* in woeful plight!

THE EMPEROR.

What?—am I be-stratagemed at last?
Aye, aye, I'm netted,—"hard and fast!"—
I shuddered whilst the magic snare was set.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Look boldly up!—we've not lost yet!—
Patience, and craft, will matters mend!—
Battles—grow sharpest towards the end.
I've always trusty *Aides-de-camp* at hand,—
Commandment give—that I, the troops command!

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF,

(Who has entered a little before.)

Your Highness, having made affinity
With these—has been a source of pain to me:
—For magic never yet brought firm success!—
My tactics prove in vain,—I know no more to do!—
Who erst gave counsel—*now* must counsel you.
The bâton,—I surrender to your Highness.

THE EMPEROR.

No, no,—retain it 'till more favouring hour,—
Fortune may tire—and turn on our assailants!

(In an undertone.)

I dread myself, that ugly fellow's power—
Nothing less,—his sable confidants!

(To MEPHISTOPHELES.)

The bâton!—I shall not entrust to thee:
Methinks,—thou'rt not the proper man.

Yet mayst command! and from this jeopardy
Withdraw our army,—if you can.

(Retires to his tent, with the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mayst from the *blunt-staff* find defence!
With it,—I, nothing could commence:
For I espied a cross thereon!

FAUST.

What's to be done?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The thing to do—is done!—
Away swarth cousins—of service fleet,
To the rock-lake!—and the *Undĭnes* greet;—
Requesting, loan of deluging illusion.—
They know, by dint of woman-craft, to free
Appearance, from reality,—
Making the seen believed—although delusion!—

(A pause.)

FAUST.

Our Ravens, must have bravely chattered
To the lake-nymphs—and adroitly flattered:
For lo!—a courteous presage.
From arid rock—and clefts o' th' mountains,
Gush out overwhelming fountains
Threatening the foe, and his advantage.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mark the effect of such salute—
The scalers, are irresolute!

FAUST.

Stream joining stream, rush to the bight amain,
And are in form redoubled—driven back again
A foaming flood!—now throwing off, a bow!—
And deeply deluged is the plain below.
—Useless, their attempt at swimming!
The 'whelming waters baffle stemming:
I, shudder at the dreadful overflow.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I, nothing see of that same mirage,—
Man only sees such cozenage!—
The end proposed,—is all in all to me.
In huddled groups—the *valiant* foemen flee,
Splutt'ring,—as were they in the sea!
The fools though 'high and dry' to swim essay,—
And striking-out—do really run away;
Making the vale resound with fear-urged tumult.

(To the RAVENS, that have returned.)

I'll speak to the High-master in your praise!
But would ye, *yourselves* to masters raise;
Then must ye to the blazing smithy,
Where goitred dwarfs ply hard the stithy—
Chipping live sparks from ore, and stone:
Obtain of them by courtly coaxing,—
A sparkling—cracking—fiery-hoaxing,
Such as great Jove! might deign to own:—
A wide-spread elemental-glare,
And the rash-shooting meteor star,
Each summer-eve might lend, I know:
But flashings, 'neath the thickets' wildness—

And stars, which on the moist ground hiss,
Would most appal the staggering foe.—
Halt!—to lessen chattering—clearly understand:
You only beg at first—that failing—you command!

(The RAVENS depart—all happens as described.)

Darkness, envelopeth the flood-scared enemy,
Who hesitate—or, step-out fearingly.
Err-leading lights, show everywhere,—
Most dazzling is such fickle, flashing glare;—
So far so good—it meets my utmost wish!—
We must have horrifying sounds—to finish!

FAUST.

The empty armour, from the hall-recesses
Made valiant by the wind's caresses,
Rattle and clatter, mightily up there:
Filling with harshest tones the ambient air.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Right so!—*they'll* not give over rattling,—
Such were the sounds of knights a-battling
In the far-faméd olden-time!—
Greaves and glaves, are ripe for rapine
As were they, Guelph and Ghibelline
Rushing to onslaught, blood and crime:
Who, 'heriting parental squabble
Fostered war, and civil trouble:—
Around, is heard the clashing-chime!—
Now am I sure—for Fête demoniac!
Strong party-hatred, best holds tack:—
It being staunch, to the gasping 'wail.
Now! strike up ye brazen shells——a panic!

Mixt with shrieks, and yells satanic—
Spreading fear throughout the vale.

(Dreadful and discordant war sounds proceed from the orchestre, which at length soften down into triumphal military music.)

SCENE III.

The Rival EMPEROR'S Tent.—Throne and rich furniture.—Enter SWIFTATBOOTY and BOLDATPLUNDER.

SWIFTATBOOTY.

Zounds we're first! none, here have been?

BOLDATPLUNDER.

No raven's flight, were half so keen!

SWIFTATBOOTY.

What piled-up treasures greet mine eyes!
I can't begin—for sheer surprize.

BOLDATPLUNDER.

So full the place—so great the stake!
I don't know what I first will take.

SWIFTATBOOTY.

This tapestry is just the thing!
My cabin wants such carpeting.

BOLDATPLUNDER.

Here hangs a splendid morning-star!
I've wanted long such tool of war.

SWIFTATBOOTY.

This crimson robe, gold-seamed throughout,
Is what I lately dreamt about!

BOLDATPLUNDER

(Taking down the morning-star.)

'Tis the most deadly tool I know—
We tip 'em a rap—and on we go!—
Too much have you already sack'd
Of things unworthy being pack'd,—
Do let the *lumber*-plunder rest,
And start off—with the money chest:
It holds no doubt the soldiers' pay—
Inside, 'tis full of gold, I lay?

SWIFTATBOOTY

(Trying to lift it.)

Confound the chest!—'tis murd'rous heavy!
I cannot lift it—much less carry!

BOLDATPLUNDER.

Come bend ye down—and with much knack,
I'll put it on your brawny back!

SWIFTATBOOTY.

Oh!—murder! murder!—down it goes.
You'd have me *break* my back?—I suppose.

(The Chest falls, and bursts open.)

BOLDATPLUNDER.

Just as I said!—all golden ducats!
Quickly! fill apron, bag, and pockets.

SWIFTATBOOTY

(Squatting down,—to herself.)

Methinks, I first will fill my lap,—
'Twill hold enough, to please the chap?

BOLDATPLUNDER.

Enough! enough!—you've got full toll.

(She gets up.)

Why zounds!—your apron has a hole?—
Whether you stand, or whether go;
You lavishly—the treasures sow!

HALBARDIERS,

(Belonging to the rightful EMPEROR.)

What seek you on this sacred spot?—
At the Imperial cash you've got!—

BOLDATPLUNDER.

We risked our limbs, and did our duty!
Ergo, we have a right to booty.
In foeman's tent, such is the rule:
I'm soldier like yourself—you fool!

HALBARDIER.

That's not the method in our army—
Soldier, and *thievery*,—don't agree!
He, who would serve our Emperor!
Must be in worth, and truth,—a soldier!

BOLDATPLUNDER.

Your boasted *truth*, has this solution:
'Tis nothing less than—*Contribution!*

You're all alike—in one mould made,—
"Hand o'er!"—the motto of your trade!

(To SWIFTATBOOTY.)

You'd best be off—with what you've got,
We're far from welcome here, I wot.

[They Exit.]

FIRST HALBARDIER.

You, should have paid him for his slander
Over the jole!—with a back-hander.

SECOND.

I would—but faith! my strength seem'd fled;
I felt a sort of—spectral dread.

THIRD.

My vision turned confused, and dusky,—
I swear I could not rightly see!

FOURTH.

Methinks there's been a hellish plot?—
The whole day long—'twas vastly hot,
And sultry;—a sort of funkish sweltry!
Fell one—another stood like a sentry;—
Yet ere one struck him—down *he'd* go;—
The foeman fell, ere fell the blow!—
Before mine eyes 'twas dark, and drear,
I had strange whizzings in my ear.—
But here are we!—and the foeman scout;
None knowing how 'twas brought about.

(The EMPEROR enters, with four of his chief Officers.—The HALBARDIERS fall back.)

THE EMPEROR.

Be't as it will!—We've gained the day!
The scattered rebels—run away.
Here stands the throne—O treacherous treasure!
Veiled in tapestry—beclogged by furniture.—
Here, will we, with our Halbardiers, await
The people's deputies:—be they received in state!
From every side, come grateful tidings here:
Be realm at peace!—our subjects of good cheer!
Though magic with the fight, were interwrought!
Assuredly the *end*, by us was fought:—
Chances, for combatants, prove apropos:
From heaven fall stones!—blood's rainèd on the foe!
A cavern utters howls;—and mighty thunders roll
Encouraging our host,—daunting the foeman's soul.
O'erpowered they fall—are scoffed-at, under trod:
The joyful victor lauds the hand of God!
Then do the people join, unasked the pæan notes,—
And "praisèd be the Lord," bursts from a million throats!
But higher praise is mine!—I turn with pious smart
Mine eyes upon myself—and search my inmost heart.—
A young and sanguine prince, perchance throws time away:
But years make known to him,—the *value* of a day!
Therefore I pledge myself, together with you four!
To labour for the realm,—with sturdy will, and power.

(To the FIRST.)

Thou Prince! didst plan, and form, and discipline,—
Our troops—and the decisive strategy was thine!
Therefore, Hereditary Marshal of the Realm I nominate
Thee:—and to thy valiant hands I delegate
The sword!—in peace, as thou hast done in war:—watch
o'er the state.

HEREDITARY MARSHAL.

Soon as thy veteran troops, pursuant to my orders,
Have fixt thy throne,—and made secure the borders;
Then be it granted me, on Stately-festivals
To marshal to the banquets in ancestral halls—
Preceding thee, with unsheathed sword of state
Unto the festal board,—there to officiate:
Thy close attendant ever,—on all days of Fête!

THE EMPEROR

(To the Second.)

Thou, who with gallantry, canst suavity unite,—
I name Arch-Chamberlain!—the duties are not light
To sway with force, and mildness, our establishment,—
For feud'mongst serving-men, smacks of mismanagement!
However,—thy example being conspicuous,
Will be a pleasing guarantee, to people, court, and Us,
Of service—courteous and harmonious.

THE ARCH-CHAMBERLAIN.

Anxious to meet my Sov'reign's views, 'twill be my wish
To praise, and lift the good,—the erring to admonish,—
Be circumspectly firm—and mild without deceit:
Pleased, if my sovereign find, my rule discreet.
—If to a coming Festival my phantasy dare stroll?—
Soon as my Liege takes seat, I'll hand the golden bowl—
Holding his signet rings:—that ere festivity,—
Water refresh his hands,—as *gracious* look will me.

THE EMPEROR.

Truly I feel too sad—to sanction such at present,—
Yet be it so!—glad-hours, make good commencement.

To the THIRD.

Thee, I create Arch-Sewer—the uncontrolled inspector
Of hunt, and poultry-yards,—and of our Farms director.
For choice of wholesome viands, be thou always cared
According to the month :—and be they well prepared.

THE ARCH-SEWER.

Strict fastings be to me, the gladdest wish I feel—
Until I've brought my Liege, the approvéd meal :—
The kitchen-servitors, shall blend with *mine, their* care
To bring the distant here, and force the garden fare,
Although the "far and forced" which royal board requires
Delighteth not our Liege :—plain food suits *his* desires !—

THE EMPEROR.

(To the FOURTH.)

Since our discourse has turned, on festival alone,
Be thou, young Warrior !—vintner to our throne,—
Arch-Cupbearer—well heeding that our cellarage
Abound with richest wine, of choicest vintage :
Thyself be moderate and sage,—lest youthful merriment
And plenty—snare thy virtuous sentiment.

ARCH-CUPBEARER.

My dear liege lord ! YOUTH, trusted frank and freely,
Arrives at manhood-staidness, imperceptibly !—
My duty I will do :—and at the approaching Fête
Provide for, and attend,—the treasure-proud buffet.
Brightly the golden plate, shall there conspicuous stand,—
But costliest cup of all, shall touch Imperial hand :
Of clear Venetian glass !—wherein lurks no vexation,
It, giving to the wine more zest—prevents intoxication.

Truly, such charm abused, has led to mind subjection.
But Sire! thy moderation,—guarantees protection!

THE EMPEROR.

The Grants I've made, in this reflective moment
Receive as certainties—foreboding no revokement!
Imperial word! makes sure abounding gifts:
But as our "writ of patent," title lifts,—
Be there engrossed forthwith, such legal document.
And lo!—the proper man for its accomplishment.

THE ARCHBISHOP-CHANCELLOR (*enters*).

THE EMPEROR.

When the bold Arch receives, the crowning key-stone,
Then is the structure firm—for times beyond our own!
Behold four Princes here!—they, as it seemeth me,
Will buttress-up, and ornament, Imperial dignity!
But as experienced statesmanship, our realm demands,
Be *Premier's* rank and power, entrusted to thy hands.
In large domains, shalt THOU, the other Peers outshine!
Therefore, I swell thy broad-land's boundary-line,
With divers forfeitures,—pluckt from the rebellious!

(To the Four.)

Also you FOUR, shall get land-largesses from us:—
And as the case occurs, our unreserved permission—
By purchase, death, or 'change,—to extend possession.
And furthermore I grant,—sans let, or other turmoil—
To hold all rights in *full*, as liege lords of the soil.
Moreover, with you FIVE, shall be all *final* judgment:
And from your verdict—be there no appealment.
Furthermore,—all aids, rents, socage, fines, and fee,—

Mines, salt, and seignorage on your estates, I grant to ye!
That so We prove our lofty sense of gratitude:
Raising you to the verge, of our own altitude.

THE ARCHBISHOP-CHANCELLOR.

Sire! on behalf of one and all, much thankfulness we own:
In making us of power—You make more firm the throne!

THE EMPEROR.

Unto you FIVE—still mightier powers I give.
—Yet live I for my realm! and hope awhile to live!—
But strong forebodings draw with perturbation,
My mind from striving-on,—to bygone consternation:
In nature's course of things—I, from my friends must go!
Then, be it with you FIVE our sceptre to bestow.
And be the Prince so chosen, crown'd at highest altar!
Peacefully ending so,—what oft hath stirred up war.

THE ARCHBISHOP-CHANCELLOR.

(Speaking as BISHOP.)

Humble in word and mien,—yet proud in conscious worth;
Princes, before Thee bend—the mightiest on earth!
So long as blood, our veins with manhood fill,
Be we the body moved,—by thy Imperial will.

THE EMPEROR.

And now that after times, respect this deed of mine,—
Let it be clerkly drawn, and handed me to sign—
Truly you hold your lands, by tenure indefeisible
With this astringent clause—they are indivisible,
And must, together with acquirements here or there,
Descend to the eldest Son—in like sort, to his heir.

THE ARCHBISHOP-CHANCELLOR.

Appropriate parchment—I will execute,
Being for us, and realm,—a statute absolute!
The patents we'll prepare, in our high chancery
For the sign-manual,—of Imperial Majesty.

THE EMPEROR.

Princes! I leave you now, that all, may cogitate
Upon their several duties,—touching the day of Fête.

(The secular Princes leave, the HIERARCH remains, and addresses the EMPEROR.)

THE ARCHBISHOP-CHANCELLOR.

The chancellor is gone—the *Bishop*, lingers here
Driven by dire forebodings—to the Imperial ear:
A kind, *paternal* heart, makes him this audience seek.

THE EMPEROR.

What ill-forebodings hast in gladsome hour? speak! speak!

THE ARCHBISHOP-CHANCELLOR,
(As HIERARCH.)

With grief and sadness Sire!—I'm forced to understand,
That You and Satan, still march hand-in-hand.
Most truly—as it seems—your throne is now secure,—
But to the scorn of God—and his Holiness forsure!
Which when the latter knows—the Church's righteous ire,
Will fall on thee and thine—not less the *holy* empire!
For He, has not forgot—thy Crowning-jubilee!
When thou didst dare to set, the necromancer free.
Then, from thy diadem—to Christendom's disgrace—
On his accurséd head,—fell earliest ray of grace.

As humble penitent!—of hell-gained spoil,—bring forth
Some sin-atoning lamb—to sooth the Church's wrath.
—Yon hill-top table-space, that bore thy tent-erection,
Even *there*, where devils leagued, for thy protection!
Where thou to lying prince, didst lend a willing ear,
There, founded be a Fane, with more than pious fear!
Granting yon knolls, and woods, however far they reach,
With grounds for corn, and kine, an ample breadth of each.
Moreover lakes and fish,—and streamlets in full tale
Which winding, gain at length, the grass prolific vale:
The spreading Vale itself! with coppice, marsh, and meads.
Repenting so my liege!—mercy, perchance accedes.

THE EMPEROR.

My crimes, have made my mind, so sad and ill at ease,
That you may forthwith draw, the bound'ry—as you please.

ARCHBISHOP-CHANCELLOR.

First, the *polluted* spot, whereon thou didst transgress,
Be forthwith set apart:—for site of holiness.—
Thereon methinks I see,—the Abbey's thick walls rise!
The sun salute the choir from distant eastern skies.
The growing structure now,—a Christus-cross displays!
And now the roof'd-in nave, excites believers' praise!—
Now stream the people through—a splendid western porch,
And the first holy chime, peals from the abbey-church—
Whose lofty turret-towers—towards heaven ascending
The pilgrim sees afar!—for grace now lowly bending.
The consecration comes:—O, be it quickly here!
Then will thy presence Sire! be of o'erbounding cheer!

THE EMPEROR.

May such great work, proclaim my earnest piety:
—Built to the praise of God!—atoning-deed for me!—
Now, feel I heart and mind—most holily inspired.

ARCHBISHOP-CHANCELLOR.

As Chancellor, my liege! an engrossed-grant's required.

THE EMPEROR.

A deed!—that holy-mother-church may have and hold?—
I'll sign the instrument—which to your *pious* liking mould!

THE ARCHBISHOP-CHANCELLOR.

(Returns as HIERARCH.)

Also you give and grant to *her*, by this said instrument,
All land tax, dues and tolls,—with tithings and quit-rent
For ever and a day?—such Fane to build and ornament,
Will bring on charges great—with happiest management.
And to assist the work, on that so dreary spot,—
You'll give and grant her, sire! part of the coin you got!—
Moreover *she* will want:—I'm bound to make it known—
Carted from distant parts, wood, chalk, and building-stone.
The drivers from *her* priests, will get good admonition:
The blessings of the Church, will be to them,—fruition!

[Exit.]

THE EMPEROR.

My sin-score by the *tale*—has grown somewhat extensive!
Delusion!—after all, turns out to be expensive!

THE ARCHBISHOP-CHANCELLOR.

(Returns with very humble bendings.)

Once more, your pardon Sire!—to that *ill*-working man
Was given the Empire's shores:—on them will fall the bann!
Therefore be pleased to grant, for benefit of church—
Tithes, tolls, and custom-dues;—tonnage, and right of search.

THE EMPEROR

(Angrily.)

The land is not yet there!—'tis *still* beneath the sea!

THE ARCHBISHOP-CHANCELLOR.

Having the promise got—we tarry *patiently!*
'Tis nowise *Church's* wish, that you annul the grant.

[Exit.]

THE EMPEROR.

Anon, *good-Mother-church!*—my ample realm will want.

ACT V.—Scene I.

AN OPEN COUNTRY,

Downs, Sea, Cottage, a small Chapelry, and Clump of Limetrees.

A WANDERER.

Aye !—these are the very Linden,
Thicker now, from increased age ;
Gratefully mine eyes they gladden,
After tedious pilgrimage :—
Is then *this* the very herbage ?—
That, the hut which sheltered me—
When the waves with *deadly-presage*,
To the sand-dunes, hurried me ?—
Now—I bring my bland hosts' blessings
—Ready-helping, worthy pair !—
They shall have my heart-caressings :
—Kind, and full of years they were—
Verily a pious couple.
I'll e'en knock—fair greetings hostess !
Are your limbs still firm and supple ?—
Heart still prone to tenderness ?

BAUCIS,
(Very aged.)

Friendly Comeling !—softly ! softly !
Let my good-man calmly rest :
Lengthened slumber bringeth oftly,—
Strength, the waking hours to breast !

WANDERER.

Art thou, mother ! the *good* housewife,
Whom my thanks should light upon ?—

Was it you, who saved the youth's life—
—Aided by thy Philemon?—
Art *thou*—Baucis who so kindly,—
Cordial, to my chill'd lips gave?

(The Husband enters.)

And *thou*—Philemon who mindly—
All I had, contrived to save?—
Your warm hearth, and your good nurture,
And your belfry's silvery tone,
Saved—and healed my sad adventure:
On your bounty I was thrown!

I would contemplate the ocean
In the sun's declining rays:
I would kneel with pure devotion—
Heart is full! I fain would praise.

(He leaves for the downs.)

PHILEMON TO BAUCIS.

Baucis, quickly deck the table—
Midst our garden's sweetest flowers:—
Let him go!—he'll not be able
To believe his visual powers.

(He follows.)

PHILEMON

(Standing by-side the WANDERER.)

There,—where thou wast roughly treated
By the angry, foaming surge,—
Is a beauteous garden seated—
Close inspection it would urge!—
Older grown,—I felt less able
To render aid, as heretofore,—

Strange! as I became more feeble,
Shrank the ocean from the shore!—
Clever masters—active servants—
Dug deep trenches,—banked it out!
They put back the flooding advents—
Rendering fertile all about:
Lo! you see there, field and meadow
Village, garden, park, and wood,—
Come! the Sun, seeks western billow,
Frugal meal, will do us good.—
Sails are looming to the westward,
Making for their nightly port:
—Fly not birds at even nest-ward—
Safest harbour they have wrought!
Now you see, the gilded ocean
Skirts at distance—fertile land:
Everywhere, are folk in motion:
Reaping, where erewhile was sand.

SCENE II.

PHILEMON'S GARDEN.

The three seated.

BAUCIS,
(To the WANDERER.)

Why so silent?—not a mouthful
Takes he, of our cheering ale!

PHILEMON.

He would listen to the—*awful!*
Baucis longs to tell the tale?

BAUCIS.

Awful 'twas—I do declare!
Trembling yet, with fright and doubt!
I am sure, the whole affair,
Was by Satan brought about.

PHILEMON.

Could Imperial Sire! be wronging?—
He, 'twas gave him sea-girt bound!
Did not Herald, 'midst a thronging,
Fix the grant—by trumpet's sound?—
Not a bow-shot, from our cottage,
He began his settlement
With tents;—but soon midst foliage,
Sprang up lofty battlement.

BAUCIS.

Sham was *daylight* noise and bustle!
Pick and shovel—blows and cries:
But where flambeaux seemed to justle
Was embankment ere sunrise!
There were slayings—I'm not dreaming, !—
Human shrieks did us appal!
And where seaward, fire was streaming,—
Morning, showed a—broad Canal.—
Wicked is he!—since he lusteth,
For our cottage, and our grove:
With sheer pride he almost bursteth!
At his nod!—he'd have us move.

PHILEMON.

Hold there Baucis!—he in bartery,
Larger farm hath offered me—

BAUCIS.

Keep your own!—his land is watery,—
Trust not fields, so lately sea!

PHILEMON.

Come!—we'll towards the chapel stray,—
And there watch, departing day!
Vespers ring,—kneel down and pray:
Confiding in our God! for aye.

SCENE III.

FAUST'S PALACE.

Extensive pleasure grounds.—Large navigable canal leading through it.

(FAUST,—grown very old, somewhat feeble,—Reflecting.)

LYNCEUS, THE WARDER,

(Heard from the battlements, as through a speaking trumpet.)

The sun departs!—and the last vessels
Hasten, to let their anchors fall:—
But one large *Trader*, lowers topsails,—
Featly, to enter our canal.
Its varied ensigns flutter gaily
On the stiff masts—now full in view;—
And all the boatmen,—Patron hail thee!—
Fortune—i' th' nick of time, proves true!—

(The vesper bell is heard—from the chapel on the downs.)

FAUST,

(Starting from his reverie.)

Curse on that bell!—it plagues me sorely!
—Rankling, like envenomed dart!
A boundless realm is spread before me!—
Abaft, I'm chagrin'd to the heart.
Those vexing tones, remind me daily,
How incomplete is my domain:
The dingy hut, and chapelry,
And Limes—I hanker for in vain!—
Would I up there, woo quiet moment,—
Stranger-shadows seem to jeer:
The longed-for *something's* ever present—
Oh! were I far away from here!

LYNCEUS

(As before.)

How gallantly comes on the bark!
The evening breezes at her back:
Her deck is crowded—as I mark
With chests, and bales—and "sack and pack."

(A splendid vessel makes its appearance, coming up the canal,—deeply laden with foreign merchandize, even to deck-freight.)

MEPHISTOPHELES, AND THE THREE MIGHTY ONES.

CHORUS.

Here will we land
Free from disaster,
Goodluck betide
Our lord and master!

(They jump ashore.—The deck goods are landed.)

We've done the deed, have sunk and seiz'd,
[illegible] Lordship's pleasure.

MEPHISTOPHELES,

(Within FAUST's hearing, who appears thoughtful.)

We've done the trick! have sunk and seized;
—Rewarded, if our lord is pleased.
With only *two*, we sailed away,
A score Ships, now ride in the bay!—
The goods that we do now unload,
Are of the rest—a fair forebode:—
Broad ocean, sets the conscience free!—
One has no qualms, when out at sea,—
There, virtue is an active *grip*;
One hooks a fish,—one grabs a ship,—
And is one commodore of three!
A fourth is captured speedily;—
And the *fifth* ship, *declines* to fight:—
The power's with us—and power is *Right!*
One questions, What?—not Whose? or, "where bound
If I know ought of navigation— [for?"—
Sea-trading, piracy, and war,
Are a tri-unity—of spoliation.

THE THREE MIGHTY ONES.

No thank?—no greet?
No greet!—no thank!
As *were* what we bring
For our patron—stank!
He made us a face
Both queer and grim:
Imperial wealth!
Delights not him.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Do not expect
More recompense;
You've ta'en your share,
So *mizzle* hence!

THE THREE.

That's a very
Pretty start!
We each require
A larger part!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Arrange ye first
In ev'ry Hall,
The costly things—
Both great and small:
And should he deign
To see the sight!
He then will do
The thing that's right:
—He'll not disgrace
Himself the least!—
But give the fleet
A sumptuous feast!
To-morrow—land the bird-division:
Myself, will range them with precision.

(The goods are taken into the Palace.)

MEPHISTOPHELES TO FAUST.

With wrinkled brow, and scowling look
You scan unmoved, your boundless luck?—

Success has crowned your every deed,
The land, and ocean, are agreed:
The sea, right willingly transports
Your trading ships to foreign-ports:
—Well might one say, "from this thy palace,
The ample world thou, canst embrace"!—
Your greatness issued from this spot—
Here stood the first rough-boarded cot:—
Where *then*—ran ditches parallel,
The rudder now guides many a vessel,—
Thy towering mind, and folks activity,
Have triumphed, over land and sea!
From here————

FAUST
(Excited.)

——Accursèd here!
'Tis *that* doth burthen my career.
Now hark!—thou most accommodating!—
My heart encounters thrust on thrust:
I can no longer mask my hating—
I blush to say so!——but I must.

The ancient *Pair*, who there enthrone—
Must move!—receiving worth, for worth!
That clump of lime trees not my own,
Would mar for me, the *rule* of earth!—
There would I form, of stanchions stout
—Building from branch to branch—a high "look-out!"
Whence vision reaching far horizon,
My crowning labours I might gaze on!—
Whence, clear and unrestricted—see defined,
The master-piece of human mind!

And firmly fix by dint of thought
Folks' safety—on the land I've wrought.

But man, is doomed to ills and ails!
Immersed in riches—something fails:
Yon chapel-bell, and lime-tree fragrance,
Are church, and *charnel-house*—to my existence!
Thus is my will—and proper self-command,
Wrecked, on a worthless hill of sand!—
How 'scape I from these temper-toils!
I hear the bell?—my rage o'erboils.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It stands to reason,—suchlike hate!
Must keep you in excited state:
Who doubts,—that to each noble ear,
Such tinkling, must accurst appear?—
That everlasting ding-dong-digh,
Beshrouds serenest evening sky—
It blends itself with all we have
From infancy unto the grave!—
As if between, curst ding and dong!
One's life, were but a dreamy song.

FAUST.

Their long pugnacious opposition,
Saddens my every acquisition:
Wearied by vexing baulks one must,—
At last give over being just!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Wherefore your spirit agonize?—
Your project is,—to colonize.

FAUST.

Go then—and be the pair ejected!—
You know the farm that I selected
For————

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We take them up—and *there* we plant them—
Anon, both house and land, enchant them!—
Protracted strife and opposition,
Always enhances acquisition!

(He whistles, and the THREE enter.)

Hither!—and know the master's mandate:
To-morrow—brings the naval Fête!

THE THREE.

Our aged patron, met us queerly:—
Still, costly feeding, we love dearly!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

(To the audience.)

We strive for something new—in vain!
'Tis Naboth's vineyard! o'er again.

SCENE IV.

DEEP NIGHT.

LYNCEUS,

(From the Turret singing.)

By nature quicksighted—
As warder, placed here,
To turret-top plighted
Round welkin I peer:

I see in the distance,
I see through the near,
Ken moon and star's substance—
I' th' wood count the deer:
Descrying in all things,
Great beauty and grace:—
My peering much joy brings!
So I keep my place.—
Delectable eye-sight!—
Whate'er thou hast seen,
By evening, or daylight,
Has beauteous been.

(Pause.)

Not alone for eye-delighting,
Am I placed where sight can rove:
Ah! what horrid fire-affrighting,—
Threatens yonder Linden grove?
Rushing sparks I see ascending,
Through the darkness of the trees,—
Ever stronger glares the branding!
Strength'ned by a fanning breeze.—
Lo!—old Baucis' hut's on fire!
That so moss-grown there did stand:
Promptest aidance they require,—
But I see no helping hand:
Pity 'tis! such pious couple—
Who evinced a dread of fire,
Should by flames be sunk in trouble:
Ne'er was circumstance more dire?
Midst the flames, and midst the glow,
Still see I their habitation!

May the worthy couple know,—
Rescue, from the conflagration.
Tongues of glaring, flash like lightning,—
Turning verdant leaf—to brown:
And dry branches, quick-igniting
Flare away—then tumble down,—
Must mine eyes, sad vouchers be?—
Must they to the mind relate?—
Crushed!—is the little chapelry,
By the fallen branches weight.
Now the angry climbing flames,
Mount to every Linden-head!
Top to root, each stem proclaims,
A lurid glow of purple-red.

(A long pause.)

What so pleased my sight each day,—
Is forever, past away!

FAUST

(On a balcony of his Palace—looking towards the downs.)

Aloft what whining minstrelsy?
The deed is done,—the sound's too late:—
My warder lamentates!—I inwardly,
My hurried order reprobate.—
What, though the limes by fire affected
Are half consumed, and dropt away,—
A bold "look-out" is soon erected!
From whence, my works I may survey:
From thence too, watch the snug abode,
Selected for the ancient pair—
Who will ere long, feel gratitude,
For comforts,—*hopeless* where they were.

MEPHISTOPHELES AND THE THREE

(Below.)

Well here we are!—right hot you see—
Th' affair has ended scurvily!
We knocked, and knocked, and knocked again,
But all our knocking proved in vain:—
We bawled, as loud as we could bawl,
But got no loud reply at all,—
We kicked, and knocked again, all three!
The old door split—and in went we:
We called—and threatened louder yet;
But still no answer could we get:—
As in most cases,—so 'twas here,—
Their deafness was—they *would* not hear!
Then, we resolved without delay
To bear for you—the Pair away:—
But they were sparéd aching head!
For both through fright, were lying dead.
A Stranger—who some fight would show,
After a scuffle, was laid low:
But in the skirmish, it fell out,—
Some living coals were strewed about;—
Which fired some straw:—when presently,
The cottage was—the pyre of Three.

FAUST.

Were *ye* then deaf?—to act so brutally:
I purposed fair exchange—not robbery!—
Your thoughtless blust'ring, reckless cruelty,
I *curse* from my soul!—share That amongst ye!

CHORUS.

The old Saw, suits the present hour!
"Quickly obey the ruling power!
"Hast thou the boldness to oppose
"Thou riskest house, and land, and hose!"

[Exeunt.]

FAUST

(From the balcony.)

The stars withdraw their sparkling sheen—
The fire is smouldering-down I ween?
Yet doth a shuddering breeze, the embers cheer,
Wafting oppressive vapour here;—
'Twas rashly ordered—rashly done:—
—What are they—who come gliding on?!

(Midnight.)

FOUR WOMEN CLOTHED IN GRAY,

(Advance.)

THE FIRST.

My name it is Guilt!

THE SECOND.

And mine it is Famine!

THE THIRD.

My name it is Care!

THE FOURTH.

And Sickness! is mine.

(Three of them, having tried the door.)

THREE.

The door is fast bolted—we cannot get in:
We must not, we *dare* not, there's a 'rich-one' within!

FAMINE.

I'll a shadow become?

GUILT.

I'll slough-off disgrace?

SICKNESS.

The healthy recoil at sight of my face!

CARE.

You cannot my Sisters!—you dare not go in:
But Care! through the keyhole an entrance can win.

(CARE disappears.)

FAMINE.

Gray sisters! I warn you,—get farther away!

GUILT.

I'll close to you keep, wheresoever you stray.

SICKNESS.

And I, at *your* heels:—can I muster up breath.

THE THREE.

Clouds, darkly are gathering—disappeared has each star:
Behind there—behind there!—'i th' distance afar!
There comes on our brother—there stalks along Death.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

MIDNIGHT—INTERIOR OF FAUST'S PALACE.

FAUST.

Four, saw I come—yet only three departed,—
I listen'd,—but my anxious wish was thwarted:
Emphatic was *one* word—it sounded like to breath,—
A dark rhyme followed it; methinks 'twas—death!—
Sepulchral were their voices—phantom-like—supprest.
Alas!—I never yet untrammeled powers possest.
O, could I magic from my mind's-path spurn—
The saws and spells, of sorcery unlearn—
Stood I, O Nature!—'fore thee frank and free;
Then were it labour-worth—a man to be!

That was I—till in darkest study plunged,
I, at the world, and self,—with curses *lunged!*—
The welkin's now so charged with magic-spell—
That how 'tis to be shunnèd—none can tell.—
If peradventure, morning brings delight;
Distressing dreams, disturb the sleeps of night:—
Return we from *fresh* meads, with blithesome look,—
A Raven croaks!—what croaks he?—sheer ill-luck!—
—Early, and late, by superstition snared—
'Tis meant for us—foreboding great disaster!—
And so made timid—best resolves are scared.
The hinges creak?—but no one seems to enter?

(Agitated.)

Is anybody there?

CARE.

The question must have, yes!

FAUST.

Whence,—who art thou?

CARE.

Am here—having ingress.

FAUST.

Away—intruder!

CARE.

I'm where I ought to be:

FAUST

(Angrily at first—afterwards calmly.)

Have a care!—utter no word of sorcery.

CARE.

Will not ear my speech receive—
Then shall mind, and bosom grieve:
In various forms I haunt and lower,
And grimmest deeds are in my power:—
On the path-way, on the billows,
I make restless, easy pillows!—
Ever found—but never sought,
Often flattered—oft'ner fought.
Hast thou anxious *care* ne'er known?

FAUST

I, through the world have flown!
And every sense have gratified:

What charmed me not, I cast aside,—
And what escaped me, I decried!—
What I desired I consummated,—
Return of appetite—*again* was sated.
O, I have stormed through life! erst powerful,—
Now circumspect, sedate, and thoughtful.
Of this world, and its ways, I've known enough,—
Who would know more—will surely meet rebuff:
Fool!—to be dazzled and still upward stare—
Fancying, that such as thee, inhabit *there!*—
Here, should man firmly stand, and wise become,
For Nature! to the *capable,* is never dumb!—
Why strive to ramble in eternity?
When what's here recognized,—has entity!
Here, may he calmly wander through life's day;—
Should phantoms haunt? let him pursue his way!
Who further strives—encounters joy and torment;
Himself dissatisfied—with every moment.

CARE.

With him, whom I have made my own,
Earth's joyance, is forever flown!—
By dread and darkness he is met—
For him, Sun! does not rise or set!—
With outward marks of healthy mind
Is inward grief, and fear combined,—
Of all and every acquisition,
He holds not one in calm possession:—
Luck and ill-luck alike produce distress—
He hungers in the lap of plenteousness!—
And be it bliss—or be it sorrow,
He puts it off, until to-morrow:

He, to the *future* only steady,—
Is, for the *present*—never ready.

FAUST.

Hold!—so, shalt thou fail, to get at me!
I will not hearken, to mere words o'th' school:
Hence!—with thy miserable litany,
It might a different man befool!

CARE.

'Tis—shall I this?—or shall I that?
But no decision comes he at!—
Even in the midst o'th' public way
He steps—and stops,—fearing to stray:
Each morrow—feebler judgment brings,—
Now looks he more oblique at things;
A mis'ry to himself and others!—
Inhaling breath—he thinks he smothers,—
And though not stifled, scarcely living!—
Not sceptical—yet not believing,—
Restless, wayward, ever fretting,—
Painfully quitting—doubtfully getting—
Freeing now, and now oppressing:—
Slumbers bringing no refreshing,
Keep him listless and unwell:
Fitting guest!—for future hell.

FAUST.

Fatal phantom! so traffic you with man?
Sharp torture urging, in a thousand ways:
Doubts, and entanglements your subtle plan,
To gall and discompose, his calmest days.

Well do I know, when once by demon noosed—
The rigid spirit-tie is hard to be unloosed!—
Therefore O Care! thy most insidious sway,
I will not recognize—demon away!

CARE.

Experience then,—how, rapidly as thought,
Care's special curses, may be wrought!—
Mankind throughout their lives are blind,—lo!
FAUST, at the winding-up,—must be so.

(She breathes on him blindness, and exits.)

FAUST

(Blind, but unconscious of it.)

Darker, and darker, fall the shades of night;
Yet in my anxious mind, beams clearest light.
What I've ordained, that will I now accomplish,—
It is the master's voice makes labour flourish:
So, up! my helpmates,—bear a ready hand!
Rashly to do, what I have featly planned.
Seize on your implements—your pick and spade,—
And where staked out—be good beginning made!—
Apt method—and a lively industry,
Shall be rewarded bounteously by me!—
That my works end, I'll issue strict commands,
To hire and organize more numerous bands:
One mind,—sufficeth for a thousand hands.

SCENE VI.

FLAMBEAU-LIGHT.—THE GREAT FORE-COURT OF THE PALACE.

MEPHISTOPHELES

(As overseer, leading on.)

Advance! advance! come in! come in!
Ye slipp'ry, wabbling Lemurs,
Of muscle, ligature, and skin—
Be-botched, half-human creatures!

CHORUS OF LEMURS.

Here we are, at thy command,
We think we know the reason!
You are for draining lots of land?
Which we shall shortly seize on!

The sharpened stakes, and pick and spade,
And longest chain, we've brought on;
But why for us the call was made—
That have we sheer forgotten.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Here, wants not feat of geometry!
Own measurement will do:
So down you *long-one*!—and there lie,
Until the sod's cut through.

As for your fathers dig a berth!
The six-feet-sunken-oblong:

From palace! to a crib of earth!
Is ending—worthy *ding!—dong!*—

LEMURS

(Digging, with bantering gestures.)

When I was young, and lived and loved,
Then were my hours the sweetest:
Where fiddle-fun, the lasses moved,
There, were *my* feet the fleetest.

But soon old-age, with wicked crutch
Battered me o'er the coping:
I staggered into an earthy hutch,—
Why had it such wide op'ning?

FAUST

(Coming out of his Palace, feels for the door-posts.)

The clicking of the spades delighteth me!—
The crowds are delving, banking, pile-ing,—
Earth with itself re-reconciling.
Now speeds our earnest effort mightily,
By firm embankment—blocking-out the sea.

MEPHISTOPHELES

(Aside.)

For *Us* will prove this bustle and to do!
This damming, trenching, quay repairing;
For Neptunus the ocean-devil, you
Are a magnificent carouse preparing.
In all respects—old *Thankless!*—thou art done!
The *quatre* elements and us are one;
All, towards destruction straining.

FAUST.

Overseer!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Here!

FAUST.

By every power to thee pertaining,
Procure me delvers, more and more,—
By payment, threatening, or implore:
And signify each morn by crow of cock!
How labour speeds within the dock.

MEPHISTOPHELES
(In under tone.)

The talk—as buzzed from knave to knave,—
Is not of a dock,—but of a grave!

FAUST.

The swamp, abutting on the mountain, breeds
A pestilential vapour,—marring my loftiest deeds:
That spot well trenched, and aptly under-drained,
Would fix salubrity, on what I've gained;—
Then were there space for millions to do well in;
And though not *quite* secure—yet vigil-safe to dwell in.
Fields green and fertile, would attract mankind,
Who on alluvial soil—a rich possession find.
On yonder rise, neat dwellings would be planned
And built,—commensurate, with my command:
Then would the space which I've embanked become,
A very paradise!—a prosperous people's home.—
What though *without*—the ever rolling sea
Rage to the brink, and threaten to break through:

Danger, would dictate searching scrutiny,
And reparation would be kept in view.
Such general feeling, has my fondest favour,
And is my wisdom's paramount endeavour !—
—Those only, merit competence, and freedom,
Who daily watch—and vigilantly heed them.—
There,—quietly would pass, secured by *caution's* fears,
Child, woman, man and sire !—their useful years.—
Such busy fellowship—with pleasure I could see—
Standing on ransomed ground—encircled by the free !
Then—might I gladly, to the " present" say,—
Delightful moments—hurry not away !—

The track of my terrestrial days,
Vanishes not———midst the *Æones ! !*—
Absorbed in that *august* presentiment—
I now enjoy—the happiest moment !

(FAUST dies.—Is caught by the LEMURS, who gently place his body on the ground.)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Insatiable his lusts—in joyance not content !
Forever seeking change of deed and place :—
None but the last, fade, emptiest moment,
Was he inclined to hold in his embrace.
He, who did *me*, so manfully withstand—
Victorious time, hath stretchéd on the sand !
The dial's still——

CHORUS.

Still—silent as midnight !

The index falls !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And with it, mortal might !

CHORUS.

'Tis over!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

"Over!"—valueless word!
How over?——
Over—and nothing?—synonymous—a thing absurd!—
Why then eternally creating—
If only for—annihilating?—
"'Tis over!" what's thereby intended?—
As it were said of what had never been—'tis ended!
Yet ever circuiting as though it *were*:—
Eternity of voidness!——I'd prefer.

THE INTERMENT.

LEMUR (*Solo.*)

Who ever thought to build a house
With shovel, and with spade?

LEMURS (*Chorus.*)

For lifeless guest in hempen shirt,
It is too costly made!

LEMUR (*Solo.*)

How came its *hall* so sadly stored!
Tables, and chairs—not any?

LEMURS (*Chorus.*)

'Tis only lent him for a time—
His creditors are many!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There lies the body!—when the spirit's going,
I'll show the blood-signed document!—
***Souls*, are of late, grown vastly knowing**
And can—the devil circumvent:
We're beat!—pursuing the *old* way,—
And in the "new" one, we are not *au fait*.—
Erewhile, myself could grab the flutt'ring knave!
Now, must I pandemonium-aidance, crave.

Our prospect latterly, is far from bright!—
On early custom—ancient *Right*—
On nothing!—can one now rely.—
Of yore, souls *bolted* with the parting breath:
Then, I like cat, kept *mousie* in my eye,
And snap!—I had her, sure as death!—
Now lingers she—and will not from the spot—
Not even the lifeless carcase leave;
Until the elements, who like her not,
By loathsomeness, her thrusting-out achieve:—
Oft has it cost me days of close inspection!
Yet have the when? how? whence?—remained a question.
Death too!—has boggled, maugre his great power:
And whether? often-times has proved the deed uncertain!
Why, I myself, have watched stark limbs by th' hour—
Which afterwards have twitched, and run again!

(With fuglemanic action.)

Here!—hither with ye! here, in quickest time!
Ye gentlemen of straight, and crumpled horn,—
Ye out-and-outers of infernal clime!—
And with you,—be Hell's wide-jaws borne:

Certes, our hell has *many*,—fraught with flame!
For hitherto, we've gulped—*per* grade and sect:
But, for the future,—at this closing game!
We mean to do away with—etiquette.

(The Jaws of Hell, appear on the left, and open, showing Hyena-like teeth.)

Back-grinders gnash—and to th' roof's hollow,
Rushes up wrathfully, the fiery stream,—
In the white-heat of its wide swallow,
Is Pandemonium's lurid gleam—
Whose blood-red flame, now touches outer rim
O' th' jaws; whereon, the ransom-hopers swim
Who would escape,—but the wolf-teeth opposing them,
They, in affright—the flaming flood re-stem.
In nooks and corners, there is more to see:
Small space!—but boundless its capacity.

(To the JAWS.)

Ye, do right well the weak-of-mind! to terrify,—
The bold ones libel you—a dream! a lie!

(To the FAT-DEVILS, of short straight horns.)

Hither! ye paunchy-bellied scrubs! of fiery cheeks,—
Hell's sulphur-dietry, has made you fat and glowing:
Ye shapeless, no-necked, rascally sneaks!—
Below with ye!—and stop the Phospher's going:
I mean the Soul—the wingèd-Psyche!—
Grab her as soon as seen; she's then but loathsome worm,
And I can stamp her with my *signetry*,—
Bearing her anon to hell—in a whirl-fire storm!—
Come! trundle in ye lard-bags! downwards go,
Your duties are, to "watch and ward" below.
How long her *ladyship* may tarry there,
Is more than you, or even I can tell:

About the navel, she is wont to dwell—
And apt to start from thence,—so have a care!

(To the LEAN-DEVILS, of long and crooked horns.)

And ye! ye scarecrow, fuglemanic botch!
Here—must you keep, a scrutinizing watch,—
Extending arms,—and spreading fingers
To catch the flutterer!—who still lingers.
With her old house she's doubtless out of love,—
And will erewhile—dash boldly for above!—

(GLORY APPEARS ON THE RIGHT.)

THE HEAVENLY HOST.

Go now ye delegated,
Heavenly related
Grace-beaming Flight:
Sinners forgiving,
Dust to make living!—
And in the hovering
Let herbage and creature
Thorough all nature
Partake of—delight!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Discordant tones I hear!—a hateful gingling
Cometh from yonder, with unwelcome day!—
Why zounds!—it is that girl-boy tinkling
Which summoneth, devoted monk to pray!
You all remember well—when we in wrathful mind
Purposed to sweep away, that hatch, mankind!—
The greatest scourge, our '*nous*' could put in motion,
Was that same tinkling!—suiting *their* devotion!!

Yon floating monkeys! are brimful of flummery,
And have by wheedling, many a Soul be-snapt,
—Turning against ourselves, our proper weaponry:—
They are demons every one!—only be-wrapt!—
Now to be beaten, would be lasting shame!
So crowd the brink—and catch the rising Flame.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

(Strewing roses.)

Descend, ye glist'ning
Balsam dispensing,
Fluttering, hovering,
Life-giving posies:—
Ye unsealed Roses!
As leaf-winged ye go,
Hasten to blow.—
Sprigs of eternal spring!
In red and green drest,
Pure paradise bring
To him that's at rest.

MEPHISTOPHELES

(To the wincing DEVILS.)

Why duck and dodge ye?—is that hell-dom fashion?
Staunch to your posts! and let the monkeys strew:
Display your bravery, and hell-fire passion!—
They think with flowers to envelope you
Hot devils:—as snow-storm man might do!—
E'en now your breathing shrivels up the stuff—
So blow ye gusty ones!———enough! enough!
Your vapour has already, blanched heaven's progeny—

Pfui! but the stench is great:—why all that energy?—
You've strained and *bellows'd*, more than I require!
'Tis strange ye have not moderation learnt?—
Not withering only—you have scorched and burnt.—
Now falls their clarified—their subtilest fire!—
Crowd ye together,—baulk their hearts' desire.
Alas!—hell's mettle flags!—my helpers seek retreat:
They something more than scent, the *wheedling* heat!

ANGELS.

Blossoms of happiness!
Flamelets of joyfulness!—
Pure love declare they,
Rapture prepare they,
Be heart as it may!—
The promises secure
To the blesséd array,
In ether pure—
Everywhere day!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Curse and disgrace! on such *infernal* cowards!—
Troth! very Devils scout off heels upwards!
And the squat paunchy ones, throw summersets pell-mell,—
Bouncing rump-foremost into hell:—
May that deserved hot-bathing, tabefy ye!—
I stir not from the spot—Love-roses, I defy ye!

(Endeavouring to ward off the Roses.)

Off Ignes Fatui!——Thou! shining however brightly,
If touched—art nothing more than jelly!—
So, so!—art fluttering?—come! make thy escape!—
—The Roses, stick like blisters to my nape!—

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

(To FAUST's spirit.)

That which is not divine,
Thou must resign!—
What maketh mind to start,
Therefrom depart!—
Is such the assailant,
Then are we availant!—
'Tis love! celestial love!
Draweth loving-ones, above.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My head, heart, liver, feel the wrathful ire
Of super-hellish elemental fire—
More barb'd, than that which flames below.
Now comprehend I—why fond, sighing, unblest
Lover!—burneth with poignant pangs of woe:—
Who, treated with disdain, cannot resist
To gaze with anguish—on the still loved foe!

With me 'tis nearly so!—*my* head is lured aside:
Am I not,—with those childlike things at enmity?—
Here-to, their mawkish looks I barely could abide,—
Now, stranger-feeling has sprung up in me—
And I already look with kindness on the striplings!
How's this?—I dare not rail on those I've curst?!
Should I be noodled by the banthings?—
Who then would be of *imbeciles* the worst!?
Those youthful knaves, scorned, and erewhile so hated—
Are troth!—despite of me,—affectionated!—

Beautiful striplings!—have the gentle grace
To say—if sprung of Lucifer's fair race?—
Ye are so passing pretty! I could fain bestow
Upon you, kisses:—sooth, your coming's apropos!
Indeed I feel so pleased—so con amore,—
—As were a long-known happiness before me!—
A sort of cat-like ardency in common parlance
Is what I feel:—what beauty! what true elegance!—
Approach more near—vouchsafe a sportive glance.

ANGELS.

We come!—why wince, and turn away?
Now we are near—stop, if you *dare* to stay!

(The ANGELS fill the whole upper space, circling round and round.)

MEPHISTOPHELES

(Retreats from the grave towards the proscenium.)

You banter *Us*,—as being sprites accurst!
And are yourselves—of sorcerers the worst,—
Inducing man, and woman-kind to err.—
Was ever such-like damnable adventure!—
Pray—is not this the famed "Love-element?"—
Certainly!—its glowing is most fervent—
Rend'ring unheeded, nape and shoulders' torture.
Ye hover, as if willing to descend?—prithee alight!
Moving your graceful limbs, more worldly-right:—
Such solemn faces, suit a mien demure—
But I should like to see you smile!
Looking as lovers do, when they beguile,—
A gentle curling of the lip awhile!—
'Twould be to me eternal source of pleasure.

Yon tall one!—I could willingly admire—
But that his priestly-look encumbers the desire,—
Such should be softened down to tenderness:
So, without censure, ye might *lightlier* dress,
Those broad-fold-night-gowns, are coy-uselessness.
Ah! now they turn—to show their back contour:
The rascals are of perfect form forsure.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Return ye to brightness,
Flames of—*pure* lightness:—
'Tis Veracity heals,
Him, who contrition feels,—
Then from the evil-one—
Will he gladly get free,
And in the all-union,
Ever blissfully be.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How's this?—quite Job*ified*!—in direful plight!
Covered with boils:—a self-abomination!—
Yet triumphs he!—though pervious to the light,
Since helped by none but *Self*, and noble generation!—
Uninjured is the demon-part within—all whole:
The love-haunt was repelled—and thrown off by the skin.
Fainter and fainter, burns their fire despotical:
So, as beseemeth me,—again I curse ye *all*.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Holy! thrice holy fire!
Whom it envelopeth,

Knoweth he liveth,
Amidst the blest quire!
No more to grieve.—
All, now united
Ascend up, delighted:
The air is unblighted,
Choice Spirit! breathe!—

(They ascend, taking with them, FAUST's immortal part.)

MEPHISTOPHELES

(Looking amazed.)

How now!—whither are the youngsters gone?—
Again, they've over-reached the subtle One—
And with the booty, heavenward flown:
Now know I why they hover'd o'er the overthrown!—
Oh, I've been swindled of the costliest gem:
The deed-pledged soul, I laboured so to gain
Has been most artfully purloined by them.
To whom, or where, can I complain?—
My bond and servitude, alike in vain!——
Shame! shame!—to be so choused in hoary-age—
Yet hast thou rightfully deserved the cozenage;
For never was there time so woefully abused,
Or such abounding means,—so wretchedly misused!—
A vulgar lusting—and a love outré
Lured i'th' end, satanic heart astray.—

Well,—has in this affair—child-whimsical!
The sage Experienced-one, involved his forecast?
Then, is the folly nowise trite, or trivial:
That *overpowered* him at last.

SCENE VII.

MOUNTAIN-DEFILES, WOODS, ROCKS, SOLITUDES.

HOLY ANCHORETS

(Dispersed about—dwelling in the clefts of the Rocks..)

CHORUS AND ECHO.

Forests, are waving there,—
Rocks, bearing heavily there
On rocks—roots grappling them;
And lofty stem throngeth stem.
Billows, splash billows there,
Where caverns, protection are:
E'en lions, that prowl around,
Friendly-mute pace the ground
Honouring this "rock of grace"
Holy-love's refuge place.

PATER ECSTATICUS

(With rapsodic bendings.)

Flame of eternal bliss,
Glow of love-holiness,
Pang of o'erchargéd breast,
O'erfoaming joy *celeste!*—
May arrows pass through me,
Thy lances subdue me,
Thy wrath-clubs pursue me,
Thy light'nings imbue me;—
That so my all-worthlessness,
Cleansed by thy worthiness,
Shine out, a lasting star!—
Holy-love's harbinger.

PATER PROFUNDUS

(In the lower region of the mountain.)

As abysses 'neath my feet,
On deeper rocks are laid,—
As do many rillets meet
To form the broad cascade,—
As the tree, by inward might
Striving, mounts to airy height,—
So doth celestial-love,
Form, and nurture for above.

Around is heard tempestuous roarings,
As were rocking,—woods and mountains!
Yet *calmly* flow the silv'ry pourings
To slake the vale—from limpid fountains;—
The light'nings, which at heavenly bid
Burst forth, to cleanse the atmosphere
From noxious blights in ether hid,—
Are love's own heralds!—and declare
The Ever-forming's, guardian care:—
O! may they warm my soul within—
Now, lone, and comfortless, and cold,—
Quailing in bonds of sense and sin—
Pre-doomed to everlasting smart:—
Chasten O God!—my sin's stronghold—
Illume, my deep-benighted heart!—

PATER SERAPHICUS

(From the middle region of the mountains.)

What a bright aurora-cloudlet,
Hovers o'er yon waving pines!

I forebode there's life within it?—
—'Tis a choir of Infantines!—

CHOIR OF BLESSED BOYS.

Tell us, Father, where we wander,—
Worthy!—tell us where we are?—
We feel happy—full of wonder!—
Is "existence" half so fair?—

PATER SERAPHICUS.

Boys ye are—o' the midnight hour!
Of enshrouded soul and mind:
To your parents—quick-lost dower,—
To the angels—dower kind.
That paternal-one is here,
You all feel!—so draw more near:
Of the rugged world's embrace,
Happily,—you know no trace.
Come!—descend into mine eyes,
—Organs suited to this world—
As your own, my optics prize:

(He receives them unto himself.)

Lo! a landscape is unfurled:
Those are trees—and that a mountain!
That a river—downwards hurled,
Making leap on leap to gain,
Shortened passage to the plain.

CHOIR OF BLESSED BOYS

(As from within him.)

All is wondrous to behold!
But the sight imparts no glow:

We feel horror-struck and cold,
Worthy Father!—let us go.

PATER SERAPHICUS.

Rise ye then to loftier region,
Waxing, both in form and song:
Worthiest wisdom is religion—
Jesu's presence maketh strong:
Therein, blessed souls do solace
—Such as roam ethereal space—
His enduring loving-kindness,
Brings us to, the day of bliss!

CHORUS OF BLESSED BOYS
(Circling in the air.)

Hand in hand 'twining,
Union, joy bringing,
Gladsomely circling
Pure impulse feeling.
Holily—love-taught,—
Faith, making bold:
The saviour so sought—
We all shall behold!—

ANGELS
(Floating in the higher atmosphere—bearing FAUST's immortal part.)

Rescued is this noble portion
Of the spirit-world, from sin:
Who through striving, proves devotion—
We, from Satan's power can win:—
And has for him, almighty love!
Ta'en portion in the ransoming;
Then do the blissful choir above—
Vouchsafe to him, heart-welcoming.

YOUNGER ANGELS.

Roses, scattered from the bosom
Of love-holy Penitent—
Aided us to overcome:
Accomplishing the great event!
—Rescued is this lofty soul
From the Evil-one's control!—
Belial, cringèd as we strew'd
Flowers of Love!—with gratitude:
And his Imps, when touched did flee,
Back to their Tophet-slavery.
'Stead of hell-smarts richly earnt
Holy-fire the Demons burnt!—
Even Satanas, was blained
By the roses that we rained.—
Shout aloud!—the conflict's gainèd!

MORE PERFECT ANGELS.

Yet, is there earthy *rest!*
We feel its pressure;—
Were he of asbest,—
He is not pure.—
When a towering mind,
The element's four
Have contrived to bind:
Not seraphic power
Can sever the union-
-Unholy—of the *two*:—
Divine Love! alone
Can that undo.

THE YOUNGER ANGELS.

Mist, o'er the mountain's height,
I clearly descry
Moving in ether light,
Blest spirits are nigh!—
Lo! it becomes more bright:—
It is the vivid *Flight*,
Of bliss-feeling boys
Loosed from earth's pressure
Soaring to regions pure,
To taste of refreshing joys,—
In the new-spring and gear
Of the heavenly sphere!—
With them shall commence
His celestial existence:—
A welcome compeer!—

BLESSED BOYS.

Gladly we entertain
Th' angelic fraught *crysal!*
Gladly, we so obtain
Pledges celestial!—
The swathings undo
Of his earthy estate,—
Lo! through breathings new,
He is comely and great.

DOCTOR MARIANUS

(In the uppermost, and pleasantest cell.)

Here is the prospect free,
And buoyant the spirit:

There—a fair company,
Soar to inherit!—
'Mongst them, in glorious sheen
Is heaven's all-gracious queen,
Circled by many a star:—
Her radiance I ken afar!

(Rapturously.)

Hail! Queen of earth and sky:—
Let me beneath the blue
Of heaven-spread canopy—
Thy mysteries view.
What in the brave man's heart
Towards thee doth move
With holiest love-smart,
Do thou approve.
Invincible our courage
Urgéd by thy behest,
Assuagéd our holy rage—
If thou satisfiest.
Virgin, pure as holiest thought,—
Mother, to thee be incense brought—
Chosen queen of heavenly realm!—
Concrescent with, the Elohim.
Around her entwine
Cloudlets divine!—
Love-penitents they,
Who tempted astray
Embrace now her knees,
Breathing ethereal day—
Asking for "mercies."
Thou, the most undefiled!
In thy purity

Permittest—the poor beguiled,
Freely to come to thee!

Those, who through weakness fall
Are *hard*—to disenthral:
Easily slip the feet—
When ice our paths cover!
Ah! who by innate power
Is safe in passion's hour?—
Or against look and greet
Of love-breathing, lover?—

MATER GLORIOSA

(Floats along.)

CHORUS OF FEMALE PENITENTS.

Ascending through ether
To heavenly space—
Approve thou our prayer
Thou, so rich in grace—
Compassionate Mother!

MAGNA PECCATRIX.

(Luke vii. 36.)

By the pure love, that bathéd the feet,
Of thy Godhead Son here
With tears, falling balmy sweet—
Despising pharasaic sneer:
By the ointment, I so full and oft
Dropt fragrantly on him:
By the tresses, so bright and soft
That dried holy limb:

MULIER SAMARITANA.

(John iv.)

By the well, that in days of yore,
Watered Abraham's herd:
By the jug, that purest drink bore,
To the lips of our Lord:
By the spring, running holy delight
Of mercy's bestowing,—
Abounding, and ever bright
Through the universe flowing:—

MARIA ÆGYPTIACA.

(Acta Sanctorum.)

By the blesséd and holy place,
Where my dear Lord was laid:
By the arm of his sov'reign grace,
That my ent'ring in staid:
By my forty years' penitence,
In the wilderness made:
By the farewell, that with dying hand,
I traced on the Syrian sand:—

THE THREE.

O thou! who dost not deny,
To sinner, thy holy attent,—
But accepteth the sorrowing sigh,
Of heart-contrite penitent:
O, grant to this precious soul,
Once, led to transgression
Foreboding no ill or dole,—
Thy righteous compassion.

UNA POENITENTIUM,

(The heretofore MARGARET—humbly advancing.)

Vouchsafe a fav'ring eye
O! thou incomparable,
Thou radiant, thou adorable!
Towards my joy extacy:
Lo! my belovèd
No longer troublèd
Returneth to me!

BLESSED BOYS

(Advancing in gyrings.)

He has out-grown us sure
In wisdom and stature,—
His ethereal nurture,
He is quick to repay:
—Soon, were we snatched away
From humanity's choir—
—But he had highest culture
And will teach *us* aspire.

THE PENITENT ONE,

(Heretofore called MARGARET.)

Surrounded by choir seraphic,
In amazement he is lost:
Scarcely sharing life beatic
He seems, of the heavenly Host!—
Indignantly, he casteth forth
Every vestige-trace of earth,
And clad in robes of holy truth!
He comes as erst, in power of youth.

O, grant me holy queen!—to guide his steps aright—
Still dazzled are his eyes—by *new-day* light.

MATER GLORIOSA.

Come!—to higher regions raise thee!
—He'll follow—has he sympathy.

DOCTOR MARIANUS
(On his face worshipping.)

Watch ye the saving glance—
Ye of pure penitence!—
That blissful existence
Ye holily commence:
All your cleans'd senses be
Centred in Deity.
Virgin, mother, queen divine!
Graciously to us incline.

CHORUS MYSTICUS.

All that passeth away
Is but typical display:
The insufficient
Is here—adequate;
The indescribable
Is here done;
The Ever-Feminine
Draweth us on.

FINIS.

NOTES AND REMARKS.

NOTES AND REMARKS.

PAGE 9, LINE 14.

WATCHES FOUR, have the hours of darkness,
Haste ye, to fill them up with kindness:

The Roman manner of dividing time between sun-set and sun-rise. —The four following stanzas are beautifully descriptive of nature during the night pauses: also, preparation for sleep—the process of sleep—the invigoration of body and mind through rest—and the cheering prospect of morn. The second line is an imperfect rhyme; but as my first object is to give Goethe's meaning, and as far as I am able his rhythm, I intend doing so again when the dilemma occurs of either sacrificing the poetry, feeling, and sense of my author, or substituting a namby-pamby line, to obtain a perfect rhyme. A quotation or two from the great masters of English verse may palliate my obstinacy, and edify the *profound*, young, verbal-critic,—and the "word catcher who lives on syllables."

Thus critics of less judgment than caprice,
Curious, not knowing, not exact, but nice.—POPE.

Old mould'ring urns, pale fear, and dark distress,
Make up the frightful horrors of the place.—GARTH.

Thus when the swain within a hollow rock
Invades the bees with suffocating smoke.—DRYDEN.

Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And sip with nymphs their elemental tea.—POPE.

A sordid god, down from his hoary chin
A length of beard descends, uncomb'd, unclean.—DRYDEN.

Mons^r. Pipkin may therefore

"——————— gall his pen anew,
I pity him,—despise the meddling Jew."

PAGE 10, LINE 28.

Bushing—for Noon's halcyon:

The growth of the foliage, which prepares a shade for the husbandman's quiet mid-day nap.

Page 11, Line 4.

Bend thine eyes towards yonder PROOF!
But slight fetters now detain you,
Sleep is worthless—shake it off!—

The rising sun, which covenants to Faust another day, and revived energies; the second and third line describe the morning sleep after the body and mind are sufficiently refreshed—the last line is in German Schlaf ist Schale, wirf sie fort! which by possibility may be rendered sleep is shell!! The figure of speech is taken from the shells of nuts or crustacea—a refuse.

Page 11, Line 14.

The granite gates are grating, clatt'ring,
Phœbus' wheels are onward rattling,
Mark—what tumult 'tends on LIGHT.

Phœbus is represented as advancing in his golden chariot and fiery steeds, attended by the Hours, through the gates of Mount Olympus. —The idea of a tumult accompanying light is of ancient date, and poetically attributed to the rushing Hours combating and driving away Darkness. The fine crackling electric sound heard when the Aurora Borealis is very brilliant, gave rise probably to the fable. I decidedly heard such sound one night when off the coast of Norway, in 1803. The appearance of the Aurora on that occasion, was like to a large cloud of dull light, resting on the horizon; and mounting to about 60 to 70 degrees altitude—the body, if I may so say, remained stationary, but the outline kept changing most fantastically and rapidly, yet no portion separated from the *masse*. The line 19, further down, is difficult, Unerhörtes! hört sich nicht, I have not been able to render it otherwise than

Unheard-of noise!—intense,—severe,—
Not to be compass'd by the ear.

I consider the meaning to be—the rushing noise occasioned by the advance of Light is so great, that the ear is incapable of entertaining the sound. Fairies begin their works of kindness, or spite, at evening twilight, and decamp before sun-rise. In Hudibras is a couplet nearly answering to Goethe's—

Her voice the music of the spheres,
So loud, it deafens mortals' ears;
As wise philosophers have thought;
And that's the cause we hear it not.

PAGE 12, LINE 5.

Towards "height-of-being" on to press.

Faust's aspirings and strivings were of the highest order,—they were not only to know the operations of Nature, but to reach perfection —at least to stand the superior amongst mankind. He says in the First Part,

> What am I then?—if by no power of head and heart,
> I e'er may reach that glorious dignity
> Towards which my senses strive—thy crown Humanity!

PAGE 12, LINE 20.

Now gladdens he, the alpine meads of greenness
With a mild, sheeny—day-dawn openness.

Verdant ledges of pasturage.—The peculiar clearness or distinctness so noticeable on a spring morn.

PAGE 12, LINE 27.

Slips us—Fulfilment's portals flying ope.

The idea is—that having by arrangement and perseverance brought a certain wished-for circumstance to the verge of accomplishment,—poetically chased it into the Temple of Fulfilment, and closed the doors,—you are on the point of taking possession, when unexpectedly the portals fly open, and the object escapes.

PAGE 13, LINE 11.

And splendidly the mists-o'-th'-waters show
The prism-coloured—fleeting BOW.

This magnificent natural phenomenon is beautifully described in Lord Byron's Childe Harold, Canto IV.

PAGE 13, LINE 20.

Upon Our right, we see the Seer—
But say ye—what has got our Fool?

The Fool and Astrologer were favoured attendants on royalty during the 14th, 15th, and part of the 16th centuries. Frederick III. of Germany, as also Maximilian I., were given to astrology and alchemy.

PAGE 15.

Crowd mutterings.

Detached sentences proceeding from different parts of the hall—where conversational remarks are going on.

PAGE 15, LINE 14.

And *Beautybeards!* as mummers glide.
Schönbärte mummenſchänzlich tragen.

I am not quite certain that I have given this passage correctly, but believe that Schönbärte means the handsome young nobility, who prided themselves on the cut and fashion of their beards.

PAGE 15, LINE 22.

Sire! it is JUSTICE! what all men sigh for—love.

I understand the word Justice! to be the solution of the foregoing riddle propounded by Mephistopheles. The Emperor said, "Be they (riddles) the business of our Council;" at the head of which is the Archbishop, holding the post of Chancellor. I therefore conceive the following line to be addressed playfully to the Hierarch, "Do thou resolve it—'tis Our will:" to understand the passage otherwise, the Emperor would be made to require the propounder to guess his own riddle!! Mephistopheles knows that the want of justice throughout the empire is the chief grievance, as appears by the subsequent part of the Chancellor's speech. That the riddle will bear a double though forced solution, namely, the Court-Fool and Justice! is true; and therefore most adroitly invented. The Chancellor (chief equity-officer) and Fool were both at that time near the throne.

PAGE 18, LINE 3.

Like brunnen-waters, of uncertain coming.

Properly, water conveyed through pipes—spa or conduit waters.

PAGE 18, LINE 21.

Whilst Sire! the High exchequer is—capot!

A term at piquet, for losing every trick,—beggared.

Page 19, Line 9.

Lately, the Town-senatus' store was tapp'd.

The town corporations in Germany had generally a cellar of Rhenish wine of the first quality and great age,—its character was sustained by filling up the casks or vats with good young wine whenever any quantity was drawn off. Witness Heidelberg, Hamburgh, Bremen, &c.—those places are still famous for their "Old Rhenish," but most so Bremen; its Rathskeller, never having been rifled by the French under Buonaparte.

Page 19, Line 16.

Then the curs'd swine won't "go to fat."

A term for not feeding *kindly* or getting fat, in proportion to the quantity of food given.

Page 19, Line 18.

And on the table's placed *to-morrow's* bread.
Und auf den Tisch kommt vorgegessen Brod.

Meaning that the money which should provide for to-day's meal was expended yesterday (or months ago), consequently what we expend for victual to-day is that which should purchase bread for to-morrow (or hereafter). We have a low proverb that comes near to it, "You have eaten the calf in the cow."

Page 20, Line 15.

Matter and mind!—to Christians, prate not so!

It must be borne in mind that the Chancellor is also Archbishop, and is therefore feelingly alive to the interests of the Church, jealous of any expression militating against the *true* doctrine,—and malignant against the *early* reformers, who are alluded to in the subsequent line, "The vulgar-mindedness of certain fanatics."

Page 21, Line 22.

Light 'tis, 'tis true! yet is that *light* a weighty matter!

This play of words is quite Shaksperian, and admits of close translation. The allusion is to a paper currency or treasury bills, which Mephistopheles is planning to bring about in his enigmatical way.—The paper is light, and so is the issuing, but the establishing confidence is a weighty matter, as well as gold and silver, which such

paper should represent.—So skilfully is the Fiend drawn by Goethe, that *his* lies, are all of them concrete falsehoods, founded on abstract and truthful generalities.

PAGE 22, LINE 1.

Now mark me!—in those frightful inundations,
When rugged human-masses bare down polish'd nations.

The invasions of the Romans, and afterwards of the Goths, Huns, and Vandals of the Roman empire. It was universally the usage in those times to bury money and valuables—also in civil wars—which accounts for the continually finding coins when digging: too often the hider fell a sacrifice to sword or sickness, or sought in vain, after a lapse of time, for the spot where he had buried his "somewhat."

PAGE 22, LINE 19.

He kens th' in-circle, 'bout-circle, house and hour.
Say, Prophet—what indicts celestial power?

Terms used in astrology, similar to those in the Astrologer's following speech, when prognosticating the success of Mephistopheles' plans by the conjunction of the planets.

PAGE 23, LINE 4.

Motley inflates—th' Astrologer holds forth.

A name—arising from the party-coloured dress of the Court-Fool.—Four lines further on, speaking of Venus, the allusion is not only to the influence female beauty has on persons of all ages, but to that planet being an evening, and a morning star: the Vesper and Phosphor of the poets—also Lucifer.

PAGE 23, LINE 21.

I *doubly* hear the prophet's mystic lore:
Yet am I not convinced the more.

Mephistopheles prompting the Astrologer—the Emperor hears the same sentences twice.

PAGE 24, LINE 7.

Some, as if grappled by the fell mandrake,
Some, by the black dog's devilry.

The root of the plant mandrake is very large, and is thought to resemble the human form,—superstition has long time attributed to it a witching influence.

Page 24, Line 13.

You each, do feel a secret working.

Independently of Mephistopheles' devilry—the whole passage may be understood as a subtle description of faith lightly reposed in the marvellous, and the effect *suspense* has on the minds and bodies of such as are under the influence of expectancy, arising from a plan in process of development, by which they hope to possess, by unusual and easy means, an object commensurate with their wants and sordid desires; and the readily fancying of symptoms which are prognosticated to forerun the fulfilment of their wishes—rather than a string of technical terms used in mining districts, as some have supposed.

Page 24, Line 20.

There lies the "Fiddler"—there the treasure!
Da liegt der Spielmann, liegt der Schatz!

I have translated "Spielmann," "Fiddler," rather than musician, as suiting the context best—being the very man to set them dancing. The word Spielmann may however mean gamester, or rather Banker at a faro table, with his gold displayed, awaiting the punters. I have often heard the expression used in Prussia, in reference to the pleasing chink of gold, and its power to produce hilarity, dancing, &c. "Hier sind die Musikanten." Here are the Musicians!—Guineas were sometimes called "canary birds," alluding to their sound and colour.

Page 25, Line 14.

And finds a golden—huge gold ingot!
Und findet golden-goldne Rolle.

This passage as printed is difficult to render so as to be understood, I have done my best with it—Rolle I have translated ingot, rather than rolls or roleaus of gold, as being more in keeping.

Page 25, Line 25.

Time,—that hath long the oaken cask decay'd
Has one for the *lush* of wine-stone made!

That is to say—wine will be found of such great age, that the staves have rotted and fallen away,—the choice stuff remaining encompassed by a perfect vessel, formed of the tartar or wine-stone.

PAGE 26, LINE 19.

For brilliant hue, and jewell'ry,
Add charms to woman!——and Majesty!
Ein leuchtend Farb-und Glanzgeſtein erhöht
Die Schönheit wie die Majeſtät.

Opinion may differ as to the way I have translated the above, owing to the manner the first line is printed, combining as it does Farb and Glanzgeſtein: nevertheless I think I have given Goethe's meaning, confident that leuchtend Farb in this place relates rather to the healthy colour of the skin, as a result of air and exercise, than to precious stones—in fact rosy cheeks!

PAGE 27, LINE 3.

Who GOOD desires—must first himself do good:—
Who would enjoy—must tranquillize his blood.

Reducing the temperature of the blood as the best way to prepare the mind for enjoyment. The whole passage relates to suiting the means to the end—sanctioning thereby Mephistopheles' project.

PAGE 27, LINE 14.

Had THEY—"th' Philosopher's-stone"—for heritage,—
How sadly soon—the stone—would lack the SAGE!
Wenn ſie den Stein der Weiſen hätten
Der Weiſe mangelte dem Stein.

The meaning of this passage is—should a fool come into possession of the Philosopher's-stone, he would use it so injudiciously that the Stone would very soon require the Philosopher or wise man, to manage it correctly.

PAGE 28, LINE 2.

For us————the cap and bells.
Hat er uns auch die Kappe mitgebracht.

Whether our cap-and-bells answers exactly to "Kappe" I am not quite sure; but I think the Herald means the introduction of the Italian Carnival and mumming. He recommends that *all* should fall into the Emperor's wishes, saying that every man of policy or the world should do so; and though for a season they may resemble mad fools in dress and manners, they may still make the mummery bearable, by conducting themselves as wisely or wittily as possible. "Er iſt darunter weiſe wie er kann."

Page 33, Line 1.

Nor "Forfeits"—nor the "Thirdman."

The Game of "Thirdman," here alluded to, is, like many others, in a measure local.—The younger members of a family party, inclined for such frolic, form themselves into a circle of "bases," each containing two persons,—the "bases being fixed as distant from each other as the size of the room will admit of;—the "Thirdman" is placed in the centre, armed with a twisted handkerchief, or with a bladder, having some peas in it, attached by a short string to a little stick, for the purpose of adding to the noise and fun, without the possibility of administering pain. The party then entice each other to change places in defiance of the Thirdman's watchfulness and activity, whose business it is, to possess himself of a vacant place; that being accomplished, some one is thrown out, and becomes the ensuing "Thirdman" after a good buffeting round the room by the still officiating "Thirdman."—The number of persons playing, is as a matter of course, always odd.—This game may be considered as approximating to our "Puss in the Corner."

Page 34, Line 12.

And crow at each other:—

Punchinellos, or clowns, are numerous at an Italian Carnival, and add much to the amusement of the people and children, by forming themselves from time to time, at different points, into groups for the practice of mimicry, tumbling, tricks, and grotesque dancing;—the "crowing" mentioned, is the conventional "call" for such assembling.

Page 37, Line 7.

To the spinning—I the Elder

The business of the Sister-fates is changed,—Atropos taking the spinning department, resigning to Clotho the shears.—Goethe's reason for so doing is evident in this instance; but why in the foregoing "Graces" he substituted Hegemone, for Thalia, is not so apparent.—Pausanias, whom *we* follow, calls them Aglaia, Thalia, and Euphrosyne.

PAGE 39, LINE 4.

Years, and hours, and minutes score—
The WEAVER takes—the drama's o'er!

I give this passage as though the Deity were referred to under the name of Weaver,—more commonly that of "Artificer," &c. rather than translate it simply "Und der Weber nimmt den Strang." And the Weaver takes the string.

PAGE 40, LINE 25.

Echo heard—and shouted "Vengeance!"
The Changeling—shall not live!

The vengeance of Tisiphone is directed against the faithless lover, and adulterer,—owing, I presume, to her having taken part in Juno's endeavour to punish Jupiter, for his inconstancy, by persecuting Io.—Tisiphone is represented as having ineffectually opposed Io's landing in Egypt, owing to the interposition of the God of the Nile,—who forced her to retire to hell.

PAGE 43, LINE 10.

Göttin aller Thätigkeiten.
Goddess of Trade and Industry.

I hope I may be excused for giving the above line, a more confined meaning than the German sanctions, for the purpose of identifying the foregoing Name. The circumstance of this note affords me an opportunity to express my individual abhorrence of the unmanly, and un-English manner, in which that Youthful and Illustrious Lady, was assailed by the Zoilo-Thersiteses of a party,—shortly after her accession to the Executive of these Realms.

PAGE 43, LINE 22.

And keenly *cynic's-faulchion* wield.

The character of Zoilo-Thersites, is a combination of the sophist of Amphipolis, Zoilus, who sought renown by launching invectives against Homer and Plato—and the railing Thersites of the second Book of the Iliad.—"Cynic's-faulchion" the envenomed tongue of such an one.

Page 45, Line 13.

But to disclose I'll not pretend

The whole masquerade scene from beginning to end is such a combination of supposed reality and illusion, that nothing satisfactory in the shape of remark can be given.—I am however inclined to think that the Herald or Master of the Ceremonies, whose real duty it is to announce the masks, and explain the allegories,—is, on this occasion, the Astrologer: Faust, *perhaps* Plutus:—and Mephistopheles, the Starved-one or Avarice.—Pan is acknowledged to be the Emperor; and Pan's attendants, consequently, the Court. — The Stripling Charioteer being a personation of Poetry, has by some, been taken for the afterwards introduced Euphorion, in whom the world are inclined to recognize Lord Byron.

Much has been written in Germany on this part of Faust:—the following will show the reader how fancifully the masquerade scene has been treated. One commentator says, "The Graces emblem enticing manners,—The Fates proper moderation,—The Furies, the embittering of social enjoyment;—then follows the triumphant lustre of all that is beautiful and pleasing in existence (Victoria) borne by an Elephant;—showing that the unwieldy and resisting, may be made tractable. The Colossus is guided by Reason,—on either side march Fear and Hope, chained,—indicating, that quiet enjoyment can only be obtained by keeping those passions within bounds.—Coarse Envy, and malicious Slander, (such as rules in base minds,) follows in the person of Zoilo-Thersites, who is eventually turned into a Viper and a Bat,—emblematical of malice and obscurity.

"Riches and Poetry characterized to the life, next appear,—for the beautiful can only be superlatively felt, when wealth makes life comfortable, and Poetry animates the soul!—Power and Glory leaves no enduring after-trace if not sung by the Poet. This group has its contrast in Starved Avarice, who is perched up behind the Dragon-Car, —not without roguish allusion to the changes that had taken place in domestic life, showing that thriftiness was abandoned in modern household management, as an antiquated piece of furniture might be;—the coarse minds of the *people*, who have generally no soul for the poetic, or any thing beyond the palpable, is ironically treated by the illusions of the Stripling Charioteer,—whilst Plutus, through the aid of purgatorial fire, is melting treasures; indicating the peril of

the forthcoming *paper-money* blessing. The Great Pan is also a mystic character,—and at the tragical conflagration that follows, turns out to be—the Emperor."

Another critic says, "Every character in the masquerade scene is worthy of a commentary by a person of manifold knowledge, &c.—The conflagration at the end of it, is allegorical of riotous movements, (perhaps the French affair of 1830,) which was quenched only by the aristocracy of wealth.—Pan is figurative of Nature, and the People,—under the influence of bad leaders.—The fire-gulph is Revolution," &c. &c.

PAGE 49, LINE 5.

Sometimes, I flamelets intermingle,

Snatches of poetic inspiration, more particularly alluded to a little further on, page 50, line 21, and following.

PAGE 51, LINE 3.

And he behind, a lean *Hanswurst!*

I have retained the German name for clown in this line, the explanation follows in line 5, by our cant name of Jack Pudding.

PAGE 51, LINE 26.

I've changed my sex—am now by gold inflamed:—
No longer "Thriftiness," but "Avarice" named.

I have done my best to bring this passage close to the German reading. Goethe makes use of the Latin noun feminine, in the first instance, avaritia, (avarice,) which he changes to the German noun masculine "Der Geiz," (avarice.)

PAGE 52, LINE 1.

With dragons, may the Dragon hoard!—

The car entered drawn by dragons:—aptly assigned by Goethe, to the Poet's car as personifying the four elements over which he domineers—breath, fire,—wings, the air,—feet, the earth,—scales, water: also as the guardians of riches, according to the ancients; and to modern acceptation, significant of ill-humour. The women epithetize Avarice on the score of the two last meanings; he being perched up behind wealth, and having displayed bad temper towards them.

PAGE 53, LINE 12.

Fühlt jeder ſich im herrlichſten Gewinn;
Auch ſchwankt er oft in widerſinnigen Leben:
Soll er ſich dir? ſoll er ſich mir ergeben?
With me,—all think they'll *win* the "chiefest good,"—
Which swerves in contradictory life, now here, now there,
Uncertain if for me, or thee, it will declare.

This doubtful passage I have endeavoured to make clear, by marking "chiefest good" as the noun governing the sequent pronoun,—believing that the "er" in the second line has reference to herrlichſten Gewinn, which is masculine. The meaning of the whole passage comprises a question as to whether, the greatest good, may be sought for in the obtaining and holding of riches and earthly power, or in poetry and the higher acquisitions of mind.

PAGE 55, LINE 24.

Unmarked—I'll trace a magic border.

Plutus having cleared a space preparatory to the Emperor's arrival —knowing he would appear as Pan,—he now draws a magic circle, over which the crowd cannot pass.

PAGE 57, LINE 20.

Therefore I ope this tabooed space.

The Emperor and court arriving as Pan, and his attendants,—Plutus opens the magic circle to admit them. The word tabooed though often used, may not be generally understood; it is derived from the Otaheitian language, and means a place sanctified by the priests of that island, the limits of which the people are forbidden to overstep on pain of death.

PAGE 61, LINE 19.

Thou wert erewhile renowned for courage.

This might appear as most applicably addressed by Mephistopheles to Faust; nevertheless I conceive it alludes to the Astrologer having hitherto dared to prognosticate good or evil by the stars. That the Astrologer is in league to a certain degree, with Mephistopheles and Faust is quite clear, (see pages 23 and 27,) but that he is not fully

acquainted with all that is to happen is also clear; for he not only expresses fear for the safety of his patron the Emperor, but exclaims against those who had induced him to personate Pan, when the crowd reported him to be in danger. "A thousand curses light on those," &c.

PAGE 65, LINE 13.

Ere a Rotunda's splendidly displayed.

The appearance the sea presents to a diver when at a moderate depth off a rocky shore; the water there being generally very clear and green. The rotunda alluded to is the extent of sight horizontally, and moves on, as a natural consequence, with the person.

PAGE 65, LINE 24.

Da ſpielen farbig goldbeſchuppte Drachen,
There variegated Dragons play.

At first sight it might be thought that Goethe substituted Dragons for Dolphins merely for the rhyme's sake; but it is not so, for he decidedly considers the Dragon a type of the four elements, as I observed before: they are consequently not misplaced below the sea—treasure lying there for their guardianship.

PAGE 66, LINE 11.

Art fructively inclined, as Schéherazadé—
So shalt thou have, high honours paid thee.

The Lady Storyteller of the Arabian Nights.—The Emperor, who, in his love of gaiety found all State business irksome, requires Mephistopheles to be every evening ready with some tale, or other amusement, to solace him after his vexing daylight occupation.

PAGE 68, LINE 3.

Has the bold criminal *escaped* stern discipline?

This is ironically said,—and refers to the description given by the Chancellor at the first interview,—of the state of the Courts of Justice —and the impunity crime met with. (See page 16.)

PAGE 68, LINE 20.

Now may we truly say "The Alphabet's complete."

A proverb,—in this place meaning that the Emperor's signature, in

form a device, or cipher, agreeable to the fashion of the times,—was in this instance so wonder-working, that it might be considered as, all in all.

PAGE 69, LINE 14.

Half hidden 'neath the feather fan.

Fans, composed of the brilliant part of the Peacock's tail feathers,—locally, much in vogue during the latter part of the last century.

PAGE 74, LINE 24.

As the transparent-ghosts of dollars were?

The newly fabricated paper Dollars, alias Treasury Notes. Goethe lashes the paper-money system.

PAGE 75, LINE 21.

They are—The Mothers!

Much has been written, and spoken on this subject, but to little purpose :—even Goethe did not recollect where he had picked up the Idea, but thought he was indebted for it to Plutarch.—I find in Plutarch's Morals, Vol. II., "concerning the Procreation of the Soul," the Mother, mentioned as connected with Numbers by Zaratas, a scholar of Pythagoras; but I cannot believe that *that* passage gave rise to "The Mothers" of Goethe,—on the contrary I am inclined to think The Mothers, to be a creation of his own brain, personifying that branch of Divine Mind occupied on the form and perhaps colour of things.

Another critic says, "Not a little remarkable is it that the inhabitants of Minoa and Engyon, in Sicily, revered, under the name of 'Mothers,' the nurses of Zeus; and that this worship was derived from Crete, and had a peculiar and blessed influence on life, and the fruitfulness of the earth.—It is said of these Mothers, that out of thankfulness for their nurturing of Zeus, they were raised to heaven as Helika and Kynosura, (in the constellation of the Bear,) the protectresses of mariners,—a saying which Diodorus of Sicily obtained from Aratus.—The temple of 'The Mothers' was great and costly, and very rich in offerings and revenues."

PAGE 77, LINE 24.

Thou wouldst use me as Jacko did the cat?

The old story of the chestnuts.

PAGE 78, LINE 6.

Mothers?—I am stricken, as with palsy.

The remembrance of Margaret's mother, who died in consequence of the opiate, instinctively affecting him,—combined with the higher impression occasioned by Mephistopheles' description of Void and Space.

PAGE 78, LINE 15.

Although the world recoil, and deem it, outcast.

Mankind confound shuddering, with fear,—considering the former as the offspring of cowardice.—Far different is Goethe's opinion on that subject, as expressed in this magnificent passage.

PAGE 80, LINE 8.

The Demigods evolve—when mounts the fragrant smoke.

This alludes to the incense to be burnt on the occasion.

PAGE 80, LINE 12.

Should the key play him off, a cheat?—
I'm on the rack—till he effects the Feat.

I am inclined to think that the above two lines are intended for the audience, as a jocose remark made by the actor; for taken as belonging to the sentiments of Mephistopheles, an inconsistency appears; in that the *Devil*, after providing Faust with the key, describing to him the Void, the Mothers, &c. &c., and advising him as to his manner of proceeding, would be ignorant of the result.

Goethe has finished a scene in this manner before,—vide the end of the Prelude in the first volume. His purpose is to undeceive the juveniles, as to the reality of the thing represented, and to obtain a laugh from them.

PAGE 81, LINE 15.

Should be a panther-cat in May—is cruel!—

The subject of this wicked sarcasm is the freckles that appear on some fair skins, most obvious during the summer months: and combines with it the superstition that *such* indicate hasty, or cat-like temper; being generally the attendants on flaxen, red or fiery hair, (whence the prejudice,) unmindful that they are equally the companions of the beautiful auburn locks, the laughing blue eye, and the gentlest heart. As it answered my purpose I have used the liberty of fixing the quantity to be distilled.

PAGE 82, LINE 7.

Oh! Oh!—it burns!—*that* was a wicked tread—

It must be remembered, that although Mephistopheles at this time did not appear with the horse's hoof, he had it always at command, and therefore can impart, both violence and heat.

PAGE 83, LINE 8.

For such a coal:—'tis from purgation-fire!—
Such as we once vehemently did feed.

Both the Auto-da-fee's, and purgatory, are alluded to: the first having ceased after the full establishment of the reformation,—and the latter having lost ground in point of belief, by that event. All the remarks made on this occasion by Mephistopheles are remarkably pungent.

PAGE 84, LINE 7.

This spirit-working makes my old employment

It appears to me that the Herald,—although the passage is not so marked in the text,—surrenders his cicerone-ship to the Astrologer at the end of this speech, for the latter ascends the stage, and acts in that capacity,—the Astrologer may be understood as being partially in the secret.

PAGE 85, LINE 16.

Since only *two*, that Godhead-temple bore!

Atlas, as represented in statuary, bearing on his shoulders in conformity with mythology, the celestial sphere:—*his* two legs are there-

fore the columns alluded to. I have used the word Doric, as descriptive of its style of architecture, because it suited my line, and because triglyphs are mentioned a little further on, when this temple is again named: triglyphs being confined to the doric-order.

PAGE 86, LINE 24.

Their wish; to have of the wonderful—sight-evidence.

The whole of this passage adds to the mystery of the mysterious Mothers: it appears that they not only give form to things, but to ideas,—as in dreams, yea, to those who have faith in magic,—ocular demonstration of Shades, and Ghosts: the magician having power over the nightly.

PAGE 87, LINE 3.

Now mark a Spirit-master's masterpiece of craft!
The fluctuating vapours concord waft
In swelling tones; surpassing Orphean lyre
Or the pure music of the spheric choir:

The German is—

Und nun erkennt ein Geiſter-Meiſter-Stück!
So wie ſie wandeln machen ſie Muſik.
Aus luftigen Tönen quillt ein Weißnichtwie,
Indem ſie ziehn wird alles Melodie.

I have been constrained to render this passage somewhat paraphrastic—a system of translation at all times unsatisfactory,—for no two lines may be read with confidence: besides which, it implies either poverty of the translator's own language—an imperfect knowledge of the original—or disrespect of the Author, by having the presumption to think that by attenuating six powerful, into twelve vapid lines the work is improved: not having the ambition to deserve the applause of the learned of the author's countrymen, for its closeness. To none can such rendering (for translation it is not) be agreeable, save those who know nothing of the Original, or are careless of having a foreign poem done with integrity.

The word Weißnichtwie, which has rendered this note necessary, cannot be given in English, so as to describe the peculiar combination of tones alluded to. Goethe evidently means an inexplicable, soft, swelling, concord of sounds.

Page 90, Line 3.

Was but a frothy picture of thy symmetry!

Faust's classic mind takes fire at the beauty of the Grecian Helen, and in the moment compares it with the humbler pretensions of Margaret. It may be remembered, that the figure he saw in the magic-mirror, in the witch's-kitchen, assumed an appearance as if gauze were over it.

I am inclined to think, that *now* originates Faust's determination to search after the "beautiful," which will occasion the necessary introduction of Helen again.

The shades of Helen and Paris were raised to please the Emperor, —Helen must be produced again to please Faust! which gives rise to the Third Act of the Drama: and was what Mephistopheles—who is bound by contract to administer to all Faust's wishes—foresaw, when he blamed Faust for promising such to the Emperor, *see page* 74, "'Twas thoughtlessness in thee, to offer it;" and again, *page* 93, "Yourself did bring about the mawkish Spirit-play."—The word Schaumbild used to contrast the two, and which I have translated "frothy," would appear at first sight to partake of unkindly remembrance, but that is not the intention, and relates only to Helen's more brilliant beauty. Faust does ample justice to Margaret, *see pages* 251, 252, where he beautifully describes the different forms assumed by the clouds, and the intense feeling connected with his first love.

Page 96, Line 6.

We tried it on—but could not fix it.

Allusion seems to be made to the cause of expelling the Angels from heaven—namely, their aspiring to supreme power. The Chorus of Insects which follows, is in keeping with his answer to Faust in the first part, when asked his name,—Fly-god being one.

Page 96, Line 22.

Again I'll shake the old scholastic garment,—
Out flutter more! of my harmonious *varment*.

This every-day pelise of Faust's was lined with lambskins, therefore called "Flaus."—I have used the word often applied to horses, of repute for going,—and to terriers who are noted for fighting, and ratting; the famous dog "Billy" has had that title *worthily* conferred

on him, 'tis said. I believe the learned in such matters, are not yet agreed as to the spelling, whether varment, or varmint.—The word is derived, I presume, from "vermin;" therefore, not blameably used on this occasion,—the plot mainly depending on the introduction of a poodle-dog,—a *subtle* varmint.

PAGE 97, LINE 9.

The Famulus.

However my speculations relative to Famulus, in the First Part, may have been received, or refused by the public as a whole, one portion of my note, *page* 254, is here partly vindicated by Goethe; namely, that he did not intend the words "das iſt mein Famulus," to apply to Wagner—having here introduced such a description of person;—a few years have elapsed—the student has become a B.A.—and Wagner a Dr., and this the Famulus who knew and respected the Dr. Faust, grown so much older. I was much pleased to see the tragedy of Faust performed in Berlin, the winter of 1840, wherein the character of Wagner was not treated by the performer, as were he "der trocken Schleicher, the sapless sneaker," either in appearance or manner; on the contrary, the cheeks of Wagner were somewhat *strongly* rouged—more so, than one would expect to see suffused o'er the face of the studious scholastic.—On the subject of the "sapless sneaker" being intended by Goethe for "Death," as depicted by Holbein:—in my defence, grounded on quotations from Goethe, I omitted one, proving beyond the rest, that the skeleton Death was continually in Goethe's mind at the time he wrote that portion of his Drama. It is in page 76 of my translation—

> "Oh, happy he! around whose brow i'th' victory shout,
> Death, binds the blood-stained laurel wreath:
> Or he, who from th' exhilarating dance and rout
> Death overtakes—love's canopy beneath."

I quote rather more in the German, the context being required.

Der Tod erwünſcht, das Leben mir verhaßt.—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Und doch iſt nie der Tod ein ganz willkommner Gaſt.

FAUST.

O ſelig der, dem er im Siegesglanze
Die blut'gen Lorbeer'n um die Schläfe windet,
Den er, nach raſch durchras'tem Tanze
In eines Mädchens Armen findet.

PAGE 98, LINE 8.

So build we a house of Cards, with care and knack,
Yet fail o'th' end:—philosopher can't pile the Pack.
So baut man ſich ein mäſſig Kartenhaus,
Der gröſſte Geiſt baut's doch nicht völlig aus.

Building a pagoda with cards, which shall contain all the fifty-two, commencing with a foundation of six. The poor old scholastic gets a blow and plaster from Mephistopheles, insinuating first his non-advancement, then, that study without patronage would not procure degrees.—The term bell-wether is applied to Dr. Wagner as a leader of a flock.—Mephistopheles refers to the forthcoming Homunculus in the line 21, "Your Doctor can Invent."

PAGE 101, LINE 3.

Hollo! by my halidom, out there
Sits, an old Thick-in-the-clear!
Wie?—dort hinten in der Zelle
Sitzt noch Einer dunkel-helle!

Believing that the Bachelor of the "new light" intends to quiz the intellect or study of the school, I have translated dunkel-helle as above.—I should say, that this part of Faust was written early in the French Revolution, and the Bachelor produced, an example of the Illuminati of that time: the lines further down have reference to the same epoch—where Mephistopheles sarcastically says,

Ihr trugt wohl niemals einen Zopf?
Heut ſchau ich euch im Schwedenkopf.
Hast ever been a pig-tailed Fop?
I see you've now become a Crop!

The origin of the German word Schwedenkopf—Swedish-head may possibly be traced to the style of Charles XII.'s hair. Cropping the hair was introduced from France about 1793, and rapidly was the fashion adopted. I remember well, my own being left in the barber's shop:—pigtails, queues, knockers, and locks went overboard. Pantaloons were worn for the first time, and not long afterwards, a noble lord sported a great coat without a tail, called "a Spencer." Strings to the shoes superseded buckles; and Birmingham and Sheffield complained of impending ruin. Pitt gave the *coup-de-grace* to

tails, by imposing a poll tax of a guinea per year, on all such as wore powder.

PAGE 101, LINE 28.

Spare me if you please, anything like transcendence!
Kommt nur nicht absolut nach Haus.

I have not been able to give the above line closer; nevertheless, the feeling is conveyed.

PAGE 102, LINE 9.

The yellow-beaks, are much displeased forsooth!
Die gelben Schnäbeln keineswegs behagt,

The comparison is to young birds, particularly to young sparrows.

PAGE 103, LINE 8.

And found but coal in all the "*measures.*"

Term applied in coal districts, to describe the veins of coal carbonic strata, or coal mines.

PAGE 104, LINE 19.

Personified in me,—behold, YOUTH'S worth and aim.

Taking the whole of this speech in connection with the above diatribe on age, I have been led to believe that the Bachelor here speaks of Youth generally, as opposed to age, and have so rendered it,—making, thereby, the passage clear and in keeping,—allowing at the same time, his extravagantly assuming to himself a personation of that Youth. The "Philistine-bands" may relate to college rules, and the thraldom of the Jews; the demon of Socrates, or impulse, is alluded to in the next line. Many young gentlemen of the present day, who have received a liberal education on the continent, have imbibed a notion that following impulses is laudable, and indicates a superior mind,—nothing can be more dangerous—nothing more erroneous,—if diffidence, consideration, and experience, are worth anything.

PAGE 105, LINE 15.

Although the "*Must*" behave itself unruly.

The juice of the grape as in a state of violent fermentation. A

simile applied to the Bachelor, intimating that he may yet, turn out well.

PAGE 108, LINE 13.

I ken within the conic crystal's space,
A Manikin!—of comely form and face.

The Philosopher's Stone—perpetual movement—and the Homunculus, were objects of intense study and experiment to scholars of the middle ages. Goethe has made Wagner produce the latter,—and a spiritual little fellow he is!—but I am very much at a loss as to his essence.—He is a spirit, and his inclinations in his confined state appear to be classical and pure: yet has Mephistopheles an indirect hand in his production, and is immediately recognized by him; "What —you my roguish Cousin!—are *you* here?" He wishes to "be," and says, Mephistopheles can aid him thereto,—he appears of perfect and most refined intellect, and fully versed in mythology,—he is active and will be doing,—he reads Faust's classical dream about Leda; for I think, he merely gives words to what Faust's mind is employed on—not that he is the author of the dream:—he appears acquainted with the characters of Thales, and Anaxagoras, and expects much from their philosophy,—indeed has an affection for them: yet does he leave his "*daddy*" Wagner with a heartless sneer.—He feels the tender passion towards the beautiful Galatea, and ends his captivity by the glass smashing, and we lose him, assuming a phosphoric appearance spread o'er the face of the waters: seemingly a portion of the divine Eros. Homunculus has nothing in common with Mephistopheles, yet does he know him well:—when the latter says, "I nothing see," the reply is—

"How should you?—you're from the North,
And wert in the 'misty age' brought forth—
In the times of priestcraft and knight-errantry!"

and he has a kindly feeling for Faust, whose mind like his own is classical,—for he says—

"Woods, lakes, fair swans, and naked beauties,
Were the theme of his pre-sentient dream:
He could not 'bide such gloomy scenes as these.
To me, the Affable! they hideous seem.

He proposes the trip to the plains of Thessaly, and leads the way,—sarcastically informing Wagner, that he may chance to find the dot above the (i).—I have translated the passage as relating to a dis-

cussion which I have somewhere read, but have no means of referring to, touching the Greek (ι), whether it had originally a dot above it or not: but I am now of opinion, that Goethe playfully alludes to the German large (I), not having a dot over it when used as a (J), the small letters having a decided (ȷ) with a dot, as in jener, which at the commencement of a line would be printed Jener, as were it in small type printed iener, and not jener.

It has been thought that Goethe alludes to the discussion between Arius, and Athanasius.

Theophrastus Paracelsus, born about 1493, was a learned man, and physician. He made some great cures by his acquaintance with metallic chemistry, and held with the possible production of an Homunculus, —promulgating at the same time strange notions on the subject.

PAGE 115, LINE 2.

Come I—Erichtho—I, the gloomy one!

Erichtho has been termed a Thessalian witch—also one of the furies,—she is mentioned by both Ovid and Lucan; the latter states, that Sextus Pompey consulted her as to the result of the battle. She appears to be of Roman creation. The site of this magnificent scene is admirably chosen, and the events beautifully described by Goethe. *Line* 12 refers to the Turks.

> Here Might, the Mightier conquered; here, Freedom's
> Many-flowered wreath was snapp'd—and the stiff
> Laurel-twig, curled lithesomely, around the victor's brow.
> Here, Pompey slept, and dreamed of former fame!
> There, wakeful Cæsar watched the doubtful scales.
> That *was* an onslaught!—all the world doth know who won.

The battle was fought August 9, B. C. 48. The accounts as to numbers engaged, and loss,—are very unsatisfactory. It is, however, certain, that numerically, the army of Pompey was much greater than that of Cæsar; yet Cæsar conquered. Therefore Goethe says, "Wie ſich Gewalt Gewaltigerm entgegenſtellt." One account states, Pompey's loss in killed and prisoners to be about 50,000.

Plutarch states Pompey's force to have been . .		45,000 foot,
and		7,000 horse.
Cæsar's		22,000 foot,
and		1,000 horse.

And that Pompey lost 15,000 killed, and 24,000 prisoners.

Florus, states that the combatants amounted to 300,000, and that Pompey's army was double the number of Cæsar's; consequently, Pompey had 200,000, and Cæsar 100,000.

Both statements are doubtlessly incorrect, in as far, as Plutarch takes account only of what may be called Roman soldiers, independent of allies or foreign levees; Florus, including allies on and off, the field of battle, together with servants.

Page 117, Line 10.

Who keenly dared The Mothers seek.

That Homunculus is aware of Faust's visiting "The Mothers" is clear from this passage; but nearer connexion between him, and them, is not so apparent to me as to some German critics—beyond their general attribute of giving form to things. He is represented as being of symmetrical form, and seems to be a something between substance, and idea.

Page 119, Line 6.

***Grip*,—with permission—is a part of Griphon.**

I have endeavoured to do my best with the above passage of puns. "Dem Greifenden iſt meiſt Fortuna hold." Rendered "The Griphon —is Fortuna's favourite child;" because Fortuna, by the ancients, was represented as carrying a young Griphon in her arms. *See* Pausanias. The Griphon or Griffin is supposed to belong to Persian mythology, and was—like the dragon, the protector of gold.

Page 119, Line 11.

Ye spake of gold!—good store we found,

Goethe a little further on terms these colossal Ants, myrmidons,—from the nymph Myrmex; whom Minerva changed into an Ant: she bringing forth myriads. Jupiter changed Ants into men, to re-people the island of Egina; whence the famed Myrmidons of Achilles.

Page 119, Line 15.

The Arimaspes,

Herodotus, says the Arimaspes, were a one-eyed people of Scythia, of large stature, who waged continual war with the Griphons, they being collectors of gold found on *their* borders.

Rhode says, *Arimasp* is a Zend word, meaning "mounted native of Aria;" "asp," being steed.

PAGE 120, LINE 5.

Have you not Britons here?—they travel much
Sind Britten hier? Sie reisen ſonſt ſo viel,
And line 10.
That in some monk-wrought plays, I'm—Old Iniquity!
im alten Bühnen-Spiel.
Sah man mich dort als Old Iniquity.

I think Dr. Clark is alluded to in the first quotation: in the latter, early English criticisms on his First Part of Faust.

PAGE 120, LINE 14.

What do the heavens, just now foretel?

This question, as well as—"But name thyself—we'd know if thou art famed?"—are purely sarcastical. The Sphinx is represented with the body of the lion, and bust of a woman; also, the Egyptians have the figure of the woman with the lion's head, she holding what is *called* the key of the Nile, in her hand;—may not both relate to the change of zodiacal Sign, which in the course of years (2166) rules the summer solstice: namely, the passing of the Sun, from Leo into Virgo?—The first, embleming astronomically his passage through the last moiety of the former's degrees,—the second, the first moiety of the latter's degrees—and what she holds in her hand, called the key of the Nile, be nothing more than the sign or symbol (♀ *somewhat varied*) attached to the planet Venus,—or perhaps a weight connected with the sign Libra, towards which the Sun is travelling.

The head ornament of Osiris, is often, a globe and horns,—the symbol of Taurus (♉), or a portion of the sign attached to the planet Mercury (☿), and may relate to the vernal equinox, the Sun having passed into Taurus, from Aries, prior to the time of Moses. The Egyptian priesthood may, therefore, about that epoch have passed from the worship of the Ram, (Ammon), to that of the Bull, (Apis), which innovation might be held as an abomination by Jethro the priest of On, and Moses: and therefore the denunciation of the "Molten Calf," raised by Aaron:—which might have been of general worship in Egypt, when the Tribes left that country.

May not Venus, Juno, Isis, Virgo, and Eva, be variations of the latter person, brought about by Hierarchical revolutions, &c. &c.

PAGE 121, LINE 3.

"Requisite to the godly-man—and eke the reprobate.
To the first a '*Guy*,' at which the ascetic fences.—
Boon Comrade to the second—ill to consummate:
Both for Jove's merriment—who smiles at Man's pretences."

"Dem frommen Manne nöthig wie dem böſen,
Dem ein Plaſtron, aſcetiſch zu rapiren
Gumpan dem andere, Tolles zu vollführen,
Und beydes nur, um Zeus zu amuſiren."

I have supposed the solution of the riddle propounded to Mephistopheles by the Sphinx, to be "Devil:" showing thereby its knowledge of his character, notwithstanding his evasive answer. Goethe, here rivals the famous enigma of the Theban Sphinx, solved by Œdipus: namely, "What animal walks in the morning on four feet, at noon on two, and in the evening on three?" The devil meant is the evil spirit, assuming the person of the scenic devil of the middle ages,—namely, a black, pig-bodied, goat or horse-hoofed figure,—with horns, and a flourishing tail—eyes large and glaring—and mouth breathing fire. I remember seeing such a one drawn and coloured, on the last leaf of a famous Bible, preserved in the library at Upsala, many years ago:—possibly the Codex Argentius.

Goethe has used the word "plastron," which according to the best information I have been able to obtain, is a stuffed leather, in form a body-defence or cuirass, intended to receive the thrusts of the novice's foil,—as such it is something to lunge at;—but that is hardly graphic enough, if turned into English, to explain the attacks of the Ascetic: therefore, in my rendering, I have with diffidence given the word "Guy," which implies a stuffed figure, resembling man, however grotesquely; or devil, as above described. The term used, is not of universal adoption, though now generally understood in that sense. It originates in the effigy of the notorious "Guy Fawkes."

Against such a "guy" or devil as is in the Upsala Bible, the Ascetic, without any violence of construction, may be said to lunge in a figurative point of view. I remember, in my boyhood, seeing a dissenting preacher of athletic form, throw himself, towards the end of his sermon, (having waxed warm in the good cause) into a pugilistic attitude,—and heard him assure the congregation that he would like to have a "set-to" then, and there, with the devil: a somewhat *fancy*-full elucidation of the Ascetic's Rapiren:—Martin Luther, never

divulged what shape the devil assumed, when he threw the inkstand at his head, during his sojourning at Wartburg Castle.

The riddle may be thus simply explained, if the moral, and pictorial devil, are at the same time kept in view. The devil is necessary to the goodman, to frighten sinners from evil—to keep himself in the right way—and to show how by his ascetisism he attacks, and beats the devil in his stronghold; by preaching against, and himself foregoing, the lusts and vanities of the world: by which he renders good service to his order, and secures for himself a saint-ship! The allusion is of course to the religious feelings of the middle ages. To the badman, the devil is doubly necessary,—first, that he may be led into sin, and then have the convenience of dropping his transgressions at the devil's door—having been tempted! The human-machinery displayed in both cases, is smiled at by Jove.

PAGE 122, LINE 5.

I warbling hear!—what birds are these
Perching amongst the poplar-trees?

The Sirens, as at first represented, were only three; the daughters of the river-god Achelous, and the muse Calliope: and were in Sicily, when Pluto carried off Proserpine. For remaining inactive spectators of that event, they were changed by Ceres into birds of evil-intent, retaining however their human faces. After accounts, make them more numerous, and locate them on three islands, off the coast of Italy, and that they by means of their melodious voices, were dangerous to mariners. Ulysses was warned of them by Circe, with such effect, that sailing past one of the islands, he commanded himself to be bound to the vessel's mast, that he might not be facinated to his destruction. Objections are made to their being pictured, as half female and half fish. The whole story of the Sirens, indicates that they were something different in appearance from birds, of which opinion, Goethe doubtlessly has been; for although he represents them in the first instance, as perching aquatics,—all that follows would denote beauty and female form: he makes them say, (*page* 124, line 13)

"For when Ulysses dwelt with us,"

Which not being the fact, according to Homer, they are purposely suffered to romance a little. May they not have had unlimited power of transformation?

Page 125, Line 7.

They are the fleet Stymphalides!

Birds of prey, whose habitat was the Arcadian lake Stymphalus. Hercules dislodged them by means of a brazen drum, to which he was assisted by Minerva: he then destroyed them with his arrows.

Page 125, Line 14.

They are the heads o' th' Lernæan Snake,

A tremendeous snake, whose head grew again, as often as cut off:—it made a morass near Argos its abode. Hercules slew it, with the assistance of his companion Iolaus, who with a brand seared the neck each time Hercules hewed a head off. Hercules dipped his arrows in the blood of this serpent. The Lamiæ mentioned below, and who are afterwards found performing a conspicuous part, (*see pages* 145 and 146,) are in a great measure a creation of Goethe's own. Our information is confined to their being monsters of Africa, who had the face and bosom of women, the rest of the body like that of a serpent, alluring strangers that they might devour them. Others say, that the Lamiæ are derived from the amour of Jupiter with a beautiful woman called Lamia. The Germans have an account of the Lamiæ being attendants on Hecate; Goethe insinuates that they were great favourites with the Satyrs.

Page 126, Line 6.

Preserving our position Night and Noon,
We regulate the Sun and Moon:
And sit before the Pyramids,—
In the People's Court of Law
Maugre floodings, peace or war:—
—Not even moving our eyelids.

The German text runs thus, and is difficult to understand, owing to ellipsis: I have, however, translated it as referring to the stone Sphinxes of Egypt, particularly to the Great Sphinx.

Und reſpectirt nur unſre Lage
So regeln wir die Mond- und Sonnentage.
Sitzen vor den Pyramiden
Zu der Völker Hochgericht,
Ueberſchwemmung, Krieg und Frieden
Und verziehen kein Geſicht.

—Truly, if not moved, they might be said to regulate sun and moon by virtue of shadow. Some years ago, the fore part of the Great' Sphinx was sufficiently cleared of sand to discover two enormous fore-feet, between which stood an altar; and it was a speculation at the time, that the space between the feet, had been employed as a place for dispensing justice publicly. The last line points decidedly to the great stone Sphinx; whose position has not been affected by earth-quakes, or floodings: "not even moved one eyelid." The whole is one of those riddle-like passages Goethe took so much delight in.

Being on the subject of the Great Sphinx, I cannot refrain from placing before the public an extract, which in my course of reading, I have chanced on: certainly very interesting, if founded on truth; if not, the author may be safely stamped as a most unworthy romancer, for he does not retail what he heard, but what he *eye-witnessed*. It is from a folio volume, published, London 1709, *pages* 339; title, "A Full and Just Account of the Present State of the Ottoman Empire; by Aaron Hill, Gent.," and dedicated to Queen Anne. He travelled under the auspices of Lord Paget, who in 1702, was our Ambassador at Constantinople. After speculating on the pyramids, &c. he states, *page* 249, "However, notwithstanding the antiquity and strength of this Egyptian superstition, some years ago, when I was happily at Cairo, there arrived a new Bashaw from Constantinople, a man of uncommon share of courage and ambition, eagerly desirous of increasing knowledge. . . . . Nor fell he short in his expected ends of going thither, and as the discoveries he made were such as never yet were told the world, it will not be unwelcome, *since myself and five more Christian travellers were suffered to accompany him*, if I here particularize the gradual advances. . . . . .

"Arriving at the place where stands the great and first named Pyramid, we all ascended a steep hill of sand, near forty foot in height, upon the northern side thereof, which brought us to the entrance, ... "ascended from the well, we went directly forward, and exactly in a line with the before named second gallery, we entered a small *neck* or passage, scarce five yards in length, and very narrow; this admitted us to a large square. . . . . Again, *page* 256. "No sooner was this sand storm, and our surprize thereat, abated, but we opened our eyes, and found ourselves half swallowed by it; yet those men who stood the nearest to the hole, perceived it wider at the top than bottom, and the stone which fitted it, being likewise so,

had served to stop it up effectually, and till then, prevented all that sand which lay upon it from a possibility of entrance. On either side the hole, and rock below it, there were cut square nooks, wherein by thrusting hands and feet, a man, without great difficulty, might ascend, and by those means we all got up, in order as we stood, and were beyond belief surprized, *not only to behold an open sky, which plainly shew'd us, that we were without the Pyramid, but to perceive ourselves within a spacious hollow on the lofty head of that great rock, which Pliny*, and other writers of antiquity, distinguish by the *name of Sphynx*. . . . . .

"If there ever was the lion's shape belonging to it, hills of sand have covered its appearance, for there now remains no more above the surface, than the head and neck, and something of foundation, which those men who please, may take for shoulders. The Arabs call it Abul-hol-hon . . . . . We placed the stone as we found it, by the strength of certain men, whom the Bashaw obliged to stay above on purpose, and re-enter (by the common way) the Pyramid we were returning to; we fastened in the stone, belonging to the niche, and going back to the above named *well*, began to climb another passage, not far from it."

PAGE 126, LINE 11.

Stir soothingly ye sedgy whisperers!—

The river Peneus rises in the neighbourhood of Pindus mountain, and receives several Thessalian waters on its way to the Ægean sea, passing through the vale of Tempe. It was used to overflow the plains of Thessaly, until an earthquake separated Olympus from Ossa.—It took its name from Peneus, son of Oceanus and Tethys; his daughter Daphne was changed into a laurel,—the tradition arising from the quantity of laurels which grew near it.

PAGE 129, LINE 18.

Halt, Chiron, halt! I've much to say!

This famous Centaur was son of Kronos and Philyra, and dwelt in a cave at the foot of Mount Pelion. He was noted for his knowledge in the healing-art, music, and equity:—he taught Nestor, Theseus, Castor and Pollux, Achilles, Jason, &c.; also Æsculapius. In the Centaur war he was unintentionally wounded in the knee, by one of

Hercules's poisoned arrows, which wound proved unhealable. Jupiter, at his own request, permitted him to die,—and placed him amongst the stars, as Sagittarius in the Zodiac.

PAGE 131, LINE 11.

Amongst the Argonauts,—each in degree

This expedition to Colchis is supposed to have taken place about thirty-five years before the Trojan war, or 1219 B.C. Jason was the leader; and amongst the adventurers were Hercules, Theseus, The Dioscuri, Orpheus, Thelemon, Amphiaraus, &c. they were all initiated into the mysteries of the Cabiri in Samothrace. Chiron reluctantly hears the name of Hercules mentioned,—"Ah me!—rekindle not that recollection,"—alluding to the occasion of his death; but his love of justice is apparent in his after description of that hero. The Boread brothers were Calais and Zetes.

PAGE 134, LINE 11.

Æacides, in Pheræ strangely found her—

This passage is made clearer by page 197, line 6, and alludes to the meeting of Achilles and Helen, the produce of which was a certain Euphorion, who was killed by one of Jove's bolts on the Isle Melos. Goethe gives the same name to the son of Faust and Helen, as appears hereafter in the Third Act. Æacides, is the patronymic of the descendants of Æacus, of whom were Peleus and Achilles.

PAGE 135, LINE 1.

To visit Manto!—the benignant
Daughter of Æsculapius,———

Goethe has given Manto for father, Æsculapius: there was a Manto daughter of Tiresias; they appear to be different persons. Chiron calls her the gentlest of the Sibyls.

The temple alluded to, if that at Delphi, would make her the daughter of Tiresias, and priestess of Apollo; in that case, Æsculapius being called her father, would refer to her having obtained her knowledge of medicine from him.

PAGE 135, LINE 18.

Here fell the greatest realm!—to rise no more.
The Monarch fled—a Burgess laurels wore!

This alludes either to the battle of Cynocephale, involving the overthrow of the Macedonian empire, fought between Philip the III., (the ally of Hannibal,) and T. Q. Flamminius, B. C. 197; or to that which occurred between Perseus and Æmilius Paulus, at Pydna, B. C. 168.

The German is—

Das größte Reich, das ſich im Sand verliert.
Der König flieht, der Bürger triumphirt.

The simile, possibly alludes to a river losing itself in a sandy plain or morass. I have thought it safest to render it as I have done, rather than have recourse to paraphrase.

PAGE 136, LINE 8.

Unweariedly dost o'er thy circuit bound!

This is addressed to Chiron, and means, not only his trotting about on the classical Walpurgis, but also his position in the Zodiac as Sagittarius. Manto says, "I sojourn, and Time's circle circuits me!" —Alluding to Faust, she says, "I favour such as give to *fable* credence;" which expression rather indicates her being the daughter of Teresias,—who was a prophetess, and officiated for a time at Delphi. She may also be received as one of the Thessalian Witches.

PAGE 158, LINE 15.

Seismos.

A personification of Earthquake, and has reference to the Titans, who are represented as having raised Pelion and Ossa. Seismos takes to himself the honour of heaving up the island Delos to receive Phœbe's fair daughter Latona, who was persecuted by Juno:—by whose command the serpent Pytho pursued her; and Terra denied a resting place. Seismos was, however, assisted by pitying Neptune in raising that retreat; there, under a palm tree she bare Apollo and Diana.

PAGE 139, LINE 17.

Colossal Cariatidé.

The inhabitants of Carya, in Arcadia, for expressing doubts as to the possibility of withstanding the Persians, were, after the war ended,

made an example of, by the other Grecian states: all the men were killed, and all the women became slaves so instantaneously, that they had to bear their allotted burthens, even in the noble clothing they had on. The Grecian sculptors, to commemorate the event, made carvings of them in such dresses, for door posts, and porch supporters.

PAGE 140, LINE 7.

For sheer sport,—on Parnassus clap
A brace of hills—like to a double cap.

Seismos represents himself as one of the Titans, or rather as having joined them tells of playing with Ossa and Pelion as with balls, and that for mere pastime they put the double top on Parnassus:—one of them being the abode of Apollo and the Muses. The southern hill was called Hyampea, the northwestern Tithosea, the highest point Lycoreus; also for Jove, he pretends to have raised Mount Olympus.

PAGE 141, LINE 21.

Here we are! and take position,
How we came is not quite clear—

The Pigmies, Dactyli, Imsen, and little Thumbs, are all of the same race, though of different rank; the Pigmies being the nobility or higher cast: the three last appearing as in a state of vassalage, and ripe for revolt, *see page* 143, line 19. The derivation of Pigmy is faust or fist, pointing out their size; the lady Pigmies were mothers at three years old, and aged at eight.

Whether the German little Thumbs or Thumbkins, took precedence of our renowned Tom Thumb, is a question left to the learned, and may be settled when the dot above the "J" is found. Goethe has made the story of his little "fausts" very agreeable, and what relates to them is done in his best style. One account states, that the Pigmies came from India, and carried on furious war with the Scythian cranes;—that is most probably the earliest account given of them, and refers to wars of a very different people.

PAGE 144, LINE 3.

The Herons of the lake are dead!

The Cranes of Ibycus, as distant relatives, take up the cause of the Herons. The whole of this Pigmy dialogue is redolent with keen satire.

Ibycus was a lyric poet of Regium, about 540 B. C., who travelling to the Isthmean Games, was murdered by robbers: when at the point of death, he implored a flight of Cranes, then flying over his head, to become his avengers. At the Games, the robbers seeing cranes pass over, said one to the other, "they know of the death of Ibycus;" which being heard, the assassins were seized by the authorities, tortured and confessed. Ibycus, was a contemporary of Anacreon, and his verses were of high repute; some fragments remain.

PAGE 144, LINE 19.

Dame Ilsé, seated on her rock awaits us,—

Ilsé, or Ilsenstein, Heinrich, or Heinrich's height, the Snarchers, (snorers), and Elend, (misery), are all proper names of Brocken localities.

PAGE 145, LINE 15.

With his "dot and go one!"

I have been forced to translate this part rather freely,—the above expression is well understood as having been used by Byron—and describes a man with a wooden-leg running or walking: Mephistopheles had of course a stiff leg, and would run in like manner. The local word below—so very expressive—may be spelt, I am informed, with either an *o* or *u*, it not having found its way into our lexicons: by the bye, we have some twenty words of common usage, both in speaking and writing, and of positive value, waiting to be received by some bold lexicographer.

PAGE 146, LINE 22.

Auch nicht mich! als eine ſolche
Laßt mich ein in eure Folge.
Nor me either!—for I too,
Would fain belong to thy retinue!

I have found difficulty with this and several following passages in this cramped dialogue. Empusé pushing forward means to say,—as you are not inclined to chide them, so I hope you will feel towards me, permitting me to be one of your retinue, which I much desire.

PAGE 147, LINE 1.

From Cousin Empusé a cordial greet!
The darling girl—with the donkey-feet;

She is represented as being a messenger of Hecate; and had the power of appearing to travellers in forms of vegetable, beast, serpent, and insect. Mephistopheles feels greatly annoyed at the claim of relationship,—particularly at her assuming the Ass's head; he cuts a very poor figure on this occasion. In the passage, she insinuates that his having only *one* horse's hoof is hardly classical—nevertheless, she will deign to acknowledge him!

PAGE 147, LINE 8.

From Hartz to Hellas, I cousins discover.

From the Brocken hill to Greece. Hellas, though now understood as synonymous with Greece, did not formerly include the Morea, Thessaly, and Epirus.

PAGE 149, LINE 4.

Recht quammig, quappig, das bezahlen
Mit hohem Preis Orientalen.....
Doch ach! der Bovist platzt entzwey
—A flabby shapeless *masse* of udder!—
She'd bring high premium in the east,
But———burst is the bovish beast!!

I have done my best with this passage;—the way in which I have rendered the last line, requires from me a short defence, fixing, as I do, the comparison to the animal, and not to the vegetable creation. I do it with the more diffidence, knowing it to be in direct opposition to some who have written beneficially on Goethe's Faust. All the Germans I have spoken with on the subject, give Bovist as the name of a species of the mushroom or pilz, found on heaths in the autumn; it is round, and generally about the size of a walnut, the inside being full of fine dust or powder, dangerous to the eyes; by boys, in this country, called puff-balls. Now, I could not make such agree with the context, which decidedly relates to a swinish or cowish fatness; in nowise analogous to a dry champillion-case," containing an impalpable powder. Believing, therefore, that such was not Goethe's intention, and as the Lamiæ could assume variety of shapes, I pre-

sumed his meaning to be, a comparison with the animal creation, and most likely to the common and opprobrious one, of cow, so often vulgarly applied to female obesity; Bovidæ being the class generic name for the ox species of ruminants: also the word "burst" is applied to a cow's death through over feeding on green clover. Mr. Gray makes the Bovidiæ, or Ox family of ruminants, the first of the fifth order; viz.—

"1st. Bovina, Bos of Linnæus.

2nd. Camelopardina, Camelopardales of Linnæus," &c. &c.

Aptly, therefore, used by Goethe in that sense, Bovist; and as Empusé had assumed the ass's head, so this one of the Lamiæ may have sported the cow-hoof. Moreover, the lexicon spelling of the word standing for that peculiar species of "pilz" is spelt "boſiſt." Believing that I have fathomed the right sense, I confidently rendered the passage, as above.

PAGE 150, LINE 10.

For Pindus' mighty range extends to here!

The eastern point of Pindus reaches to the Pharsalian plain. Pompey passed over it in disguise, when he fled to the mouth of the Peneus after the battle, to embark for Lesbos. Oreas, a hill deity, whence the Oreades. The hill raised by Seismos is, of course, like other parts of this scene, to be understood as delusion.

PAGE 151, LINE 21.

Your rigid mind reluctantly gives way,—

This sketch of disputation between Anaxagoras and Thales is very craftily managed; Goethe seems in divers places to incline to the latter's opinion.

Anaxagoras was born at Clazomenæ, in Ionia, (Asia Minor). He is said to have been preceptor to Pericles, Socrates, &c. Several doctrines ascribed to him indicate his knowledge of nature. 1st. That wind is caused by the rarefaction of air: 2nd. The rainbow is the effect of the reflection of the solar rays from a dense cloud placed opposite—like a mirror: 3rd. The moon is an opaque body, illumined by the sun, and inhabited. Many other speculations are attributed to him, not in keeping with the foregoing, and therefore justly scouted: amongst them, that the stars were formed of stones

whirled from the earth by violent circumvolution. He was accused of impiety, and condemned to die. Pericles pleaded for him, and the sentence was changed to banishment. When the people of Lampsacus asked him before death, if he wished anything to be done in commemoration of him: "yes," said he, "let the boys be allowed to play on the anniversary of my death:" this was observed, and the time dedicated to relaxation, was called Anaxagoria. He died, aged 71, at Lampsacus, B.C. 428. His contemporaries gave him the title of "*nous*" or understanding. A chief dogma with him was "of nothing nothing comes;" therefore everything had its first atoms: by the effect of motion chaos was arranged, and the world created by the earthy particles sinking: and light and fire, as the eternal cause of motion, surrounded the world in atmosphere. He busied himself on the score of eclipses of sun and moon; and would explain earthquakes; therefore does he take an interest in the pigmy race, who make their appearance on such occasions. He held that God, and nature, were seperate in individuality.

PAGE 152, LINE 4.

Has e'er thy system, Thales!—in one night
Produced from slime—a mountain of such height?

THALES.

Never was Nature! in *her* use of powers,
Confined to day—or night—or hours:

Thales, one of the seven sages, was born in Miletus, (Ionia), B.C. 632. He may be accepted as the founder of the Ionian School of Philosophy: moreover was held by his fellow citizens as a great politician. To him is attributed the famous saying, "learn to know thyself." He taught that the first matter, or substance of things being imbued with life,—was in itself divine, and physically represented by water: but under that term, it was nowise Thales meaning the elementary water, but to that which is fluid: therein agreeing with the most ancient Indian sages.

The four chief dogmas of his Philosophy were: 1st. That all came from water, (fluid), and would return to fluid; 2nd. That God is the spirit that formed all things of fluid: 3rd. That Gods were in all,—that is, that the All is full of divine power; and 4th. That even stone must have soul, because the stone of Hercules (the magnet) attracted

iron, thereby indicating life. Thales was noted as Astronomer, and Geometrician. He held that earth was thickened slime or water,—air thinned water,—and fire rarefied air, &c. &c. He was well received, and treated as an intimate, by Amasis, King of Egypt, who particularly noticed the simple means by which he measured the great pyramid. Plutarch's banquet of the Seven Sages, contains many delightful anecdotes of Thales in shape of dialogue; he died in his 96th year. His writings are lost. His parents were Phœnician.

PAGE 154, LINE 16.

The Goddess' cipher-circled throne!

Luna, the daughter of Hyperia and Terra, called also Diana and Hecate. I am inclined to think, the cipher-circled throne, is the moon's zodiac, also magical writing. It was supposed that magicians, more particularly the witches of Thessaly, had a controlable power over her. *Page* 155, *line* 1, the moon is addressed as the great "One-and-Three!" by Anaxagoras.

PAGE 156, LINE 3.

Our Hartz, is redolent with resiny savour,
Partaking much of pitch,—and has my favour,

The delightful fragrance of the fir tree woods, proceeding from its resin or turpentine; but pitch and sulphur has his preference. It is marvellous how the keen sarcasms of Mephistopheles are almost uninterruptedly maintained by Goethe,—even from his first to last speech,—they never flag. Mephistopheles, amongst oak trees, scents none of his accustomed Brocken fragrance. The nymph Dryas, (I presume one of the Dryades) points his attention to the Phorcyades.

PAGE 157, LINE 9.

Sisters, give here the eye!—that I demand

This sisterhood obtains importance, owing to Mephistopheles assuming partially the form of one of them, for the purpose of operating on the mind of Helen hereafter, so that she places herself under the protection of Faust. (*See* Act 3.) Little is known of them: they are supposed to be the daughters of Phorcys, one of the Titans, and Ceto; and in some way sisters to the Gorgons, and the Dragon, that guarded

the Hesperides. According to another account, they were the daughters of Chaos,—sisters to the Parcæ,—and were named Dino, Pephredo, and Empo. They are represented as having only one eye, and one tooth, amongst them, which were however transferable; and that they lived in a cave at the utter extremity of the earth, the home of night,—where no sun or moon's-ray ever penetrated.

PAGE 158, LINE 8.

Where state and science, fill one throne!

Goethe, probably had Bavaria in his mind's eye,—for he immediately afterwards alludes to high patronage shown to sculpture. Mephistopheles manages to bamboozle the ancient dames marvellously, by raising in them conceit: the too successful medium.

PAGE 159, LINE 10.

Chaos' *Daughters!*—beyond pledged plight.

The Phorcyades, on Mephistopheles assuming their appearance, readily claim him as a Sister! to his no small shame. They are pleased at the thought, that a ternion,—that is to say, any three of them, will be able in future to show two eyes and two teeth!

PAGE 160, LINE 5.

Allured thee down to earth,
Crime to shadow forth;—

This address of the Sirens to the Moon, refers to the power, and supposed practice of the Thessaly Witches; namely, luring the moon down to earth, and then obtaining from her, the knowledge of spells, poisonous roots, and herbs. The Nereides, were nymphs of the sea, daughters of Nereus and Doris, and of uncertain number 30, 40, 50. They were worshipped particularly by sailors: and are represented as sitting on dolphins. Goethe makes a distinction between Nereides and Dorides,—seemingly giving to the latter a more delicate and ethereal form. The Tritons were sons of Neptune and Amphitrite, half human and half fish; they are represented with shells at their mouths, and may be called the Ocean's choral band. The whole company proceed to Samothracia, to fetch the Cabiri.

PAGE 162, LINE 2.

Who are gods,—mysterious and recluse;
—They evermore themselves produce,—

Accounts relative to these Cabiri, are so bare and uncertain, that I will not extend this note; referring those who are inclined to dive deeply into speculations on the subject, to Creuzer, Schelling, and Lobeck. That the worship was very ancient, is without doubt; probably Pelasgic. They were known and honoured in Egypt and Phœnicia, and their numbers were three, then four, then seven; Goethe alludes to eight. One writer derives them from Cabira, a daughter of Proteus, another draws their name from the Hebrew word Gbir. Homunculus says of them, *page* 166,—

Die Ungeſtalten ſeh' ich an
Als irden-ſchlechte Töpfe
Deformities,—they seem to me,
Worthless as unglazed crockery.

Which brings to mind a most singular dwarf-like sitting figure, apparently of terra-cotta, represented on one of the plates, belonging to Denon's Egypt, which may possibly relate to the Cabiri; for their worship had to do with agriculture and production: therefore the opinion that they were personations of the planets. In that sense, Herschel found the eighth. They were worshipped by mariners as favouring deities: the Sirens state their own inferiority, and the Cabiri's power, as well as inclination, to save from shipwreck.

PAGE 163, LINE 18.

Troy's reck'ning day!—rhythmetrically fix'd, and sung

The above line, I presume, refers to Homer and Virgil. Goethe has made old Nereus one of his most pleasing characters. This father of the Nereides and Dorides, was a more ancient sea-god than Neptune, and had his abode on the Ægean Sea,—he had the power of reading the future, and was therefore highly honoured. He is represented as having counselled Hercules, Paris, and Ulysses. *Line* 23 alludes to the eagles of Pindus, following the Grecian Heroes to the plains of Troy, to banquet on the slain.

PAGE 165, LINE 17.

In Chelon's great shield.

The shell of the large tortoise or turtle,—which being in form a shield,

may have been so used.—Taking a high polish, the gods Cabiri squatting in its hollow would be able to display advantageously any portion of glory pertaining to themselves. The name is taken from the nymph Chelone, who sneered at the nuptials of Jupiter and Juno,—she is stated to have been the only one, of gods, men, and beast, who would not attend that ceremony; therefore was she, together with her abode, thrown into the sea by Mercury,—and there transformed into a turtle.

PAGE 166, LINE 13.

Gods may Gods traduce,	Ein Gott den andern Gott
Uttering abuse—	Macht wohl zu Spott.
Homage ye *all* Deities!	Ehrt ihr alle Gnaden,
Fearing delinquencies.	Fürchtet jeden Schaden.

I am not quite sure of having caught the exact meaning of the two last lines; nevertheless, I think the intention is, to worship all the gods, or rather not to take a decided part against any; fearful of results. The following two lines are of doubtful construction; alluding to the Argonauts on one hand, and to the Sirens, Nereids, Telchines, &c. on the other, *page* 167,

They made the Fleece their own:	Wenn sie das goldne Vließ, erlangten,
You, and we, the Cabiri!	Wir! ihr! die Kabiren.

The text orders the two lines to be repeated, (Wiederholt als Altgesang), which not exactly understanding, I have translated (repeated a second time); nevertheless, I think it means, that they should be repeated in Chorus,—in a way excessively festal. Were none but females concerned on this occasion, then, Altgesang if derived from Alto, would mean in a lower key,—but as there are also males in company, Alto, would indicate *to them*, counter-tenor: hence the difficulty. May not altgesang therefore, refer to some well known Temple-chant.

PAGE 168, LINE 6.

With them, rust gives the coinage value.

A fact well understood by coin-collectors, as stamping their genuineness. So adroitly are ancient coins fabricated in Italy and Naples, that that halo of antiquity is as accurately copied as is the metal, and

head. Proteus is represented as being the brother of Nereus, and from his capacity of assuming shapes, is recommended to Homunculus somewhat sarcastically by Nereus: who seems to have no great liking towards that little gothic creation.

PAGE 171, LINE 8.

We forgéd the trident of Neptune amongst us,

The meter beautifully changes, for these mysterious Rhodians:—the description of Rhodes, and the worship of the Sun or Helios,—one of whose names is Rhodus,—together with the account of the Colossus of Rhodes and its destruction; is hardly surpassed by anything Goethe has written. The Telchines are represented as having originally come from Crete,—that they were workers in metals; and in some way connected with the Cabiri! The Moon, *page* 172, *line* 3, is alluded to, as being the sister of Rhodus or the Sun.

PAGE 173, LINE 11.

May'st undergo ten thousand changes carnate
Ere thou art fully ripe—for 'man's-estate.'

Goethe seems to indicate the development of the nervous system, beginning with the fish division. Proteus is throughout very witty, and though he quizzes Thales, *page* 168, where he calls him old Philofable, yet, *line* 21, he highly compliments him;—when touching on identity after death, he says,—

Aye,—famed as was thyself, perchance:
Then,—might he justly claim, endurance,
For I have seen you, years among
The pallid-visaged, ghostly throng.

A new principal is sported by Goethe further on, *page* 246, *line* 16, namely, that only those who have made themselves a name, or purposed doing that which is noble, could retain personal identity.

„Wer keinen Namen ſich erwarb, noch Edles will
Gehört den Elementen an,"

All others become invisible, and are blended with the Elements.—Goethe alludes to retaining form, again, *see* the last note.

PAGE 174, LINE 15.

They, are white turtles that escort,
My Galatea's scollop throne:

The allusion here, is not to the doves that might be supposed to draw Galatea, who now rides in Venus' shell,—but to the ring or halo, seen round the Moon; which in the text is represented as being a multitude of white pigeons circling that luminary, being sent from Paphos to attend her; so alluding to feathers, Thales says, *line* 20,

The saintly one, knows what is best,—
Who keeps life warm, in downy nest!

Cypris or Venus, having taken her station amongst the goddesses: Galatea, as the most beautiful on earth, succeeds to her dignity, and is worshipped at Paphos. Galatea is the beloved daughter of Nereus, by the beautiful Doris. She was sought by the Cyclops Polyphemus, but proved to be enamoured of Acis, a Sicilian shepherd. He fell a sacrifice to the envy of Polyphemus, who crushed him with a fragment of rock. Galatea, according to Ovid, was changed into a fountain. This latter part of her history, seems to have nothing in common with Goethe's Galatea.

PAGE 175, LINE 4.

With silent duty and delight
Guard Cytherea's car.

The Pselli and Marsi, mentioned as attendants on the car, are possibly introduced for their bravery, and power as enchanters,—both people being tamers of serpents:—the former, from the coast of Africa; the latter, from the coast of Italy:—in *that* capacity they would be the protectors of the lovely Galatea against the great Python, as well as all other serpents. Moreover, from their former occupation, their movements would be very gentle and crafty. *Line* 10,

We, the silent-working-ones—fear none.—
Whether eagle, or winged lion,
Cross or crescent,
Be in the ascendant:

I am inclined to seek elucidation of the above lines, not in the constellations; but in the warring flags of the Adriatic and Ægean seas:—namely, the Eagle, as for the Roman,—for the Venetian

State, the winged Lion,—for the Mahometan, the Crescent,—and for the Christian or Crusader's, the Cross.

PAGE 176, LINE 3.

Lend us Luna—light and shade,
That, most *Art*-like, be displayed,
These fairest flowers of youth!
Leih' uns Luna Licht und Schatten,
Klarheit diesem Jugendflor!

I have understood the above passage as relating to light and shade, for the purpose of presenting their beloved sailor-striplings to most advantage before Nereus: and therefore, I have taken a painter's liberty, and view of the subject.

PAGE 178, LINE 16.

In gedehnten Kettenkreisen
Sich festgemäß zu erweisen
In extended, chain volutions,
Pleased to show their festal motions,

Here as *page* 177—

In kreisenden Schwunges Bewegung!
In the full-swing of their gay gliding!

I have rendered the passages as relating to an aquatic circling, performed by the swimming attendants, similar to operatic figure dancing, Galatea appearing always in centre of their evolutions, and ever distinct,—Her car is drawn by dolphins.

PAGE 179, LINE 16.

Behold! it flashes, flames,———now gushes out.

Thus ends Homunculus! and we are left as much in the dark as to the real quality of the little gentleman's spirit, as when he made his *entré*. By comparing the flowing of his light, to that of Eros—

So, governed Eros!—who the ALL began.

a portion of pure spirit is indicated—which makes his connexion with Mephistopheles the more mysterious.

PAGE 180, LINE 4.

Hail to all mysterious caves!—
Heil geheimnißreichen Grüften!

The word Grüften, translated caves, must be understood as typifying earth,—one of the elements. This is not the only instance where Goethe has used that word with like intention.

PAGE 181, LINE 7.

The much admired,
Yet more abusèd Helen comes;—

It will appear throughout this Act, that Goethe is an ardent admirer of Helena, and chivalrously vindicates her character, by making conspicuous her loftiness of soul, courage, kindness, attachment, and beauty; and filling out circumstances hitherto slightly touched upon, relating to that part of her history suiting his present purpose. —Leda, as wife to Tyndarus of Lacedæmon, was the reputed mother of Castor and Pollux, and of Clytemnestra and Helena. The second, and the last, namely, Pollux and Helena, claimed divine origin, as being the result of Jupiter's amour with Leda, in his swan-like shape. As the story goes, Leda produced two eggs on the bank of the Eurotas; from the one, proceeded Helena and Pollux, who were estimated as immortal:—from the other, Castor and Clytemnestra, mortal. Her beauty was soon known, and Theseus carried her off at an early age, and placed her in an Attic castle,—whence she was rescued by her brothers. The fame of her beauty spreading as she advanced to womanhood, her hand was sought by most of the chiefs who afterwards figured before Troy. Lest a conflict should ensue amongst the aspirants, the suitors, at the suggestion of Ulysses, bound themselves to abide by the choice Helen herself should make, and further, that they *all* would avenge any insult offered her. Tyndarus however, overruled her inclination towards Patroclus,—and she was married to Menelaus. Menelaus being absent, she was carried off by Paris, son of Priam king of Troy, to whom Venus had promised the fairest of women, he, having awarded to her the apple, in preference to Juno and Minerva. Menelaus returning, called on the chiefs to fulfil the contract,—thence the war against Troy.

According to Euripides, the real Helena was transported in a cloud, by Mercury, to Egypt, and was there under the protection of Proteus,

king of that country;—and that the Helen, carried by Paris to Troy, was only a resemblance of her, formed by Juno, of ether, to frustrate Venus' intention to possess Paris of the real Helen. Goethe, like Euripides, vindicates Helen,—he however alters *his* version of the story, making the real Helen to go to Troy, and the suppositious one to Egypt. Euripides represents Menelaus as bringing the false Helen with him into Egypt—who desolves into a cloud-roll, and disappears, on his finding the true Helen. At the time Menelaus arrived, the nameless son of Proteus was preparing forcible nuptials for her. —From Potter's translations.

> "Should I, in sad exchange
> Of present ills these nuptials choosing, sit
> With a barbarian at a table piled
> With costly viands?"

Again, Euripides alluding to her transport into Egypt, says,—

> "But Juno from her golden throne
> Sent the winged son of Maia down,
> Who, as I crop the blooming rose
> And in my folding robe inclose,
> The grateful sweets to bear
> To Pallas in her brazen shrine,
> Me thought the yielding air convey'd."

Goethe represents her as being about to worship at Venus' temple, when Paris carried her off. As to the formation of the suppositious Helen, Euripides explains it in the dialogue.

> "HELEN.—I never went to Troy; my—
> MENELAUS.—Who could with inbreath'd life an image frame?
> HELEN.—The æther, whence thou hast an heaven-form'd wife.
> MENELAUS.—Formed by what, God? thy words surpass belief.
> HELEN.—By Juno; me that Paris might not gain.

After the death of Paris, she became the property of Deiphobus, his brother; who is represented as being slain and mutilated by Menelaus; and Helena, after the sacking of Troy, fell again into the hands of her husband, who brought her back to Sparta, where she had one daughter, Hermione:—after Menelaus' death, she was driven from Sparta by two of his illegitimate sons, and she retired to Rhodes, where Polyxo, the widow of Tlepolemus, (who was slain before Troy,) then reigned. —Attributing to Helen her bereavement, she had her murdered when bathing.

Heredotus, mentions Paris being driven to the coast of Egypt on

his return to Troy; that the then king of that country ordered him away, and retained Helen in honourable captivity, until Menelaus, visited Egypt after the fall of Troy. Hence one of the historical confusions, and the *double* Helen mentioned afterwards.

Another account states, that Achilles seeing her on the walls of Troy, became enamoured, and after death had an interview with her in the island of Leuce:—Goethe says the interview took place at Pheræ, a town in Thessaly. A son called Euphorion was the result of that meeting; which Euphorion, is represented by Ptolemy, as being superlatively beautiful,—he was killed by one of Jove's thunder bolts when on the island of Melos. In him we trace the Euphorion of Goethe, differing thus far, owing to their parentage. The son of Achilles and Helen,—that is to say,—the combination of beauty, and highest hero courage, generates but perfect form and face;—whereas, beauty (Helen), and highest intellect (Faust), produce the beautiful *born*-Poet (Goethe's Euphorion), enthusiastic for the liberation of Greece, from barbarian thraldom.

PAGE 181, LINE 13.

From travel—after his own peculiar taste—
On Pallas' hill.———
nach dem Hange ſich
Von Pallas Hügel wiederkehrend aufgebaut;

This passage, owing to the word "Hange," may occasion doubt as to the correctness of my rendering—also as relates to Pallas' hill.

Sparta, as Athens, and other towns, had its Pallas' hill;—although "Hang" generally means slope or declivity, still I have felt a bias in favour of its construction in the following sentence, "Hang zu etwas haben," and therefore translated—"after his own peculiar taste," or inclination. Understanding the passage thus:—Helen says, the honoured structure which my father Tyndarus raised after his return (from Athens or elsewhere) on Pallas' hill, according to his own architectural whim or knowledge obtained from such journey, was more magnificent than the rude structures of other princes of the Peloponnesus,—the style of building *then* prevalent, being cyclopean. Moreover, I think I am justified in my construction, since it was not likely that Tyndarus would build his Palace (stronghold) on the slope of a hill, where it would be commanded by the archery of any enemy occupying the upper ground.

PAGE 182, LINE 9.

And was there, by Phrygian
Robber seized, and carried off—

Here, Goethe rescues his favourite Helen from the charge of having willingly abandoned her duty as wife. And above, *line* 4, "As doth become the Consort of a King," he shows her lofty and devoted bearing as Queen.

PAGE 184, LINE 5.

In proud and vain conceit.
Da ruhn ſie ſtolz und ſie dünken ſich was,

The whole of this passage, spoken by the leader of the Chorus, is very difficult to handle,—particularly so from this expression, as relative to inanimate jewellery, "Sie rüſten ſich ſchnell." I understand it thus:—Go forward Queen, and claim the increased treasures, which must delight your eye and heart; more especially the crown and precious stones:—for they at sight of thy beauty urged by inherent envy and pride, will immediately show restlessness to be placed on your head and neck, impotently supposing they can outvie your natural and divine beauty:—then the leader speaking for herself says, I shall be delighted to see thee so attired,—confident of your triumphing over *their* enviousness.

PAGE 185, LINE 18.

And thee—the paragon of beauty!
So kind, so truly gracious!—happy, happy we!

Here Goethe does his utmost—mastering the extreme of dangerous criticism,—for he has made the praise of Helen's beauty, and kindness of spirit, come from the mouths of her own sex—putting, thereby her possession of such qualifications beyond all doubt or cavil.

PAGE 187, LINE 10.

Unworthy fear, affects not Zeus' daughter!

Goethe finely marks the impression made on his divine Helen. It is not fear that has affected her—nor shudder, which under *such* circumstances would be closely allied to fear—but horror, at sight of the hideous! and although she retreats, 'tis not to hide herself, as fear

might have counselled; "Yet no!—I've but retreated to the light!" And in the following *lines*, 20 and 21, Goethe not only awards her courage, but gives his favourite, supernatural bravery: for although she believes the Stygians are at work, she says—

> Nor shall ye—ye powers! be ye, who ye may!
> Urge me one footstep further.—

Moreover she will calmly reflect on what purifications of the hearth-fire would be adequate to the occasion of her return.

PAGE 188, LINE 27.

> The steps that lead, to where the festal thalamos
> Was raised—near to the treasure chamber.

I have merely followed Goethe, who has made use of the Greek word Thalamos, for the marriage bed,—or the chamber in which such bed stood.

PAGE 189, LINE 2.

> A figure tall and haggard—with a livid look,—
> Confusing eye and mind!—

The whole description of Mephistopheles's reappearance is wonderfully striking. Goethe, to further the developement of his plot, must place the "Beautiful" within the reach of Faust: namely, Helena. To bring that about, Mephistopheles puts in force the arrangement proposed to the Phorcyades, and meets Helen, habited as the stewardess who remained in charge of the palace, placed there by Menelaus when he left Sparta for Aulis: the rendezvous of the chiefs and armaments destined for Troy. Insult, sarcasm, and insinuations, are adroitly employed: then compassion and praise are made to operate strongly on the sympathies of Helen, and prepare her heart for confidence:—taking keen advantage of which, he impresses her with certainty of danger at the hands of Menelaus. To secure success, he excites "female curiosity" by a glowing description of a Baronial Castle, of the thirteenth or fourteenth century; its lord, attendants, appearance, manners, &c.; so that Helen is ready to accept of gothic protection,—becoming as willing to meet Faust, as Mephistopheles has been anxious,—and by his contract constrained, to bring such meeting cordially about; for be it borne in mind, that Mephistopheles had no power over Faust beyond enticing him to sins—and

is bound to administer to Faust's desires whenever expressed. Truly, he once says, "hither to me!" but that was a "try on," to break him away from Margaret: and owing to Faust's then anguish of mind, it succeeded.

PAGE 191, LINE 12.

"Beauty! and shame! ne'er hand in hand
Trod o'er the verdant path of life."
Daß Scham und Schönheit nie zusammen, Hand in Hand,
Den weg verfolgen über der Erde grünen Pfad.

The word Shame, must be understood in its best sense: as indicating modesty, bashfulness, or chastity.

PAGE 192, LINE 10.

A captured, flawed, trucked,—market-piece-of-goods—art Thou!

This quick turn from the Chorus, to their leader Panthalis, I have decidedly marked, by ("addressed to Panthalis"). Pausanias, speaking of a famous picture painted by Polygnotus, in the Hall or Lesche, of the Temple at Delphi, which he himself saw, mentions the name of Panthalis as being on it, affixed to the chief attendant on Helena.

PAGE 193, LINE 13.

Tell of thy father Erebus!—and of thy mother, Night!

Erebus is represented as being the son of Chaos—and Night his sister and consort. Mephistopheles has called himself, Chaos' son. This sort of invective and retort is common to Greek tragedy and comedy; and however repugnant to our notions of dignity, Goethe has wisely introduced it on this occasion—the subject being so truly Grecian.

PAGE 194, LINE 10.

More sorrowful than angry, step I *now*, between ye,

Helen is made to display great domestic feeling and judgment; *page* **196**, *line* **15**, Goethe makes her deny having experienced joy from her connexion with Paris and Troy—which is in keeping with his first statement, namely, her having been forcibly carried off. According to the Odyssey, Helen appears to be in full exercise

of her rights as Queen Consort to Menelaus, at the time Telemachus visits Sparta,—to whom she gives a veil of her own embroidering destined for his future bride.

> The beautious queen advancing next, displayed
> The shining veil, and thus endearing said,
> Accept, dear youth, this monument of love,
> Long since, in better days, by Helen wove:
> Safe in thy mother's care the vesture lay,
> To deck thy bride, and grace thy nuptial day.
>
> *Pope's translation.*

PAGE 196, LINE 2.

> The keen *sea*-ranger,—also *home*-preserver!?

Goethe not only raises his Helen's character, but at the same time so lowers that of Menelaus, as almost to apologize for the frailty history has charged her with.

In this, and other passages, it is insinuated that he was a sort of roving pirate or bucanier, *see page* 202, *line* 21, ever absent;—for although Tyndarus gave the government to him, he appears to have been little at home, therefore the expression, "*home*-preserver," is purely ironical.

PAGE 197, LINE 8.

> I, as a Phantom, was to him a Phantom! bound.
> It was a dream—so do the words imply.

This refers to her meeting Achilles at Pheræ, the result of which was the mythological Euphorion, mentioned before in the note on Helen.

PAGE 198, LINE 14.

> Break from obscuring cloud—light of our day!
> Thou! who hast, 'raptured us when veiled:—now in thy glory reign!

Mephistopheles, as Phorcyas, having brought Helen into such state of mind as to be ready to place confidence, and receive kindness, even from the repulsive one, (who, by the bye, Helen has long thought a mysterious being), he becomes tender, and even flattering on her recovery after fainting: and then, *page* 199, *line* 2,

> Thy looks betide command,—what is thy will? give to it words, O Queen!

Again, when the sacrifice is mentioned, Phorcyas' manner has so

engaged Helen's confidence, that she affectionately says, just at the moment of his declaring her to be the intended victim,

"What grief haa seizéd thee?"

Thus has Mephistopheles succeeded in bringing Helen so far, as to lend a *willing* ear to his proposal of escape:—after once more harrowing up her feelings by a description of the decapitation,—and intimidating the Chorus, who now add their solicitions, to obtain her consent to fly for safety, the Queen feels gratitude.—Phorcyas once more launching a diatribe at Menelaus, and then raising curiosity in the female mind, by a florid description of Faust, his people and castle, they one and all express themselves anxious to see him.

He accomplishes, therefore, his purpose,—that of inducing Helen to seek Faust's protection cordially; knowing well, by what had happened before when the shades of Paris and Helen were raised for the amusement of the Emperor, that compulsion might not be employed even in the slightest degree.

PAGE 200, LINE 7.

Like springe-caught Thrushes, YE shall dangle.

This refers to the manner of taking thrushes or fieldfares in the autumn of the year, in Germany, and the appearance they assume when captured. A winding pathway is fixed on in some wood or cover, of perhaps a mile in extent, and on either side, each convenient tree has a springe or noose set, in the following manner:—a twig, of the thickness of a little finger, and a foot long, is sharpened at both ends:—then about breast-high, two incisions are made in the tree seven inches apart, vertically, into those incisions the ends of the twig are inserted,—making therefore the round part of a capital D, the straight part being the tree; a split is next made in the top part of the twig, and a noosed horse-hair is passed through it, and bated with a few red berries from the mountain-ash, a food they are particularly partial to; the springes (some hundreds) are bated towards evening, and soon after daylight, the pathway is visited, and *perchance* every springe has a bird in it, dangling like a malefactor,—for they are almost always caught by the neck; if a part of the path is straight, and with little underwood, one may see them, as the Chorus would be,—dangling in a row.

PAGE 201, LINE 20.

Heed not those trembling ones! sorrow I feel,—not fear!

Goethe gives a most dignified cast to Helen's mind; indeed, one hardly knows which most to admire, her beauty or her royal bearing: *page* 198, *line* 23, he makes her speak thus loftily—

Of queens it is required as 'tis of all mankind,—
To soothe, and fortify themselves, against impending fate.

PAGE 203, LINE 8.

The valley-ridge!—which stretches rearward Sparta

I have found this passage, fixing the position of Faust's castle, very difficult, and entertain doubts of having rendered it to the letter.

PAGE 204, LINE 16.

Cyclopic-cyclopean, pond'rous unhewn stones!

A part of the Palace, or treasury of Agamemnon, still remaining at Mycene, is an authentic specimen,—being mentioned by Pausanias.

PAGE 205, LINE 2.

Such as great Ajax! bore upon his shield:
A coiled-up snake in colours, perchance you saw it?

The whole description of armorial bearing—their origin and increase, is very fancifully told—where the ancient ones were obtained by Goethe, I do not know. He makes no allusion to the shield of Achilles, which has been so graphically described by Homer.

PAGE 207, LINE 13.

Remains, to all untold.——Onward, ancient Dame!

Helen, without developing her mind, commands Phorcyas to lead to Faust's castle, and by the following description of the Chorus, it appears that that is accomplished by means of a thick vapour.

PAGE 209, LINE 2.

Is not Hermes on before?
Caught ye no glimpse
Of his golden wand of office

Hermes or Mercury, the messenger of the gods, and son of Maia,

had for office, the conducting souls after death to Hades. Apollo gave him a three-leafed golden wand, or wand of good and evil, with which, he, as herald of the lower-regions, by touch, threw the living into a deep sleep; by the same means, he could awaken the dead.

PAGE 209, LINE 24.

Where art thou, Pythonissa—or whate'er thy name?—

This is merely a feminine termination to Python, the great serpent, a name of Apollo: but indicates the suspicions entertained in the mind of Helena, as to this would be stewardess,—whether she might not be a priestess of Apollo.

PAGE 210, LINE 27.

The lusting mouth was filled with ashes!

The Asphaltitean apple, or fruit, is here referred to—said to have been beautiful to the eye, but pulped with bitterness.

PAGE 211, LINE 21.

Have not adjudged him for short time that perfect form,—

It was common for the gods to assume human form, but they never retained such for long time; therefore, if in this instance there is no deception, his beauty and form are such as to command success in war and love.

PAGE 212, LINE 27.

—That of stern Judge, and Queen executive—

Here Goethe has exalted the character of his favourite Helen to the utmost, by placing her in the judgment seat, where wisdom, equity, and mercy, should preside—and does during her occupancy.—Although Goethe has had Euripides' Helen in view, yet Euripides has nothing so exalted in *his* delineation of that heroine.

PAGE 213, LINE 11.

Suddenly, the sun uprising,
Burst forth in the southern space.

This is to be understood as alluding to Helen—Lynceus was watching, and at the same time looking for the sun's rising in the east—Helen appears advancing from the south—her beauty attracting his sight, is the sun alluded to.

PAGE 214, LINE 15.

As single Helen,
I the world embarrassed,—as twofold Helen,
I the world perplext: *thrice* as now, be ye my witnesses:

That is to say, I was the cause of the great Trojan war—I perplexed the world owing to the accounts given of my appearing in Egypt and Troy at the sametime; the third appearance being the present one. *Line* 18, "Should I again appear—then bring I woe on woe!" which would be the fourth time. The interview with Achilles is omitted.

PAGE 214, LINE 20.

The heaven deluded!—may not be disgraced.

This is beautifully said,—referring to the received notion, that idiotcy proceeded from the gods. By the Grecian laws, idiots were not only protected, but treated with almost sacred respect;—also those who were pursued of the gods, were not to be removed from life, by the hand of man; the passage moreover, delicately alludes to her own celestial descent:—she, therefore, being the cause of Lynceus' derelict-ion of duty, her judgment is just on the score of her divine origin, and benevolent on the score of her humanity.

PAGE 214, LINE 23.

I see the bow, whence the sure arrow sped

Helen is the archer meant—her eyelids form the bow—and the glances of her eyes the sure and effective arrows.

PAGE 215, LINE 19.

The *first*,—knew nothing of the *last*.

This is a very vivid description of the inundatory advance of the eastern people on the nations of the west.

PAGE 216, LINE 22.

Would pallidly *thy* colour seek.

The pearls would only act as bashful paranymphs or attendants, enhancing her beauty by the comparison of them with the lily portion of her face; but the ruby ever ready to outrival the roses of the fairest

cheek, would on approaching her's, become pallid, and seek renewal of its colour, from her beauty.

PAGE 217, LINE 18.

Void of reproach—void also of reward!

The delicate compliments, and gentle manners, of the chivalric knight, are made to form a strong contrast to the rude treatment of the fair sex by the heroes of Helen's day. Even towards the officious Lynceus, who is displaying a portion of the treasures, of which Helen would anon be queen—Faust is actually graceful in his reprimand. *Line* 24, "And all within appear, a Paradise of lifeless life!" means the effulgence, and glistening of the array of jewellery and gold, which is to greet the eyes of Helen in the illuminated treasury of Faust's castle.

PAGE 218, LINE 8.

And all their swords are blunt I ween!

The "beautiful," which Faust has been in search of, and now on the verge of possessing, is so highly appreciated by the attendants and garrison, that he is no longer sure of their allegiance: poetically expressed in the above quoted line.

PAGE 219, LINE 12.

How may I learn to talk so thrillingly?

Helen is taken with the rhymes uttered by Lynceus, so novel to her Grecian ear,—and pleasingly describes such style of poetry in the preceeding *lines* 6 and 7,

For had one closing word possession
O' th' ear—other came trippingly, as 'twere to woo it.

The ten lines following the one above quoted, and which the two languages permit me to render very closely,—I presume to be intended for recitative,—Helen ingeniously catching, rhythm, rhyme, music, and sentiment.

PAGE 221, LINE 12.

Versed in love's primer, I can prove,
That toying, teazes youthful love,

Yet teazing, oft sets lazy loving
To more than youthful wooing:
But there's no time for that—

I have done my best with this difficult passage:—the German is—

Buchſtabirt in Liebes-Fibeln,
Tändelnd grübelt nur am Liebeln,
Müßig liebelt fort im Grübeln,
Doch dazu iſt keine Zeit.

I have my doubts whether our language will admit a closer rendering. Phorcyas (Mephistopheles) finding it necessary to proceed with the action of the piece, abruptly enters the presence of Faust and Helen, to announce the on-march of Menelaus, and instil into them alarm. To effect this the readier, she sneers at their billing and cooing—calls on Faust to arm,—and places before him the story of Menelaus' mutilation of Helen's former lover and husband Deiphobus, the younger brother of Hector and Paris. The circumstance of Deiphobus taking Helen after the death of Paris, (Helen being childless as far as relates to her Trojan connexion) reminds one forcibly of the early Jewish custom under such circumstances.

PAGE 223, LINE 5.

So all the king-clink on the coast,—
Und alle kleinen Königsbande

It will be immediately obvious to the English reader, that clink is an oversight, click or *clique* being intended; alluding to the many small independent sovereignties, into which the Morea was anciently divided. Faust parts it into five dukedoms, subject to Sparta, a kingdom,—holding, by feudal tenure.

PAGE 225, LINE 17.

Beaming, she burst her shelly-fence:—
Sie leuchtend aus der Schale brach,

The birth of Helen,—here Goethe runs counter to the received fable,—for he represents the Mother, and her brothers and sisters, being present and dazzled; whereas, Castor and Clytemnestra were the produce of one of the eggs, and Pollux and herself, of the other. Yet Goethe had a right to do so, since history is contradictory on the subject, representing Castor and Pollux to have rescued Helen (she

being ten years old, consequently they no more) from Aphidnus' castle, to which fastness she had been carried by Theseus. All the following description of Grecian scenery and people, is very beautiful. Only Pollux and Helen were of divine origin.

PAGE 227, LINE 11.

So Helen! has it happened to us both!

Faust hints at the very questionable circumstances under which they meet. A little below, I have used the name of the province Lyconia, for Sparta, a portion of it.

PAGE 229, LINE 12.

—A youth sprang from the lap of lady, to the lord,—

This is the Euphorion mentioned in my note on Helen, *page* 181, *page* xlvi. of remarks. Goethe's intention appears to be, first, to show that the union of great natural beauty and loftiness of mind, are the most likely parentage of poetry,—then in the person of Euphorion, to display the born poet,—giving to him, music, poetry, gracefulness, and courage. Goethe appears to have availed himself of this opportunity to pass a high eulogium on Lord Byron,—both for his verse and heroism; and at the same time, shows his own feelings to have been in favour of the emancipation of Greece.

This born poet springs from the lap of his mother a stripling, as yet nude,—and bounds as were he not *of*, or *for*, this world: indicating the extravagant and unregulated endeavours of boy poets.—*Page* 230, *line* 7,

> **Alighting where a chasm yawned,—he disappeared.**
> **All deemed him lost.**

Refers to the dangers attending early compositions,—and may darkly shadow forth first criticism:—Euphorion, though apparently lost reappears, renewed in vigour, and poetically dressed with lyre in hand,—indicating the beautiful rhythm and clothing of after poetry: strongly reminding us of the attack made on Lord Byron's first productions by the *Ed. Rev.*:—what gave spur to *his* towering mind—killed Keats.

Faust recommends him to keep foot on earth, and he will have

supernatural strength;—in other words, the poet should not get too deeply into the clouds of fancy, but draw, and regulate his inspiration from, and by, the beauty of external nature: Euphorion, youth like, refuses advice, and is conceited of what is his: *page* 234, *line* 23,

Let go my hand, Sir!
Let go my hair,—
Let go my garment;—
The tunic is mine!

But afterwards he is inclined to submit, in degree, to remonstrance and affectionate request; in fact, alters his style.

Is now the melody?—
Is *now* the movement right?

The passion of love is early developed in him, then follows an ardency for the emancipation of classic Greece, and a desire for heroic glory. I will not dwell on the analogy supposed to be intended between Euphorion and Lord Byron,—but refer those readers who have intimate knowledge of the noble lord's history, to the following passages: *page* 237, *line* 11.

That which is lightly obtained,
Is what I'd willingly miss;
Only the roughly gained,
Offers me bliss.

Page 238, *line* 7, which applies to a very different person,

Let me go!—within my frame,
Dwelleth power, and strength of mind:
Like to thee, *caprice*, I claim: &c.

Page 239, *line* 1,

Both, I afar off hear,
Longing, to be more near!

And so on to *page* 241, where he joins the Greeks, *line* 10,

I approach not as *Childe*, you see—
But armed comes the Stripling on!—
Allied, to the brave and free,
He sees the conflict won!

I could not refrain from rendering Kind, by *Childe*, a youth of noble birth. Moreover, *page* 243, *line* 7, the whole lamentation by the Chorus.

No,—not alone!—abiding where you may;

All these passages duly weighed, make Goethe's intentions palpable.

It has been said that the Boy charioteer, and Euphorion were meant for one and the same person. I do not see such purpose, nevertheless, I admit that both are personations of poetry, but of different qualities;—perchance, Goethe intended the one to be a poet through acquirements and patronage,—the other the born poet.

There was a Greek poet called Euphorion, whose verses the Emperor Tiberius, successfully imitated.

PAGE 243, AFTER LINE 2.

And the *aureole*, in shape a comet,

A gold-coloured halo; the same spoken of when Euphorion is described by Phorcyas, *page* 230, as having rays playing round his brow.—She, doubting whether it was "golden ornament" or "blaze of superhuman intellect."

PAGE 244, LINE 15.

Not e'en at that dread conflagration,
Wenn am unglückseligsten Tage

I was at first inclined to render this passage as referring to the pass of Thermopylæ,—but reflecting that these were Trojan maidens, I have thought it advisable to translate the line as alluding to the burning and sacking of Troy, which in their estimation would be the most unhappy of days: besides, it was an occasion where no one came off with unsullied glory. The passage is by no means clear in the original; I may be wrong, but I think the intention is to infer that no one has obtained (in the pure sense of the expression) "a glorious name."

PAGE 244, LINE 23.

Rent is the band of being—and of mutual love!
Lamenting both—with anguish say I, fare-thee-well!

Thus does Goethe beautifully, and sympathetically, end the story of his favourite Helen. The poetry of life is gone (Euphorion), without it beauty must lose a great portion of its worship, therefore Helen follows. Faust remains,—increased in years, and with a more chastened mind. Deprived of the romantic poetry of youth, and the possession of the beautiful, he has soberness for retrospection,—and his active and towering mind seizes the first opportunity to devote itself to the "useful"

on a magnificent scale, namely, to create a country by driving back the sea, *see page* 257, *line* 6.

PAGE 245, LINE 14.

Since there remains to ambitionate
Young poets,—and soul-stirring strife create.

The garments of Helen, form themselves into clouds to waft Faust to Germany; those of Euphorion, are taken up by Mephistopheles, and referred to, as to the works of a great poet, which would create aspiring imitators.

PAGE 245, LINE 20.

And from the jangle of mankind's perplexing tones,
The ears confounding;—

Indicating the transmission of ideas by pure sound, as hinted by the Sphinxes,—the language of soft tones unaccompanied by words, as the ethereal medium of communicating thought is very beautiful.

PAGE 246, LINE 11.

Are doomed to asphodelian meads—

A species of lily, the bulb of which was eaten by the poorer Greeks. These ladies, who have heretofore held identity as attached servants, seem heartily sick of the Elysian fields.

"Even faithfulness, secures
And guarantees, eternal *personality*."

PAGE 246, LINE 15.

Such as have not achieved a name—or high things purpos'd,
Belong unto the elements:—

This appears to be one of Goethe's original, and perfectly novel thoughts; I do not remember meeting anything like it in the course of reading:—for it puts the endeavour, on a level with the *chance* of position.

PAGE 247, LINE 8.

We, in these lengthened, light-emitting crystal-caves will sojourn,

The second portion of the Chorus, will become echoes, amongst the stalactical caverns of Arcadia.

PAGE 248, LINE 5.

Where the shore-line and glassy waters tending upwards, join cerulean ether.

The appearance looking over an extensive plain,—when river and land seem to mount,—joining the sky on the horizon.

PAGE 249, LINE 10.

For th' mysterious Dionysius, has revealed himself!—

The Indian or bearded Bacchus, who planted the vine in Greece. The ripe juice of the grape is alluded to. Silenus joined in the mysteries sacred to Bacchus, and was represented as riding on an ass; called here, "Silenus' long eared brute." Surrounded by satyrs, fauns, and bacchantes. The satyrs are of course meant by the "goat-foots;" the whole description of the grape harvest, from the hoeing and earthing-up of the vine, to the working of the juice, is delightfully graphic; indeed the information as to how the four portions of the Chorus will be elementarily employed, forms a very pleasing part of the poem.

PAGE 250, LINE 1.

Since every vessel must be drained, and cleansed,
To hold—"The new year's *Must*!"—

The wort of the grape juice so called. Some remain sober, and are employed in clearing away and preparing for the tunning,—the veritable labourers in the vineyard are the persons meant.

PAGE 252, LINE 1.

***Her*, angel form! my youth's first, long lost, highest happiness.**

If I may give an opinion, there is no part of the whole poem more beautiful than this description of the ethereal appearances of Helen and Margaret:———the parting of the first cloud, assuming the form of Helen—represented as gigantic, because of her royal birth—reclined on sun-illumined or sun-edged pillow, moving majestically along, and then settling as a lofty glacier or iceberg on the distant horizon—— the fine-tissued cloudlet that lingered round his breast,—which at a distance assumes the form of Margaret, raising in him all the pure feelings of first love—vivid as in youth. *Her* cloud representative does not settle glacier like, or chillily, on the horizon, but advances

further and further into the cerulean ether, until it becomes a splendid speck, or bright star in the firmament—indicating her Christian beatitude.

PAGE 252, LINE 20.

To where, in central furnace, glowing housed,—
And fire fed fire, and flame on flame caroused;
Da, wo centralisch glühend, um und um,
Ein ewig Feuer flammend sich durchbrannte,

I have done my best with the above lines; also, I have endeavoured to mask some of the expressions that follow. In *line* 21, club-law is used to denote superior power promptly used. One is bound to give Mephistopheles ample applause for his descriptive powers.

PAGE 254, LINE 5.

Still, studded is the land—with those same alien blocks.—

Namely, with detached pieces of stone, called Boulders, found in places miles and miles distant from any rocks. Philosophers have speculated deeply on the subject, and as far as relates to those found on coasts, their supposition that they have been left there by fields of ice stranded, and dissolving, may have foundation. I observed a great number of such granite stones or boulders on the north side of the entrance to the port of Memel in Prussia, yet I do not believe there is a granite rock nearer the spot, than the Swedish coast. It may fairly be believed, that *those* were deposited, in the way mentioned. It is also probable that such boulders may be brought into valleys by the fall and melting of glaciers: but such speculations, will not account for those found in the interior of countries, on high ground, distant, both from sea and mountains. Mephistopheles says, *line* 7,

"Philosophers, know neither how they came, nor why,—
They, find the boulders there,—and there, *for them*, they lie!"

Goethe has made use of the name given to them in some parts, namely devil's-stones, to draw a quaint inference. Bridges in mountainous countries are often called devil's-bridges,—*line* 15, may possibly refer to the name of some village.

PAGE 254, LINE 6.

—Who can the *cause* of motion dis-enigma?—
Wer gibt Erklärung solcher Schleudermacht?

I have taken the above line as were it in parenthesis—translating it, as if referring to motion generally, and not confined to the Moloch power exerted in this instance. The word Schleudermacht, literally translated, is sling-power. I presume I am not far wrong in making the sense more extensive.

PAGE 255, LINE 16.

There, would'st thou in gay coach, or chariot,

I have been forced to translate this passage with more freedom than I generally allow myself—giving it a democratic turn, as were the burgesses referred to, such as filled ancient Rome.

PAGE 256, LINE 18.

Modern, and basely thought!—O Sardanapalus!

The exclamation, O Sardanapalus! is reflective of the last Ruler of the Assyrian Empire,—and not intended for Mephistopheles.

PAGE 256, LINE 21.

Perhaps as you journey'd near the moon,—
To make a visit—you found time?—

Mephistopheles alludes sarcastically to Faust's passing through the air from Greece, enveloped in clouds formed of Helen's garments, to Styria; inferring, that he might have become somewhat lunatic, thus to alight midst Alpine rocks.

PAGE 259, LINE 17.

You recollect *perchance*, how we amused him—
And with our dollar-ghosts, abused him?

This relates to the paper-money-bubble, brought about by Mephistopheles and Faust: such, amongst other causes, having led to the crisis of which this part treats, *see page* 68.

PAGE 261, LINE 4.

At last, things got *too* evil, for the "*Good!*"

Line 13 explains who are the persons meant. Faust, on whose heart Mephistopheles has been able to make no impression, is immediately alive to the distresses of the Emperor, and ready to render him assistance, although that aid must be obtained through means already disgusting to him; yet a benevolent feeling triumphs over other considerations towards one who "was so open hearted."

PAGE 262, LINE 2.

Has he good luck,—*then* are his subjects loyal.

Mephistopheles, fiendlike, insinuates that loyalty depends on good-luck, or rather that misfortune is invariably followed by disloyalty. To the honour of human-nature and patriotism, such is not the case. Perhaps the brightest instance on record of a nation's loyalty increasing in strength, towards a paternal Sovereign, and a beloved dynasty, amidst accumulated national sufferings, proceeding from an unsuccessful defensive war, followed by foreign oppressions; is to be found in the annals of Prussia, from the end of 1806 to 1816. One heart, one soul, animated a whole people! For a time all was loyal endurance, combined however with an honourable yearning for open revenge on an insulting foe: the circumstances of 1812 occurred!—every eye was fixed on the nation's common Father with devoted attachment, awaiting *his* signal: the finger of Providence pointed at "Now!" and that signal was given:—the word went forth!—and a burst of loyalty followed,—such as was never known; for every bosom breathed enthusiasm for King and Country. The glorious and triumphant result is universally known, and lauded.

PAGE 263, LINE 5.

Of primal-rocks' first human vigour:
Aus Urgebirgs Urmenschenkraft:

This passage relates, I presume, to the Three Mighty Men so strangely introduced by Goethe; which with the "Seven-leagued boots," *page* 252, may, without offence, be termed vagaries:—but who will venture to deny to the great poet such whims—of a right? "Urgebirgs," probably refers to the rocks whence they are supposed to come, being of granite, *Line* 9,

No, no,—but like to "Master Peter Quince,"
I've summoned here, the *quintessence!*

Nein! aber gleich Herrn Peter Squenz
Vom ganzen Praſſ die Quinteſſenz.

Evidently alludes to Shakspere's 'Midsummer-Night's Dream;'—the language given to these worthies, in the text, I have endeavoured to render in suitable English, and not in nicely chosen terms, moulded for ears polite. As the above quotation relates to *our* great poet, I seize the opportunity to express my astonishment and admiration of Messrs. Schlegel and Tiecks translation of the Plays of Shakspere—it is line for line, sense for sense, and wit for wit—no expression of rich humour uttered by Sir John Falstaff being lost!—nothing was ever done, in shape of translation, surpassing it. Truly, those gentlemen have had numerous commentaries to refer to for the sense of passages; and a language more copious than the original to work with. Every student, in either language, should have Shakspere (ed. 1761) in one hand, and an edition of the Translation in the other, if they would be delighted and instructed at the same time.

PAGE 267, LINE 1.

But public ferment—and *hid* feuds in council,
Are pleas they shape—for a lingering *will.*
Doch Unthätigkeits-Entſchuldigung
Innere-Gährung, Volksgefahr.

This passage, giving the subterfuges used by the Chiefs for not breaking from the Usurper, and joining their rightful Emperor, is obscure in the original, owing to ellipsis: yet, I think, the sense is brought out in the rendering.

PAGE 268, LINE 5.

Myself, midst flames infuriate:

The Emperor feels his courage strengthened by the occasion, and instances his having experienced similar sensations when surrounded by fire, (*see page* 63) which was known afterwards to have been delusion.

PAGE 268, LINE 13.

The *lofty-spirits* chased from papal plains.
Die Geiſter, längſt dem flachen Land entzogen,

I have considered this passage as connected with the "Norcian-sorcerer" rescued from the stake by the Emperor,—and have therefore

translated Die Geiſter as lofty-spirits, or persons of liberal and scientific minds, who were in advance of the age they lived in, and who in consequence of making their bold researches known, were forced to fly from the rich plains of Italy to avoid papal persecution;—after all, a great portion of those persons called Sorcerers, were really scientific men,—such as dared to "give the child its proper name;" and "Have in all times, been crucified or burnt!" Hat man von je gekreuzigt und verbrannt. *Line* 21,

> And in the mirroring crystal—lasting in its silence,
> They read the outer world's eventful guidance,
> Dann in Krystall und seiner ewigen Schweigniſſ
> Erblicken sie der Oberwelt Ereigniſſ.

I have found much difficulty in rendering the above lines, owing to the conjunction "und."

The wise-man, astrologer, necromancer, or wizard of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, usually presented things or persons sought, to the eyes of the client, by means of a looking glass. The Witch in the First Part, has a mirror in her cell. Further on, *line* 19, 20, are equally obscure, as in fact is the whole passage; it relates, however, to the Geiſter or lofty-spirits who have fled to the mountains from the plains.

> They, with soft touch of mental violence,
> Have given to things transparent, an existence!
> Mit leisem Finger geistiger Gewalten
> Erbauen sie durchsichtige Gestalten;

The allusion must be to the exercise of the scientific minds of those who are employed amidst the mines and solitudes of the rocks, and probably relates to the fabrication of a fine quality of glass, and its various applications,—perhaps the improvement of mirrors by the use of quicksilver.

PAGE 269, LINE 27.

> I' th' carnage hour—by virtue of his word—
> Honours the moment!—*that* wills your Emperor!—

The meaning of the whole passage is, that visitors at court are welcomed by the monarch;—that, he who brings aid at the moment of need, to a friend, or to his sovereign when in difficulty—in the morning of a doubtful battle-day—is more to be welcomed: but he, who by virtue of a word can obviate wholesale slaughter,—namely, by proposing, single combat! is most to be honoured.—*That* the

Emperor wills—and therefore dispatches the Herald with a challenge to the opposing Chief; which challenge, however, is insultingly rejected, *see page* 271.

PAGE 273, LINE 6.

Is the fight gained—then hey! for yonder.

For the usurping Emperor's tent, the presumed place of treasure and valuables of all sorts. *Line* 13, recommends trusting him, Hold-himfast, with the management of the right wing; *line* 15, I have been forced to render, by an equivalent, requiring even the aid of a nautical expression.

PAGE 274, LINE 14.

—The middle-ages' liveliest stratagem!—

The ghosts and apparitions of those times very often betook themselves to armour; particularly when love affairs were on the tapis. *Line* 21, "Reflect, they 're olden-folk of might!" the armour had been stolen from surrounding halls appertaining to all degrees, of former rank and prowess,—and refers pointedly to the Guelps and Ghibellines who are mentioned farther on. The above line might be rendered—the lively monuments, or whims of the middle-ages.

PAGE 275, LINE 11.

Of vapours that near Scylla dwell?

The Fata-morgana seen off the coasts of Sicily and Naples:—myself witnessed a very perfect one in the Baltic. I was passenger on board a small Swedish vessel, near the end of the month of February, 1809, for Stockholm,—the Skipper purposed going west-about the island of Gothland; where, the weather falling calm, we got hampered at even, amidst floating ice, probably from the gulph of Bothnia,—it being in blocks of from twelve to one hundred feet square, and about three feet thick; the sails were immediately dropped, and in the morning, from the vessels sides to the horizon, in every direction, nothing was to be seen but ice; with the exception of a few small seals in the distance, which had left their own element, to feed and flap on the frozen masses. Strange to say, about six a.m. there being a slight breeze, the masses abaft the sloop separated, and an open channel appeared of

some hundred feet in width,—*all* hands, being only four including myself and skipper—worked to get the vessel's head round, which was effected after a little labour, and sail was set to escape from the ice, by the open channel; and our course was thenceforth to be east of Gothland. It might be eleven o'clock, a.m. of same day, steering northerly, when we were becalmed in a dense fog, but the colour of the fog indicated an unclouded sun beyond it,—overhead was almost clear. It was then I saw the phenomenon, from, and on the west side of the vessel, the starboard side being of course, to the east. The landscape represented, had the natural appearance of the Swedish coast; I could recognize trees, white houses with red tiles, and clear sky, nor would believe but that we were within a mile or two, of the shore; indeed, I would not be convinced that what I saw, was not Carlsham, although the skipper assured me, that we were on the eastern side of Gothland, and out of sight of land: the picture was as natural as reality: it looked like an immense tapestry-landscape on a light-stone-coloured ground. In about half an hour the view became fainter, and split, as the fog gave to the influence of the sun's rays; and in, perhaps, ten minutes more, there remained not, of fog or picture, "the fabric of a vision," but a brilliant sun, and blue sky,—and what crowned my astonishment—open sea, and no land to be seen. After evidence proved that what I saw could not have been the representation of Carlsham, but must have been the reflect of some place on Gothland, that island being at the time nearest. I state facts circumstantially, that others may explain the phenomenon, —for whom I add, that the view was not topsy turvy, but natural; and on the same side of the vessel as the nearest land, namely, westward, for in that direction I saw it,—therefore facing to the sun's position in the firmament. A light breeze from the south east springing up, we held our course for Dalaroe, the entrance to the port of Stockholm; and the first land we made after the phenomenon was the coast off Nyköpping.

PAGE 276, LINE 5.

They muster doubtlessly, *their* last strength astral!
Sie ſammeln hier die letzte Kraft.

Stars appear on the spear-tops,—indicating the presence of the Dioscuri, who were represented by the ancients as mounted on white steeds, with a star in each of their caps. The passage in question,

refers to a remark made by Pliny, in his Natural History, who says, "Stars break out by land and sea. I have myself witnessed, when doing nightly watch in war-time, on the spears, before the ramparts, an appearance of stars,—and on the yards of vessels, and other parts of the ship, they alight with a singing noise,—changing place as birds do; dangerous when single—when double, indicating a fortunate voyage." The Dioscuri cleared the Archipelago of pirates, and were worshipped by mariners, who sacrificed to them two white lambs. The Romans have more than once seen them, riding before their armies, spear in hand. Faust's remark is satirical—meaning a grand muster of such stars, said to have been seen here, and there, and everywhere,—*now, for the last time.*

PAGE 276, LINE 19.

Gave to a Norcian-greybeard,—cooling air!

Rescued the Old Necromancer from the flames! giving him fresh air to breathe. This is the person alluded to above, whom Mephistopheles terms Master. Norcia is a small town belonging to the Papal States, in the dukedom of Spoleto.

PAGE 281, LINE 9.

To the rock-lake!—and the *Undines* greet;—

These appear to be a sort of nymphs, the name is derived from Unda, a wave.

PAGE 282, LINE 8.

I, nothing see of that same mirage,—

Mephistopheles merely brings about results,—he sees not the means. The mirage, is often seen in lower Egypt,—and in Persia, where it is called Sir-ab, or miraculous water.

PAGE 283, LINE 19.

As were they, Guelph and Ghibelline

By representing the armour pressed into service on this occasion to have belonged to the Guelph and Ghibelline, Goethe, has an opportunity of execrating national party-hate,—by means of *praise* from the mouth of Mephistopheles.

PAGE 284, LINE 11.

Here hangs a splendid morning-star!
Hier hängt von Stahl ein Morgenſtern,

A destructive weapon of former times—still used by watchmen in Denmark and Norway—it is a globe of steel studded with spikes, attached by a short chain to a thick stick or quarter-staff. One of the gigantic figures in Guildhall has such in his hand.

PAGE 287, LINE 13.

And sultry;—a sort of funkish sweltry!
So bänglich, ſo beklommen ſchwül,

A fear-heat,—which may come over those who possess innate bravery, and willingly do their duty: arising from results, proving out of the natural course of things.

PAGE 288, LINE 9.

Though magic with the fight, were interwrought!
Assuredly the *end*, by us was fought:—

That is to say,—whatever delusion the foe might have laboured under, ceased before the termination of the conflict,—and that the Imperial soldiers had chased the enemy from the battle-field. The Emperor says, that all chances, prophecies, or superstitions, occurring, or made available by the general, are not to detract from the renown of the successful Commander.

PAGE 289, LINE 22.

Water refresh his hands,—as *gracious* look will me.
Sich deine Hand erfriſcht, wie mich dein Blick erfreut.

Having used the word liege, I have been constrained to keep the passage in the third person. The speaker means to say, that the kind look which the Emperor casts on the Arch-Chamberlain when holding the golden bowl, will be as refreshing to him, as its contents will prove grateful to the Imperial hands.

PAGE 290, LINE 24.

It, giving to the wine more zest—prevents intoxication.
Des Weins Geſchmack ſich ſtärkt und nimmermehr berauſchet,

Beyond the goblet being of clear venetian glass, the allusion is probably made to one, of legendary fame.

PAGE 292, LINE 13.

Peacefully ending so,—what oft hath stirred up war.

Civil war has often ensued in Germany on the demise of an Emperor, when such rendered an election necessary,—the crown being elective from the death of Conrad, 918 to 1806. On occasion of Conrad IV.'s death, 1254, Richard, brother of our Henry III., was one of the competitors for the Imperial crown.—Rudolph of Habsburg, obtained it.

PAGE 293, LINE 7.

The chancellor is gone—the *Bishop*, lingers here

That is to say—of my twofold office, namely, Chancellor of the Empire and Archbishop, I now speak as Churchman only,—as had the Chancellor left the Imperial presence. Goethe, in this conversation, severely satirizes the graspings of the Church,—by exposure.

PAGE 294, LINE 17.

Thereon methinks I see,—the Abbey's thick walls rise!
Behende ſteigt im Geiſt Gemäuer ſtark empor,

The vivid picture drawn of a splendid holy edifice by the Hierarch, takes full hold of the Emperor's present temper—who grants all that is asked. The ground plan of such religious structure, is in form a cross.

PAGE 297, LINE 1.

Aye!—these are the very Linden,

This beautiful episode is adroitly introduced, giving opportunity for a short but comprehensive description of the land Faust has rescued from the sea—and to picture the happy state of the Old Couple,—that their death may the more powerfully affect the reader. The Wanderer is merely a personification of gratitude and piety: not, as might be thought at first sight, Faust.

PAGE 301, LINE 11.

Its varied ensigns flutter gaily
On the stiff masts—now full in view:—
Die bunten Wimpel wehen fröhlich,
Die ſtarren Maſten ſtehn bereit,

The vessel having lowered sails, the stiff masts show themselves,

being hid before by the canvas: the signal flags, and those of different nations are supposed to be run up, and are displayed from the top gallants.

PAGE 303, LINE 1.

We've done the trick! have sunk and seized;
—Rewarded, if our lord is pleased.
So haben wir uns wohl erprobt,
Vergnügt wenn der Patron es lobt.

Freely translated. A lively description of Mephistopheles's operations under a "letter of marque." *Line* 15, he merely asks—what does the cargo consist of?—but, what the flag? wherefrom? or whereto?—is matter of no enquiry with him.

PAGE 305, LINE 15.

Now hark!—thou most accommodating!—

Meaning Mephistopheles,—who could suit himself to any commission: the German word is, Vielgewandten.

PAGE 305, LINE 27.

Whence, clear and unrestricted—see defined,
The master-piece of human mind!

Faust would contemplate his own works from a "look-out," which he purposes to build amidst the lime-wood, approached by a sort of zig-zag stair-case, rising from branch to branch.

PAGE 306, LINE 19.

As if between, curst ding and dong!
One's life, were but a dreamy song.

The ringing and tolling of church bells—which begin their monotony with our birth, and continue it through life.—Goethe appears to have an aversion to such like music: *page* 325, *line* 24, he makes Mephistopheles say, that the greatest effort of devils' ingenuity, wherewith they hoped to distress mankind, was that of bell-ringing; but to the astonishment of hell, when the important discovery was essayed, —so far was it from having the desired effect—that it proved agreeable to their ears, and was chosen by them, to assist at their religious ceremonies.

The greatest scourge, our "*nous*" could put in motion,
Was that same tinkling!—suiting *their* devotion!!

PAGE 309, LINE 18.

The deed is done,—the sound's too late :—
Das Wort iſt hier, der Ton zu ſpat.

When translating this passage, I could not catch the precise meaning; therefore did the best I could with it, so as to preserve sense. The intention, I now think, is to say that word and lament are both too late, or rather, that my warder's report of what he sees, as well as his lamentation are too late.

Faust, at this moment, merely anticipates the destruction of the wood by burning, nowise the death of the Old Couple, whom he hopes to make more comfortable by changing their abode. *Line* 28,

For comforts,—*hopeless* where they were.

PAGE 310, LINE 26.

I *curse* from my soul!—share That amongst ye!
Ihm fluch' ich! theilt es unter euch.

Faust, has become heartily tired of, and disgusted with, his comrades, so as to dismiss them with a curse; for this is the last time of Mephistopheles and the Three Mighty Men appearing during Faust's life. Truly Mephistopeles comes into the presence of Faust again, *page* 319, but Faust is unconscious of his being there, having himself become blind, and all that Mephistopheles says, is in an undertone, not intended for his ear; his answer "here," to Faust's call "Overseer," *page* 320, would be in the voice of the officer he is *personating*.

PAGE 311, LINE 14.

And Sickness! is mine.
Ich heiſſe die Noth.

Apology is necessary for the way I have translated this fourth character. Mangel and Noth, in the German, being so alike in signification,—it occurred to me that Goethe probably gave the latter name to the fourth woman, to facilitate a subsequent effective line,

NOTH.

Ganz nah an der Ferse begleitet die Noth.

ZU DREY.

Es ziehen die Wolken, es ſchwinden die Sterne!
Dahinten, dahinten! von ferne von ferne,
Da kommt er, der Bruder, da kommt er der .... Tod.

To effect the same in English, I have been constrained to give the

name Sickness, to the fourth Grey Sister. Whereby, I have done no violence to the sense, for Faust had never displayed symptoms of illness,—consequently Sickness was as unlikely to get into Faust's mansion, as Want or Distress.

SICKNESS.

And I, at *your* heels:—can I muster up breath.

THE THREE.

Clouds, darkly are gathering—disappeared has each star:
Behind there—behind there!—'i th' distance afar!
There comes on our brother—there stalks along Death.

Again, *line* 3, of *page* 313,

Es klang so nach als hieß es—Noth,
Ein düstres Reimwort folgte—Tod.
Emphatic was *one* word—it sounded like to breath,—
A dark rhyme followed it; methinks 'twas—death!—

The German *common* name for Epilepsy is—die Schwere-Noth.

PAGE 313, LINE 7.

O, could I magic from my mind's-path spurn—

This expression, following the curse with which he dismissed Mephistopheles and the Three, proves the great alteration that has taken place in Faust's mind,—showing beyond cavil remorse, if not repentance. *Line* 11, he compares his feelings, before having recourse to magic, with his present sensations, and blames himself for uttering the curses he did: they being the weapons wherewith he stabbed at the ways of providence, and as it were, slew himself.

That was I—till in darkest study plunged,
I, at the world, and self,—with curses *lunged!*—

Nevertheless, he cannot divest himself of his belief in the power of magic, although now feeling horror of it, expressed, *page* 314, *line* 6, where he first says, angrily, "Have a care!" then in a subdued tone, "utter no word of sorcery."

PAGE 315, LINE 5.

O, I have stormed through life! erst powerful,—

This, I think, is the only passage which throws any light on how Faust was occupied between the ending of the First, and the opening of the Second Part: however, sufficiently indicating that it has been a restless search after worldly knowledge, pleasure, and novelty,

over the globe's surface,—for one cannot confine *him* to bounds—who had such ample means of investigation, and gratification, at his disposal. From the above admission, one may justifiably augur that the prostrate state in which we find Faust at the opening of the Second Part, has been the result of mental and bodily fatigue. The whole passage is a philosophical retrospect of his life from the time of his leaving the College.

PAGE 316, LINE 1.

He, to the *future* only steady,—
Is, for the *present*—never ready.
Iſt der zukunft nur gewärtig,
Und ſo wird er niemals fertig.

Obscure in both German and English; the meaning however is, that the victims of Care are ever looking anxiously and timorously towards the future, rendering themselves thereby incapable of enjoying the present moment, although surrounded by nature's blessings.

PAGE 317, LINE 9.

Darker, and darker, fall the shades of night;

Faust is not aware of his loss of sight:—he becomes anxious that his great work be finished, conscious of advanced age. These works of Faust, notwithstanding what Old Baucis has said, are not to be understood as delusion, but as being effected through natural means,—for her description is nothing more than the superstitious tale of a prejudiced old woman:—the "streaming fire" was nothing more than the admission of water into the perfected canal, by torch-light: and the "human shrieks," no more than the shoutings on that occasion, and the noises attending the night-labour of large masses. The Lemurs have no hand in them, as might be supposed—neither has Mephistopheles, for he is engaged at sea, obtaining riches for Faust; *see page* 303, by the power of which, Faust executes his great design:—aided by an overseer of works.

PAGE 318, LINE 5.

Here we are, at thy command,
We think we know the reason!
You are for draining lots of land?
Which we shall shortly seize on!

Mephistopheles, assumes the place of Overseer, and personates that

officer: Goethe says, "als Aufseher." Nothing satisfactory is recorded of these Lemurs', further than that they were mixed up with the Manes and Lares, and were considered to be wandering souls. Romulus established a festival called the Lemuralia, to appease the Manes of his brother Remus. The Lemurs of the text, are a creation of Goethe's own: they are introduced merely to dig Faust's grave, and place him in it. Faust mistakes the click of their spades, for his own workmen. The scene reminds the reader of Shakspere's grave-diggers. One of them, *page* 319, *line* 7, relates his death, which I have freely rendered.

Nun hat das tückiſche Alter mich	But soon old-age, with wicked crutch
Mit ſeiner Krücke getroffen;	Battered me o'er the coping:
Ich ſtolpert' über Grabes Thür,	I staggered into an earthy hutch,—
Warum ſtand ſie juſt offen!	Why had it such wide op'ning?

Which, in prose may mean, that becoming old and apoplectic, he one day tumbled into a ditch or hole, and died: coping, is figurative of head,—being the top ornament, or masonry of the front wall of a house: the hutch,—a grave, or coffin,—literally an oblong, dark abode for rabbits.

Page 319, Line 18.

For Neptunus the ocean-devil, you
Are a magnificent carouse preparing.

This, with the fourth line of the last note, alludes to the water, hereafter breaking through the embankments made, and drowning the inhabitants. At such carouse or slaughter, brought about by Neptune, they, the Lemurs would be present—figuratively take possession.

The two last lines of this page, refer to the destroyer Time, using the four Elements; which Mephistopheles says are in league with the devils, to bring about the annihilation of the world.

Page 320, Line 7.

How labour speeds within the dock.
Wie ſich verlängt der unternomm'ne Graben.

I have translated "Graben" by "dock," meaning a wet-dock,—for the great canal is already made, and the question here is, about draining a swamp, or morass which occasions a malaria; therefore sinking a dock, so necessary for extended trade and navigation, would be the

thing apropos, and at the same time, the most efficient way of underdraining the bog.

Den faulen Pfuhl auch abzuziehn;

PAGE 320, LINE 15.

And though not *quite* secure—yet vigil-safe to dwell in.
Nicht ſicher zwar doch thätig-frei zu wohnen.

The embankments being completed: the recovered earth will be a secure country to dwell in, if due watchfulness is observed, and active reparation made, when requisite. I have understood the whole of this calm and beautiful closing speech of Faust's, up to the four last lines, as an *anticipated* happy, worldly event, deserving "thy crown humanity!" which he so ardently desired, and which, whenever realized, would be worthy of his perfect satisfaction.

Then—might I gladly, to the "present" say,—
Delightful moments—hurry not away!—

Consequently, the bond made with Mephistopheles, is not forfeited. Neither has Mephistopheles, up to this moment, in law or equity, a right to the penalty. His right to the penalty, if founded on the subsequent four lines, I conceive to be equally falacious, for there the allusion is to a presentiment, Vorgefühl, which makes the present moment, one of degree. More literally translated, a pre-sensation of an august bliss to be fully felt hereafter: the conviction that the thought will prove a reality,—is to his towering mind a cause sufficient for his feeling the present moment, to be the *happiest* moment of his life: a long life of intense striving to know more, and be more than human. This, his last moment, refers to a bliss which could only be known after death,—therefore beyond the sublunary, and not within grasp, or intention of the bond.

PAGE 321, LINE 14.

Vanishes not———midst the *Æones!!*—

I have retained the word Æones—confident that Goethe intended Faust to allude to something beyond oblivion, namely, to divine consideration: arising from his pure aspirings, and the rescuing of a large tract of land from the sea, amounting almost to the *creation* of a country, and which the lofty mind of Faust believes will hold identity amidst the august emenations or Æones of Deity. The prospect allays his ambitious cravings, and therefore he experiences a happier moment than he had hitherto felt.

Goethe has evidently drawn on the speculations of the Gnostic's for the idea:—for better understanding what I have advanced, I give a few short and detached extracts from Hase's Church-history.

"The ancient enigma of speculative philosophy—namely, *how* the finite sprang from the divine infinite, became, in Syria and Egypt, during the second century, a subject matter of manifold systems, and branch-systems in Gnosticism . . . . . Under the term Gnostics was understood, according to the usual acceptation of language, a penetration into the arcana of sacred things, beyond the authorized-belief of the people . . . . . Where countries bordered on each other, the different systems of philosophy and religious faith got intermixed, so that Gnosticism assumed variety of shapes,—sometimes approaching to the dualism of the Persians—sometimes to the theology of the East—sometimes, more or less to the Platonic philosophy: but the land of its birth is always sufficiently evident. Even in its greatest approximation to the Greek philosophy, its Indian character remained: pictures and persons, displaying unbounded fancy, assumed the place of Ideas; which, although not very clear to the understanding, were nevertheless types and emblems of ideas. . . . . .

. . . . . In general, the perfect God was represented, as in antagonistic position to dead or evil matter,—gently going over to a struggle, and blending with the latter opposing material, by a range of emenations or Æones, in descending rays or lines: one of these Æones (demiurgos) acting on that material, formed the world: so that separation and annihilation took place at one and the same time.

. . . . . Although, at first, foreign and averse to Christianity,—yet amazed at its powerful movement,—Gnosticism pressed itself on the Church, and eventually developed itself therein. The God of the Christians was accepted as the perfect God;—and Christus as his loftiest Æon, appeared for the purpose of bringing the universe into the divine fulness of life, by redeeming or healing the great separation that had taken place on earth. . . . . .

. . . . . The Gnostic schools were for instruction in the hidden mysteries, and secret customs of Christianity. The Church-belief they left alone, as being a necessary guide for the common people:—the moral of their system, was a tearing away from Demiurgos and the material,—by virtue of chastity and abstemiousness; which harmonized with the rigid requirements of the Christian-church. Truly, some demoralized sects sprang up, defending licentiousness,—as being a rising above

the despised—world-laws of Demiurgos! . . . . . The Syrian Gnosticism, from its approximation to Persia, partook of dualism: placing the perfect God in antagonistic position to evil, developed and verified in the history of the world. . . . . .

. . . . . The Hellenic Gnosticism, in particular that of Alexandria, which partook of the Platonic philosophy,—drew the finite, and evil, from the infinite lifeless material . . . . . to these came the third class, or proper Christian Gnostics, whose chief drift was to raise up a religious extravagance, in opposition to Judaism. . . . . .

. . . . . Of the Syrian Gnostics, was Saturninus of Antioch, who lived under Hadrian:—he placed the perfect First-existence *(pater agnostos)* in opposition to a wild tumultuous realm of Evil under Satan: the Spirit-world or Æones were made to emenate from the good God . . . . . thereon the unknown Father compassionated a portion of mankind, and gave them the sparks of life,—to redeem these exalted human beings, from the power of Satan and the planet-spirits: the loftiest Æon (*nous*) Christus, took an apparent body. . . . . .

. . . . . The Hellenic Gnostic Basilides, Anno. 125 to 140, was of Alexandria, and held, that from the not-to-be-articulated God! there emenated, agreeable to astronomic numbers, seven celestial powers, in whose nomination consisted the fulness of divine knowledge, holiness, &c.; they formed together the first spirit-world, and from them emenated, by gentle declension, 364 other spirit-worlds,—each containing, or consisting of, seven Æones. . . . . .

. . . . . Valentinus, who left the place of his birth (Alexandria), for Rome, A.D. 140, and died in Cyprus, 160, says,—'This hidden God revealed himself through a course of descending Æones, 30 in number.'

. . . . . The Ophites, whose origin is unknown, were connected with the Valentinean system . . . . . until the Æon Christus blended with the psycholic Messiah, was through the world-creator's hate, crucified . . . . . the end proposed, is the return of the Sophia, (*wisdom*), together with the intellectual of mankind into the Pleroma . . . . . the Ophites out-lived all the other sects of Gnostics—which appears by Justinian's Criminal Laws: proving that such system existed in the sixth century."

Lempriere, under Æones, says,—"a term occurring frequently in the philosophical speculations of the Gnostics—they conceived the emenations from Deity to be divided into two classes; the one, comprehended all those substantial powers contained within the Divine

Essence, and which complete the infinite plenitude of the Divine Nature; the other, existing externally with respect to the Divine Essence, and including all finite and imperfect natures. Within the Divine Essence, they with wonderful ingenuity, imagined a long series of emenative principles,—to which they ascribed a real and substantial existence connected with the first substance, as a branch with its root, or a solar ray with the sun. When they began to unfold the mysteries of this system in the Greek language, these Substantial Powers, which they conceived to be comprehended within the *(pleroma)*, or Divine Plenitude, they called *aeones*, Æons.

PAGE 321, LINE 21.

He, who did *me*, so manfully withstand—

The Fiend acknowledges that Faust has withstood him,—an admission therefore of the non-forfeiture of the bond, and the loss of the wager propounded in the Prologue. First Part, *page* 20,

Well! be he committed to thy management.
Entice his spirit from its fountain head,
And lead it (hast thou power to circumvent)
With thee—thy downward path to tread,—
But stand abashed when failure thou must own;
To a GOOD MAN, even in his darkest tribulation,
The righteous path is not unknown!—

PAGE 322, LINE 7.

"'Tis over!" what's thereby intended?—
"Da iſt's vorbei!" Was iſt daran zu leſen?

This is a very obscure passage, owing to the "Da" being included in the inverted commas, and difficult as repects "vorbei," whether to render it by over! past! or done!—even so is the one which follows, *line* 9,

Yet ever circuiting as though it *were*:—
Eternity of voidness!———I'd prefer.
Und treibt ſich doch im Kreis als wenn es wäre,
Ich liebte mir dafür das Ewig-Leere.

I take the former as being a quotation of what has just been said, although not fully borne out by the German, for what Goethe has within the inverted commas, has *not* (to the letter) occurred before. In the latter, I have understood the subject referred to, to be the

"ewge Schaffen," "eternally creating or producing," mentioned four lines above;—rather a far off nominative!

PAGE 322, LINE 15.

How came its *hall* so sadly stored!
Tables, and chairs—not any?

The hall alluded to, is the grave:—the want of furniture, quaintly attributed to doubts as to its security, his creditors being many,—worms.

PAGE 323, LINE 1.

There lies the body!—when the spirit's going,
I'll show the blood-signed document!—
Souls, are of late, grown vastly knowing
And can—the devil circumvent:

Mephistopheles purposes to act treacherously; in the first instance, to practice a "try on," knowing at the same time, that he has not the ghost of a claim, arising from Faust's last expressions;—as well might the devil claim a teatotaller's soul on the score of forfeiture of contract, who *dreams* that he is delectating on "Tokay," quaffed from a golden goblet of his own making, in presence of an Emperor who appreciates the workmanship. The latter portion of the above quotation refers to the Reformation.

PAGE 323, LINE 20.

Yet have the when? how? whence?—remained a question.
Death too!—has boggled, maugre his great power:
And whether? often-times has proved the deed uncertain!
Why, I myself, have watched stark limbs by th' hour—
Which afterwards have twitched, and run again!

As in the case where Mephistopheles glances sneeringly at the effects of the Reformation, namely, his losing many souls from their having become more cunning; so here he describes circumstances connected with that cunning and himself: that is to say, of the "when?" or how long a time would elapse before the spirit made its escape from the body: also, of the "how?" or what shape it would assume for the purpose: and of the "whence?" or from what part of the body it would issue. Moreover, he sneers at Death, being now uncertain of "whether" he has killed or no: verified by *himself* having

watched stiff limbs by the hour, which afterwards have "twitched, and run again!"—a confession by inuendo, of the great advancement made in the sciences of medicine, and surgery.

PAGE 324, LINE 1.

Certes, our hell has *many*,—fraught with flame!
For hitherto, we've gulped—*per* grade and sect:
But, for the future,—at this closing game!
We mean to do away with—etiquette.

The circumstance of ordering up hell's-jaws, must put readers in mind of many old engravings,—where such yawning fire-engines appear, generally in the left bottom-corner of the picture. Reference is thereby made to the greater equality between man and man *then* coming into operation: owing to reformation in religion, extension of education, and broader distribution of property through trade, &c; vouchsafing to the yeoman, and hind, the honour of mixing with their superiors in the *same* hell. The idea of separate hells, is very quaint, and satirically graphic,—whether new or not.

PAGE 324, LINE 21.

I mean the Soul—the wingèd-Psyche!—

The stories connected with Psyche are very numerous: one bearing on this passage, represents her having wings,—as of a butterfly, after that Jupiter had vouchsafed to her immortality: the word signifies "soul." The ancients, symbolized life, death, and immortality, by the caterpillar, cocoon, and butterfly.

PAGE 325, LINE 3.

And ye! ye scarecrow, fuglemanic botch!

Tall lean devils,—the word comes from the German "flügelmann," and means the wing-man or leader of the file.

PAGE 325, LINE 24.

The greatest scourge, our '*nows*' could put in motion,
Was that same tinkling!—suiting *their* devotion!!

The invention of bell-sound is put forth, as being the utmost stretch of hellish cunning when bent on evil towards man, indicating thereby

its appalling influence on satanic nerves; the Catholic Church may have some legend of the sort,—and therefore ringing *in* to prayers, may at the same time, be ringing *out* devils.

PAGE 326, LINE 11.

Ye unsealed Roses!

That flower has ever been understood as emblematic of love. They are, therefore, the visible medium through which the angels effectuate the rescue of Faust's soul; namely, celestial or divine love!—causing the minor devils to flinch, then to "scout off heels-upwards," leaving Mephistopheles alone,—whose corporeal part suffers.

PAGE 326, LINE 21.

They think with flowers to envelope you
Hot devils:—as snow-storm man might do!—
Sie denken wohl mit ſolchen Blümeleyen
Die heiſſen Teufel einzuſchneien;

I have quoted the above passage, which appears at first sight to be simple in itself,—to show the difficulties which often beset the path of a translator of Goethe, and the folly of supposing that Goethe's poetry can be given literally on all occasions: no dictionary would help them to either his meaning of Blümeleyen or einzuſchneien; which latter, if rendered by the creation of a word, namely "snow-up," or "snow-in," (those coming nearest to the German,) would be unauthorized English, and not in keeping, coming as it does, in conjunction with "hot devils." I have had recourse to a comparison to effect the desired end. Blümeleyen, may possibly mean, that the Roses were embued with melody, which assailed his ears as they fell, included in what he before likens to the tinkling of bells. It may also mean flower-folly. I have endeavoured to be scrupulously cautious in my translation of this portion of the poem, pertaining to Mephistopheles,—without having recourse to omission or unnecessary vagueness.

PAGE 327, LINE 13.

Be heart as it may!—
Herz wie es mag.

If I have rendered this rightly, it would indicate *highest* Calvinistic doctrine. These angel-anthems, are throughout of difficult construction, and claim indulgence.

Page 327, Line 24.

(Endeavouring to ward off the Roses.)

Off Ignes Fatui!——Thou! shining however brightly,
If touched—art nothing more than jelly!—
So, so!—art fluttering?—come! make thy escape!—
—The Roses, stick like blisters to my nape!—
Irrlichter fort! du! leuchte noch so ſtark
Du bleibſt gehaſcht ein ekler Gallert-quark.
Was flatterſt du? Willſt du dich packen!—
Es klemmt wie Pech und Schwefel mir im Nacken.

The above lines, printed as they are without stage-directions, have misled even German critics. They may be thus understood:—*Mephistopheles endeavouring to ward off the searing Roses, addresses them as Ignes Fatui,* "Off Ignes Fatui!" *Then glancing towards the grave, wherein lies the body of Faust, he sees that the wingèd Psyche, or soul in shape a brightly shining fluttering somewhat, has already detached itself from mortality; he apostrophizes it as—*

"—— Thou! shining however brightly,
If touched—art nothing more than jelly!"—

Then, with particular reference to its trying its wings as if preparing for flight.

"So, so!—art fluttering?—come! make thy escape!"—

An insiduous advice, which if followed, would give him an opportunity of grabbing her. Feeling at that moment the burning effect of the Roses on his corporeal part, he soliloquizes:

"—The Roses, stick like blisters to my nape!"—

I have not attempted to translate Gallert-quark, otherwise than by "jelly," more correctly, "disgusting jelly."

Page 328, Line 1.

That which is not divine,
Thou must resign!—
What maketh mind to start,
Therefrom depart!—
Is such the assailant,
Then are we availant!
'Tis love! celestial love!
Draweth loving-ones, above,

I felt convinced at the time of translation, that this chorus was

addressed to Faust's soul, alluding to its leaving the decaying body; but I now think, it may be ironically intended for Mephistopheles, and thus understood. We have scattered celestial-love roses, which you may avoid, *(by getting away from the grave)*, but since you have chosen to obstruct their course by your human form, you must bear the pangs incidental to the flesh. And further, be it known to you, that divine love is only intended to work *rightly* on such as are the objects of divine grace: leading them to heaven!"— by possibility, it may be intended for the Chorus.

In Mr. Blaze's French translation, the passage is rendered as addressed to Faust's spirit; I quote it, together with the German, and Mr. Bernays' rendering.

Was euch nicht angehört
Müſſet ihr meiden,
Was euch das Innere ſtört
Dürft ihr nicht leiden.
Dringt es gewaltig ein,
Müſſen wir tüchtig ſeyn;
Liebe nur [Liebende]
Führet herein!

Qu'elle entre en vous,
C'est à nous autres,
Anges, apôtres,
D'y veiller tous.
Au saint empire
Des firmaments,
L'amour n'attire
Que les aimants!

N'allez, ô frère,
Que vers la spère
Qui vous convient.
Gardez-vous bien
De toute chose
Qui trouble et cause
L'ennui morose
Au cœur chrétien;
Et s'il arrive
Par force vive

What belongs not to you
You must surrender;
And what your soul disturbs
You may not suffer.
Strongly it presses in,
Now must we active be;
Love only loving ones
Onward can lead.

PAGE 328, LINE 11.

More barb'd, than that which flames below.
Weit ſpitziger als Höllenfeuer!

Fire is physically described as being formed of atomical angles; the celestial fire is represented as being more pungently pointed than that which is found in hell.

PAGE 329, LINE 1.

Beautiful striplings!—have the gentle grace
To say—if sprung of Lucifer's fair race?—

A Chief amongst the fallen angels—also the name of the planet Venus, when a morning star—called by Milton, "day's harbinger." The roses affect Mephistopheles in a marvellous manner; and he would, as a last diabolical recourse, entangle the angels, who are in this instance, as in most representations, pictured fair striplings, who indicate no decided sex,—except that, although floating in the air, they are clad in over-ample lady-like-dresses. I will not attempt to account for the artistical vagaries of sculptors and limners, who generally depict such personages in warm, and flowing garment, if floating in the firmament,—but chillily bare! when treading earth.

PAGE 330, LINE 16.

How's this?—quite Job*ified*!—in direful plight!
Covered with boils:—a self-abomination!—
Yet triumphs he!—though pervious to the light, &c.
Wie wird mir!—Hiobsartig, Beul' an Beule
Der ganze Kerl, dem's vor ſich ſelber graut,
Und triumphirt zugleich wenn er ſich ganz durchſchaut, &c.

That Goethe sought the foundation of his plot in the book of Job, admits of no cavil, after the above allusion, although the temptation has been worked by means the reverse of those practised on the Patriarch—even to visiting on the *incarnated* Devil (Meph.) in a more consuming degree, the scourge wherewith Satan afflicted Job. However simple the whole passage may appear at first sight,—I have, nevertheless, found it otherwise, owing to the Devil speaking in the first, then in the third person,—and in the use of "durchſchaut," at the end of the third line, which, if rendered "surveyed," or "scrutinized," would involve Goethe in a great inconsistency,—for had the triumphing or jubilating proceeded from satisfaction derived from a "scrutinizing survey," "er ſich ganz durchſchaut," of the present or past, it would be diametrically opposed to what he makes Mephistopheles say on the next *page*, *line* 19,

For never was there time so woefully abused,
Or such abounding means,—so wretchedly misused!—
Ich habe ſchimpflich mißgehandelt,
Ein groſſer Aufwand, ſchmählich! iſt verthan,

I have, therefore, adopted a kind of middle course, understanding the

passage thus: the Devil,—or Mephistopheles the fallen Angel, speaking of the incarnated-devil, Mephistopheles the companion of Faust,—sneeringly says: "the Fellow's (Kerl) after the fashion of Job—covered with boils, disgusting even to himself! Yet jubilates he though full of holes, in that he has *manfully* borne the pangs of the consuming celestial fire—bravely maintaining his struggle against the Angels, —dependent on none but himself, and race."

Some are of opinion that the Roses! effectuate a repentant feeling in Mephistopheles, and produce the last quotation as corroborative—I do not so read it;—if Mephistopheles has displayed, at any time, that which is *not* truly hellish, it may be owing to his incarnation,—and the pain felt, be on the *body*:—the devil portion being untouched, because of its carnate casing.

Wenn er auf ſich und ſeinen Stamm vertraut: according to the view I take of the passage, this may allude to the human form assumed by Mephistopheles being of noble race or generation,—having by *descent*, pugnacious blood in his veins! *See* First Part, *page* 74, *line* 8,

Bin ich, als edler Junker, hier,
Am I, as noble Page come here.

Goethe, with admirable consistency, has made him end as he began GENUINE DEVIL,—sarcastic and antagonistic towards the Supreme and his works, as when he makes his *debut* in the Prologue.

Never were two characters more forcibly drawn, more marvellously maintained, or more consistently ended.

Many in Germany, as well as in this country, are inclined to attribute feebleness to the Second Part—saying it is the production of declining intellect. I see nothing of the sort, and earnestly recommend all such to vouchsafe *a little more time*, and *willingness* to the understanding of Goethe. Some have actually taxed him with loss of memory, for giving to the Graces, Hegemone,—to Hercules, the honour of killing the last of the Sphinxes,—and to Ajax, the armorial bearings of Sparta:—I doubt not Goethe could show good cause.

In my note to *page* 205, relative to the devices on the shields, I did not remember at the time, that Æschylus describes them fully, in his "Seven Chiefs against Thebes." *See* Potter's Translation.

Also, my note to *page* 135, touching Manto, is incomplete,—being since aware that Tricca, now called Trikhala, on the left bank of the Peneus, has been mentioned by Homer, as subject to the rule of the Sons of Æsculapius:—and that Strabo states, (ix. 437),

a Temple sacred to Æsculapius was there, held in highest veneration; doubtlessly the temple Goethe alludes to, and therefore his calling Manto the daughter of Æsculapius is justifiable—she being the Priestess.

I give the whole of the passage which has caused this note, as rendered by the French translator, and Mr. Bernays.

Çà, que m'arrive-t-il? Qu'ai-je donc, misérable?
Je ne suis qu'une plaie, et sur mon corps, partout
Je vois s'épanouir comme des fleurs d'erable;
Comme Job, je me fais à moi-méme dégoût.
N'importe! je triomphe, et suis encor le diable.
Ce spectacle hideux me rend à la raison . . . .
On saura profiter, drôles, de la leçon,
Et ma race à présent se tient pour avertie.
J'ai sauvé de Satan la plus noble partie;
Cette fiévre d'amour se port sur la peau,
Et dèja cette flamme, exécrable fleau,
S'est eteinte, et je puis, comme tu le mérites
Te blasphémer encor, race d'hermaphrodites!

Bernays—

How is it? Boil on boil, like Job, *I'm feeling*
For the whole man, who shudders at himself,
And yet doth triumph, himself seeing through,
If in himself he and his race confide.
The noble devil-parts are rescued;
The sorcery of love upon the skin is cast:
Already are the cursèd flames extinguished,
And, as is right, I curse ye all together.

Mr. Blaze, seems of opinion that the boils, have brought the Devil to his senses,—indicating something like repentance. Mr. Bernays takes a different view of the passage in question, and appears to understand it, much as I have done.

PAGE 332, LINE 1.

Forests, are waving there,—	Waldung, ſie ſchwankt heran,
Rocks, bearing heavily there	Felſen, ſie laſten dran,
On rocks—roots grappling them;	Wurzeln ſie klammern an,
And lofty stem throngeth stem.	Stamm dicht an Stamm hinan;
Billows, splash billows there,	Woge nach Woge ſpritzt,
Where caverns, protection are:	Höhle die tiefſte ſchützt;

E'en lions, that prowl around,	Löwen ſie ſchleichen ſtumm=
Friendly-mute pace the ground	Freundlich um uns herum,
Honouring this "rock of grace"	Ehren geweihten Ort
Holy-love's refuge place.	Heiligen Liebeshort.

The second, and sixth lines, are difficult:—I have understood the passage as being descriptive of a holy-place—a mountain similar to Athos, or Montserrat—sung in chorus, with echo from the surrounding *rocks*;—which appear heaped one above another, their sides and summits covered with gently waving trees, whose roots grapple the granite. Around, lions are seen—instinctively impressed by the sacredness of the spot: and in the distance, waves are playfully following each other, then breaking against the base of the mountain, where are *rock-caverns, unapproachable from without,—to which the holy-men could flee by secret ways, and be in safety, should they be threatened by an enemy.*

Page 333, Line 11.

Yet *calmly* flow the silv'ry pourings

The Holy Father hears, or fancies he hears, what his eyes contradict. The noise and rockings, on no better foundation, may refer to the escape of the Choir of Blessed Boys from earth.

Page 334, Line 9.

To your parents—quick-lost dower,—
To the angels—dower kind.

A very different sentiment to that entertained by the *Reverend* William Huntingdon, of dissenting notoriety, fifty years ago; namely, that Hell was crowded with infants—a span long!—the translator chanced to hear *the Blasphemer* publish such doctrine from the pulpit.

Page 334, Line 19.

Those are trees—and that a mountain!

Pater Seraphicus receiving the still-born Infantines, into himself, for the purpose of showing them the beauties of nature through the medium of his own eyes,—reminds me of a print or painting I have seen, but I cannot call to mind for whom it was intended. If I remember

rightly, the Saint had a sort of breast trap-door, into which the little cherubs were entering—like pigeons to a dovecote.

PAGE 335, LINE 19.

Rescued is this noble portion
Of the spirit-world, from sin:
Who through striving, proves devotion—
We, from Satan's power can win:—

Thus, in a most adroit manner, Goethe gives a reason, harmonizing with the foreknowledge expressed in the Prologue, for the salvation of Faust: making the drama, thereby, a consistant whole. The above is, undoubtedly, the consoling denouement, to which Goethe refers in his letter to Zelter.

Wenn dies Ding (der Fauſt) nicht, fortgeſetzt, auf einen übermüthigen zuſtand hinbeutet, wenn es den Leſer nicht auch nöthigt, ſich über ſich ſelber hinauszumuthen; ſo iſt es nichts werth.

"If the thing (Faust) when continued, does not indicate exhilarating circumstance,—if the Reader is not transported beyond himself: then is it nothing worth."

PAGE 326, LINE 12.

Holy-fire the Demons burnt!—

This refers to the different qualities of fire strewed by the angels: —the love-roses, made the minor devils and imps through fear "duck and dodge"—who not being corporeal, could be encouraged to oppose, *see page* 326,—but so soon as Mephistopheles announces to them that they are threatened by a superior fire, which could *touch* their devil-nature, *page* 327, *line* 5,

Now falls their clarified—their subtilest fire!

Then, not all his authority can persuade them to stand firm and compact, and they "scout off heels upwards!" leaving the scene altogether. In the text, this fire is called by Mephistopheles poisonous.

PAGE 336, LINE 18.

Were he of asbest,
He is not pure.—
Und wär 'er von Asbeſt
Er iſt nicht reinlich.

It is said of asbestus, "those varieties, the fibres of which are very

delicate, and regularly arranged, are called *amianthus*, a Greek term signifying *unpolluted*, unstained: the individual crystals are here readily separated from each other, are very flexible and elastic, and have a white or greenish colour, with a fine silky lustre. Though a single fibre is readily fused into a white enamel, in mass it is capable of resisting the ordinary flame, so that when woven it produces a fire-proof cloth, and hence the name from the Greek *asbestos*, in the sense of *indestructible*. The most beautiful specimens have been found in the Tarentaise of Savoy; but Corsica must be considered as its principal locality, from its great abundance. It occurs, also, in the United States of America, where it is sometimes used as a wick for an oil lamp."

The Romans were wont to wrap their dead in a cloth fabricated of asbestus, that so consigning them to the *pyre*, the bones would be kept better together, and remain unmixed with the wood-ashes: therefore has it been made a poetic type of earthly purity.

PAGE 337, LINE 11.

In the new-spring and gear
Of the heavenly sphere!—
Am neuen Lenz und Schmuck
Der obern Welt.

Descriptive of the celestial atmosphere, and brilliancy of the heavenly Paradise.

PAGE 338, LINE 22.

Concrescent with, the Elohim.
Göttern ebenbürtig.

As the subject of this portion of the poem, does not in any respect relate to heathen mythology, I have thought it advisable to give the text a more scriptural wording,—as above.

PAGE 340, LINE 5.

By the spring, running holy delight
Of mercy's bestowing,—

The woman of Samaria refers particularly to the gift of 'living waters' —mentioned in John iv. *v.* 14.

Page 340, Line 12.

That my ent'ring in staid:

This relates to a portion of the history of the Egyptian Mary, who is worshipped, by the Greek church. She journeyed from Egypt to Jerusalem, being immersed in carnal sin, to witness the fête of "raising the Cross" over the burial place of the Lord:—when about to enter the church, she felt a mysterious power, as it were a strong arm putting her back. She became thankful to the Virgin that such interposition made her awake to her sinful life, and received *her* orders to go into the Wilderness beyond Jordan. She is represented as having taken with her, after receiving the sacrament, three loaves,—and to have remained in the Wilderness forty-seven years, learning the Scriptures by intuition. It was there she met holy Zosimas, whom she besought to visit her once every year, that he might administer to her the Sacrament,—forbidding him to divulge her place of penance. Once, as he sat beside Jordan, purposing to go over to her, she came towards him walking on the water, and received at his hands the Lord's-supper: the third year following, he found her dead, and her name, (which in conformity to a vow she had kept secret), written on the sand: MARIA!..... The holy Zosimas wishing to give her burial, felt embarrassed as to how he should dig a grave,—at that moment a lion made his appearance, and of his own accord effected one with his fore paws. The place of her burial is eight days' journey beyond Jordan, and is visited by pilgrims.

Page 340, Line 22.

Once, led to transgression

The Three interceded for Margaret:—who immediately intercedes for Faust;—she recognizes him with a softness of expression and consideration hardly surpassed.

Lo! my belovèd	Der früh Geliebte,
No longer troublèd	Nicht mehr Getrübte,
Returneth to me!	Er kommt zurück

She forgives him,—attributing all his delinquencies, to the troubled state of his mind, under the temptation.

PAGE 342, LINE 3.

Come!—to higher regions raise thee!
—He'll follow—has he sympathy.
Komm! hebe dich zu höhern Sphären,
Wenn er dich ahnet folgt er nach,

For the purpose of understanding the view I have taken of the closing Chorus Mysticus, it will be well to notice that the Mater Gloriosa, commands them to higher spheres; where another change may be ordained to take place preparatory to a nearer approach to HOLINESS. With the second line, I have used freedom; for the text literally construed, would in *English* have partaken of a sentiment, too much akin to human sensations.

PAGE 342, LINE 13.

All that passeth away	Alles Vergängliche
Is but typical display:	Iſt nur ein Gleichniß;
The insufficient	Das Unzulängliche
Is here—adequate;	Hier wird's Ereigniß;
The indescribable	Das Unbeſchreibliche
Is here done;	Hier iſt es gethan;
The Ever-Feminine	Das Ewig-Weibliche
Draweth us on.	Zieht uns hinan.

Goethe has reserved the most mysterious passage in the whole poem of Faust, for the closing one. Thus I understand it—everything temporal, including life,—is but a display of types and shadows of the hereafter:—that that grace and holiness, which the devout Christian ardently desires in this world, and of which he can only obtain an insufficiency,—will in the other world be to overflow:—and that the now indescribable, will in Heaven be done: namely, the union of soul with God. The seventh line, relating to the Virgin, "Das Ewig-Weibliche," I would willingly have translated the Ever-Compassionate! but that I felt confident Goethe had an intention beyond compassion, love, purity, and all the graces and attributes of woman. I have therefore, retained his expression as nearly as possible in "The Ever-Feminine." With the utmost diffidence, I offer an opinion as to his second object, when using the term "Ewig-Weibliche," namely, that whereas, in the highest sphere, as hinted in the last note, a further change may occur, with disappearance of "form:" the Virgin will retain *her* identity of Person,—she having attained the *loftiest* name—

"Mother of the Saviour!" This speculation of mine is but a fanciful carrying-out of the thought expressed, *page* 246,

> "Such as have not achieved a name—or high things purpos'd
> Belong unto the elements:"
> Wer keinen Namen sich erwarb, noch Edles will,
> Gehört den Elementen an:

That Goethe has designedly given to the Virgin an enigmatical name, can admit of no doubt,—and I cannot divest myself of the opinion that when he penned down "Das Ewig-Weibliche," he chuckled heartily, at the numerous speculations it would give rise to.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Page	35	line	20	omit 'a' before 'masquarading'	Page	223	line 5 for 'king-clink' read king-*clique*
,,	107	,,	17	,, comma after 'on'	,,	227	,, 18 ,, 'petulence' read petulance
,,	114	,,	8	for 'i' read ℑ	,,	299	,, 7 comma after 'meadow'
,,	143	,,	15	,, 'bear' read bare			NOTES.
,,	149	,,	11	omit comma after 'swarm'	,,	xlvii	,, 7 for 'desolves' read dissolves
,,	150	,,	7	for 'ORCAS' read OREAS	,,	lxiii	,, 26 insert And, before 'the'
,,	164	,,	2	,, 'bear' read bore	,,	lxxix	,, 23 insert *virtues* after 'which'
,,	213	,,	15	,, 'beautious' read beauteous			

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